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HOMER

THE ILIAD

II

HOMER

THE ILIAD

WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION

BY

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II

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TO MY CHILDREN

THE ILIAD OF HOMER

ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Ν

Ζεὺς δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν Τρῶάς τε καὶ Ἕκτορα νηυσὶ πέλασσε,
τοὺς μὲν ἔα παρὰ τῇσι πόνον τ' ἐχέμεν καὶ ὀϊζὺν
νωλεμέως, αὐτὸς δὲ πάλιν τρέπεν ὄσσε φαεινώ,
νόσφιν ἐφ' ἱπποπόλων Θρῃκῶν καθορώμενος αἶαν
Μυσῶν τ' ἀγχεμάχων καὶ ἀγαυῶν Ἱππημολγῶν
γλακτοφάγων, Ἀβίων τε δικαιοτάτων ἀνθρώπων.
ἐς Τροίην δ' οὐ πάμπαν ἔτι τρέπεν ὄσσε φαεινώ·
οὐ γὰρ ὅ γ'[1] ἀθανάτων τινα ἔλπετο ὃν κατὰ θυμὸν
ἐλθόντ' ἢ Τρώεσσιν ἀρηξέμεν ἢ Δαναοῖσιν.
Οὐδ' ἀλαοσκοπιὴν εἶχε κρείων ἐνοσίχθων·
καὶ γὰρ ὁ θαυμάζων ἧστο πτόλεμόν τε μάχην τε
ὑψοῦ ἐπ' ἀκροτάτης κορυφῆς Σάμου ὑληέσσης
Θρηϊκίης· ἔνθεν γὰρ ἐφαίνετο πᾶσα μὲν Ἴδη,
φαίνετο δὲ Πριάμοιο πόλις καὶ νῆες Ἀχαιῶν.
ἔνθ' ἄρ' ὅ γ' ἐξ ἁλὸς ἕζετ' ἰών, ἐλέαιρε δ' Ἀχαιοὺς
Τρωσὶν δαμναμένους, Διὶ δὲ κρατερῶς ἐνεμέσσα.
Αὐτίκα δ' ἐξ ὄρεος κατεβήσετο παιπαλόεντος
κραιπνὰ ποσὶ προβιβάς· τρέμε δ' οὔρεα μακρὰ καὶ ὕλη
ποσσὶν ὑπ' ἀθανάτοισι Ποσειδάωνος ἰόντος.
τρὶς μὲν ὀρέξατ' ἰών, τὸ δὲ τέτρατον ἵκετο τέκμωρ,

[1] ὅ γ': ἔτ' Aristophanes.

THE ILIAD

BOOK XIII

Now Zeus, when he had brought the Trojans and Hector to the ships, left the combatants there to have toil and woe unceasingly, but himself turned away his bright eyes, and looked afar, upon the land of the Thracian horsemen, and of the Mysians that fight in close combat, and of the lordly Hippemolgi that drink the milk of mares, and of the Abii, the most righteous of men. To Troy he no longer in any wise turned his bright eyes, for he deemed not in his heart that any of the immortals would draw nigh to aid either Trojans or Danaans.

But the lord, the Shaker of Earth, kept no blind watch, for he sat marvelling at the war and the battle, high on the topmost peak of wooded Samothrace, for from thence all Ida was plain to see; and plain to see were the city of Priam, and the ships of the Achaeans. There he sat, being come forth from the sea, and he had pity on the Achaeans that they were overcome by the Trojans, and against Zeus was he mightily wroth.

Forthwith then he went down from the rugged mount, striding forth with swift footsteps, and the high mountains trembled and the woodland beneath the immortal feet of Poseidon as he went. Thrice he strode in his course, and with the fourth stride he

Αἰγάς, ἔνθα δέ οἱ κλυτὰ δώματα βένθεσι λίμνης
χρύσεα μαρμαίροντα τετεύχαται, ἄφθιτα αἰεί.
ἔνθ᾿ ἐλθὼν ὑπ᾿ ὄχεσφι τιτύσκετο χαλκόποδ᾿ ἵππω,
ὠκυπέτα, χρυσέῃσιν ἐθείρῃσιν κομόωντε,
χρυσὸν δ᾿ αὐτὸς ἔδυνε περὶ χροΐ, γέντο δ᾿ ἱμάσθλην
χρυσείην εὔτυκτον, ἑοῦ δ᾿ ἐπιβήσετο δίφρου,
βῆ δ᾿ ἐλάαν ἐπὶ κύματ᾿· ἄταλλε δὲ κήτε᾿ ὑπ᾿ αὐτοῦ
πάντοθεν ἐκ κευθμῶν, οὐδ᾿ ἠγνοίησεν ἄνακτα·
γηθοσύνῃ δὲ θάλασσα διίστατο· τοὶ δὲ πέτοντο
ῥίμφα μάλ᾿, οὐδ᾿ ὑπένερθε διαίνετο χάλκεος ἄξων,
τὸν δ᾿ ἐς Ἀχαιῶν νῆας ἐΰσκαρθμοι φέρον ἵπποι.
Ἔστι δέ τι σπέος εὐρὺ βαθείης βένθεσι λίμνης,
μεσσηγὺς Τενέδοιο καὶ Ἴμβρου παιπαλοέσσης·
ἔνθ᾿ ἵππους ἔστησε Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων
λύσας ἐξ ὀχέων, παρὰ δ᾿ ἀμβρόσιον βάλεν εἶδαρ
ἔδμεναι· ἀμφὶ δὲ ποσσὶ πέδας ἔβαλε χρυσείας,
ἀρρήκτους ἀλύτους, ὄφρ᾿ ἔμπεδον αὖθι μένοιεν
νοστήσαντα ἄνακτα· ὁ δ᾿ ἐς στρατὸν ᾤχετ᾿ Ἀχαιῶν.
Τρῶες δὲ φλογὶ ἶσοι ἀολλέες ἠὲ θυέλλῃ
Ἕκτορι Πριαμίδῃ ἄμοτον μεμαῶτες ἕποντο,
ἄβρομοι αὐΐαχοι· ἔλποντο δὲ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν
αἱρήσειν, κτενέειν δὲ παρ᾿ αὐτόθι πάντας ἀρίστους.[1]
ἀλλὰ Ποσειδάων γαιήοχος ἐννοσίγαιος
Ἀργείους ὄτρυνε, βαθείης ἐξ ἁλὸς ἐλθών,
εἰσάμενος Κάλχαντι δέμας καὶ ἀτειρέα φωνήν·
Αἴαντε πρώτω προσέφη, μεμαῶτε καὶ αὐτώ·

[1] ἀρίστους Ἀχαιούς.

reached his goal, even Aegae, where was his famous palace builded in the depths of the mere, golden and gleaming, imperishable for ever. Thither came he, and let harness beneath his car his two bronze-hooved horses, swift of flight, with flowing manes of gold; and with gold he clad himself about his body, and grasped the well-wrought whip of gold, and stepped upon his car, and set out to drive over the waves. Then gambolled the sea-beasts beneath him on every side from out the deeps, for well they knew their lord, and in gladness the sea parted before him; right swiftly sped they on, and the axle of bronze was not wetted beneath; and unto the ships of the Achaeans did the prancing steeds bear their lord.

There is a wide cavern in the depths of the deep mere, midway between Tenedos and rugged Imbros. There Poseidon, the Shaker of Earth, stayed his horses, and loosed them from the car, and cast before them food ambrosial to graze upon, and about their feet he put hobbles of gold, neither to be broken nor loosed, that they might abide fast where they were against the return of their lord; and himself he went to the host of the Achaeans.

But the Trojans, all in one body, like flame or tempest-blast were following furiously after Hector, son of Priam, with loud shouts and cries, and they deemed that they would take the ships of the Achaeans, and slay thereby all the bravest. Howbeit Poseidon, the Enfolder and Shaker of Earth, set him to urge on the Argives, when he had come forth from the deep sea, in the likeness of Calchas, both in form and untiring voice. To the two Aiantes spake he first, that were of themselves full eager:

“Αἴαντε, σφὼ μέν τε σαώσετε λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν
ἀλκῆς μνησαμένω, μηδὲ κρυεροῖο φόβοιο.
ἄλλῃ μὲν γὰρ ἐγώ γ᾽ οὐ δείδια χεῖρας ἀάπτους
Τρώων, οἳ μέγα τεῖχος ὑπερκατέβησαν ὁμίλῳ·
ἕξουσιν γὰρ πάντας ἐϋκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοί·
τῇ δὲ δὴ αἰνότατον περιδείδια μή τι πάθωμεν,
ᾗ ῥ᾽ ὅ γ᾽ ὁ λυσσώδης φλογὶ εἴκελος ἡγεμονεύει,
Ἕκτωρ, ὃς Διὸς εὔχετ᾽ ἐρισθενέος πάϊς εἶναι.
σφῶϊν δ᾽ ὧδε θεῶν τις ἐνὶ φρεσὶ ποιήσειεν
αὐτώ θ᾽ ἑστάμεναι κρατερῶς καὶ ἀνωγέμεν ἄλλους·
τῶ κε καὶ ἐσσύμενόν περ ἐρωήσαιτ᾽ ἀπὸ νηῶν
ὠκυπόρων, εἰ καί μιν Ὀλύμπιος αὐτὸς ἐγείρει.”
Ἦ, καὶ σκηπανίῳ γαιήοχος ἐννοσίγαιος
ἀμφοτέρω κεκοπὼς πλῆσεν μένεος κρατεροῖο,
γυῖα δὲ θῆκεν ἐλαφρά, πόδας καὶ χεῖρας ὕπερθεν.
αὐτὸς δ᾽ ὥς τ᾽ ἴρηξ ὠκύπτερος ὦρτο πέτεσθαι,
ὅς ῥά τ᾽ ἀπ᾽ αἰγίλιπος πέτρης περιμήκεος ἀρθεὶς
ὁρμήσῃ πεδίοιο διώκειν ὄρνεον ἄλλο,
ὣς ἀπὸ τῶν ἤϊξε Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων.
τοῖιν δ᾽ ἔγνω πρόσθεν Ὀϊλῆος ταχὺς Αἴας,
αἶψα δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ Αἴαντα προσέφη Τελαμώνιον υἱόν·
“Αἶαν, ἐπεί τις νῶϊ θεῶν, οἳ Ὄλυμπον ἔχουσι,
μάντεϊ εἰδόμενος κέλεται παρὰ νηυσὶ μάχεσθαι—
οὐδ᾽ ὅ γε Κάλχας ἐστί, θεοπρόπος οἰωνιστής·
ἴχνια γὰρ μετόπισθε ποδῶν ἠδὲ κνημάων
ῥεῖ᾽ ἔγνων ἀπιόντος· ἀρίγνωτοι δὲ θεοί περ—
καὶ δ᾽ ἐμοὶ αὐτῷ θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσι φίλοισι
μᾶλλον ἐφορμᾶται πολεμίζειν ἠδὲ μάχεσθαι,
μαιμώωσι δ᾽ ἔνερθε πόδες καὶ χεῖρες ὕπερθε.”

"Ye Aiantes twain, ye two shall save the host of the Achaeans, if ye are mindful of your might, and think not of chill rout. Not otherwhere do I dread the invincible hands of the Trojans that have climbed over the great wall in their multitude, for the well-greaved Achaeans will hold back all; nay it is here that I have wondrous dread lest some evil befall us, here where yon madman is leading on like a flame of fire, even Hector, that boasts him to be a son of mighty Zeus. But in the hearts of you twain may some god put it, here to stand firm yourselves, and to bid others do the like; so might ye drive him back from the swift-faring ships, despite his eagerness, aye, even though the Olympian himself be urging him on."

Therewith the Enfolder and Shaker of Earth smote the twain with his staff, and filled them with valorous strength and made their limbs light, their feet and their hands above. And himself, even as a hawk, swift of flight, speedeth forth to fly, and poising himself aloft above a high sheer rock, darteth over the plain to chase some other bird; even so from them sped Poseidon, the Shaker of Earth. And of the twain swift Aias, son of Oïleus, was first to mark the god, and forthwith spake to Aias, son of Telamon: "Aias, seeing it is one of the gods who hold Olympus that in the likeness of the seer biddeth the two of us fight beside the ships—not Calchas is he, the prophet, and reader of omens, for easily did I know the tokens behind him of feet and of legs as he went from us; and plain to be known are the gods—lo, mine own heart also within my breast is the more eager to war and do battle, and my feet beneath and my hands above are full fain."

Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη Τελαμώνιος Αἴας·
"οὕτω νῦν καὶ ἐμοὶ περὶ δούρατι χεῖρες ἄαπτοι
μαιμῶσιν, καί μοι μένος ὤρορε, νέρθε δὲ ποσσὶν
ἔσσυμαι ἀμφοτέροισι· μενοινώω δὲ καὶ οἷος
Ἕκτορι Πριαμίδῃ ἄμοτον μεμαῶτι μάχεσθαι."
Ὣς οἱ μὲν τοιαῦτα πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἀγόρευον,
χάρμῃ γηθόσυνοι, τήν σφιν θεὸς ἔμβαλε θυμῷ·
τόφρα δὲ τοὺς ὄπιθεν γαιήοχος ὦρσεν Ἀχαιούς,
οἳ παρὰ νηυσὶ θοῇσιν ἀνέψυχον φίλον ἦτορ.
τῶν ῥ' ἅμα τ' ἀργαλέῳ καμάτῳ φίλα γυῖα λέλυντο,
καί σφιν ἄχος κατὰ θυμὸν ἐγίγνετο δερκομένοισι
Τρῶας, τοὶ μέγα τεῖχος ὑπερκατέβησαν ὁμίλῳ.
τοὺς οἵ γ' εἰσορόωντες ὑπ' ὀφρύσι δάκρυα λεῖβον·
οὐ γὰρ ἔφαν φεύξεσθαι ὑπὲκ κακοῦ. ἀλλ' ἐνοσίχθων
ῥεῖα μετεισάμενος κρατερὰς ὄτρυνε φάλαγγας.
Τεῦκρον ἔπι πρῶτον καὶ Λήϊτον ἦλθε κελεύων
Πηνέλεών θ' ἥρωα Θόαντά τε Δηΐπυρόν τε
Μηριόνην τε καὶ Ἀντίλοχον, μήστωρας ἀϋτῆς·
τοὺς ὅ γ' ἐποτρύνων ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
"αἰδώς, Ἀργεῖοι, κοῦροι νέοι· ὔμμιν ἐγώ γε
μαρναμένοισι πέποιθα σαωσέμεναι νέας ἁμάς·
εἰ δ' ὑμεῖς πολέμοιο μεθήσετε λευγαλέοιο,
νῦν δὴ εἴδεται ἦμαρ ὑπὸ Τρώεσσι δαμῆναι.
ὢ πόποι, ἦ μέγα θαῦμα τόδ' ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ὁρῶμαι,
δεινόν, ὃ οὔ ποτ' ἐγώ γε τελευτήσεσθαι ἔφασκον,
Τρῶας ἐφ' ἡμετέρας ἰέναι νέας, οἳ τὸ πάρος περ
φυζακινῇς ἐλάφοισιν ἐοίκεσαν, αἵ τε καθ' ὕλην
θώων παρδαλίων τε λύκων τ' ἤϊα πέλονται

Then in answer spake to him Telamonian Aias: "Even so too mine own hands invincible are fain now to grasp the spear, and my might is roused, and both my feet are swift beneath me; and I am eager to meet even in single fight Hector, Priam's son, that rageth incessantly."

On this wise spake they one to the other, rejoicing in the fury of fight which the god put in their hearts; and meanwhile the Enfolder of Earth roused the Achaeans that were in the rear beside the swift ships, and were refreshing their hearts. Their limbs were loosed by their grievous toil and therewithal sorrow waxed in their hearts, as they beheld the Trojans that had climbed over the great wall in their multitude. Aye, as they looked upon these they let tears fall from beneath their brows, for they deemed not that they should escape from ruin. But the Shaker of Earth, lightly passing among them, aroused their strong battalions. To Teucer first he came and to Leïtus, to bid them on, and to the warrior Peneleos, and Thoas and Deïpyrus, and Meriones and Antilochus, masters of the war-cry; to these he spake, spurring them on with winged words: "Shame, ye Argives, mere striplings! It was in your fighting that I trusted for the saving of our ships; but if ye are to flinch from grievous war, then of a surety hath the day now dawned for us to be vanquished beneath the Trojans. Out upon it! Verily a great marvel is this that mine eyes behold, a dread thing that I deemed should never be brought to pass: the Trojans are making way against our ships, they that heretofore were like panic-stricken hinds that in the woodland become the prey of jackals and pards and wolves, as they wander vainly in their

αὔτως ἠλάσκουσαι ἀνάλκιδες, οὐδ' ἔπι χάρμη·
ὣς Τρῶες τὸ πρίν γε μένος καὶ χεῖρας Ἀχαιῶν
μίμνειν οὐκ ἐθέλεσκον ἐναντίον, οὐδ' ἠβαιόν·
νῦν δὲ ἑκὰς πόλιος κοίλης ἐπὶ νηυσὶ μάχονται
ἡγεμόνος κακότητι μεθημοσύνῃσί τε λαῶν,
οἳ κείνῳ ἐρίσαντες ἀμυνέμεν οὐκ ἐθέλουσι
νηῶν ὠκυπόρων, ἀλλὰ κτείνονται ἀν' αὐτάς.
ἀλλ' εἰ δὴ καὶ πάμπαν ἐτήτυμον αἴτιός ἐστιν
ἥρως Ἀτρεΐδης, εὐρὺ κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων,
οὕνεκ' ἀπητίμησε ποδώκεα Πηλεΐωνα,
ἡμέας γ' οὔ πως ἔστι μεθιέμεναι πολέμοιο.
ἀλλ' ἀκεώμεθα θᾶσσον· ἀκεσταί τοι φρένες ἐσθλῶν.
ὑμεῖς δ' οὐκέτι καλὰ μεθίετε θούριδος ἀλκῆς
πάντες ἄριστοι ἐόντες ἀνὰ στρατόν. οὐδ' ἂν ἐγώ γε
ἀνδρὶ μαχεσσαίμην ὅς τις πολέμοιο μεθείη
λυγρὸς ἐών· ὑμῖν δὲ νεμεσσῶμαι περὶ κῆρι.
ὦ πέπονες, τάχα δή τι κακὸν ποιήσετε μεῖζον
τῇδε μεθημοσύνῃ· ἀλλ' ἐν φρεσὶ θέσθε ἕκαστος
αἰδῶ καὶ νέμεσιν· δὴ γὰρ μέγα νεῖκος ὄρωρεν.
Ἕκτωρ δὴ παρὰ νηυσὶ βοὴν ἀγαθὸς πολεμίζει
καρτερός, ἔρρηξεν δὲ πύλας καὶ μακρὸν ὀχῆα."

Ὣς ῥα κελευτιόων γαιήοχος ὦρσεν Ἀχαιούς.
ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' Αἴαντας δοιοὺς ἵσταντο φάλαγγες
καρτεραί, ἃς οὔτ' ἄν κεν Ἄρης ὀνόσαιτο μετελθὼν
οὔτε κ' Ἀθηναίη λαοσσόος· οἳ γὰρ ἄριστοι
κρινθέντες Τρῶάς τε καὶ Ἕκτορα δῖον ἔμιμνον,

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[1] The reference is plainly to Achilles; but it will be noted that Poseidon speaks as one of the Greek host, and the implication is that Achilles might perhaps accept from the collective Greeks what he had refused to accept from Agamemnon. *Cf.* xvi. 85, where πρὸς πάντων Δαναῶν is to be similarly interpreted.

cowardice, nor is there any fight in them. Even so the Trojans aforetime had never the heart to abide and face the might and the hands of the Achaeans, no not for a moment. But lo, now far from the city they are fighting at the hollow ships because of the baseness of our leader and the slackness of the folk, that, being at strife with him, have no heart to defend the swift-faring ships, but are slain in the midst of them. But if in very truth the warrior son of Atreus, wide-ruling Agamemnon, is the cause of all, for that he wrought dishonour on the swift-footed son of Peleus, yet may we in no wise prove slack in war. Nay, let us atone for the fault with speed: the hearts of good men admit of atonement.[1] But it is no longer well that ye are slack in furious valour, all ye that are the best men in the host. Myself I would not quarrel with one that was slack in war, so he were but a sorry wight, but with you I am exceeding wroth at heart. Ye weaklings, soon ye shall cause yet greater evil by this slackness. Nay, take in your hearts, each man of you, shame and indignation; for in good sooth mighty is the conflict that has arisen. Hector, good at the war-cry, is fighting at the ships, strong in his might, and hath broken the gates and the long bar."

Thus did the Earth-enfolder arouse the Achaeans with his word of command, and round about the twain Aiantes their battalions took their stand, so strong in might, that not Ares might have entered in and made light of them, nor yet Athene, the rouser of hosts; for they that were the chosen bravest abode the onset of the Trojans and goodly Hector,

φράξαντες δόρυ δουρί, σάκος σάκεϊ προθελύμνῳ·[1]
ἀσπὶς ἄρ' ἀσπίδ' ἔρειδε, κόρυς κόρυν, ἀνέρα δ' ἀνήρ·
ψαῦον δ' ἱππόκομοι κόρυθες λαμπροῖσι φάλοισι
νευόντων, ὡς πυκνοὶ ἐφέστασαν ἀλλήλοισιν,
ἔγχεα δὲ πτύσσοντο[2] θρασειάων ἀπὸ χειρῶν
σειόμεν'· οἱ δ' ἰθὺς φρόνεον, μέμασαν δὲ μάχεσθαι.
Τρῶες δὲ προὔτυψαν ἀολλέες, ἦρχε δ' ἄρ' Ἕκτωρ
ἀντικρὺ μεμαώς, ὀλοοίτροχος ὣς ἀπὸ πέτρης,
ὅν τε κατὰ στεφάνης ποταμὸς χειμάρροος ὤσῃ,
ῥήξας ἀσπέτῳ ὄμβρῳ ἀναιδέος ἔχματα πέτρης·
ὕψι δ' ἀναθρῴσκων πέτεται, κτυπέει δέ θ' ὑπ' αὐτοῦ
ὕλη· ὁ δ' ἀσφαλέως θέει ἔμπεδον, ὄφρ' ἂν ἵκηται
ἰσόπεδον, τότε δ' οὔ τι κυλίνδεται ἐσσύμενός περ·
ὣς Ἕκτωρ ἧος μὲν ἀπείλει μέχρι θαλάσσης
ῥέα διελεύσεσθαι κλισίας καὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν
κτείνων· ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ πυκινῇς ἐνέκυρσε φάλαγξι
στῆ ῥα μάλ' ἐγχριμφθείς· οἱ δ' ἀντίοι υἷες Ἀχαιῶν
νύσσοντες ξίφεσίν τε καὶ ἔγχεσιν ἀμφιγύοισιν
ὦσαν ἀπὸ σφείων· ὁ δὲ χασσάμενος πελεμίχθη.
ἤϋσεν δὲ διαπρύσιον Τρώεσσι γεγωνώς·
"Τρῶες καὶ Λύκιοι καὶ Δάρδανοι ἀγχιμαχηταί,
παρμένετ'· οὔ τοι δηρὸν ἐμὲ σχήσουσιν Ἀχαιοί,
καὶ μάλα πυργηδὸν σφέας αὐτοὺς ἀρτύναντες,

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[1] The precise meaning of προθέλυμνον as an epithet of the shield is uncertain. The kindred τετραθέλυμνον (xv. 479) plainly means "with fourfold foundation, or backing," *i.e.* with four layers of hide beneath the bronze surface. Similarly προθέλυμνον has been assumed to mean "with layer over layer." Leaf takes it to mean, "with base set forward," since the huge Mycenaean shield rested on the ground.

[2] The word πτύσσοντο, as used of spears (*lit.* "were folded"), is extremely obscure.

fencing spear with spear, and shield with serried[1] shield; buckler pressed on buckler, helm on helm, and man on man; and the horse-hair crests on the bright helmet-ridges touched each other, as the men moved their heads, in such close array stood they one by another, and spears in stout hands overlapped[2] each other, as they were brandished; and their minds swerved not, but they were fain to fight.

Then the Trojans drave forward in close throng and Hector led them, pressing ever forward, like a boulder from a cliff that a river swollen by winter rains thrusteth from the brow of a hill, when it has burst with its wondrous flood the foundations of the ruthless stone; high aloft it leapeth, as it flies, and the woods resound beneath it, and it speedeth on its course and is not stayed until it reacheth the level plain, but then it rolleth no more for all its eagerness; even so Hector for a time threatened lightly to make his way even to the sea through the huts and ships of the Achaeans, slaying as he went, but when he encountered the close-set battalions, then was he stayed, as he drew close against them. And the sons of the Achaeans faced him, thrusting with swords and two-edged spears, and drave him back from them, so that he gave ground and was made to reel. Then he uttered a piercing shout, calling aloud to the Trojans: "Ye Trojans and Lycians and Dardanians that fight in close combat, stand ye fast. No long space shall the Achaeans hold me back, for all they have arrayed themselves in fashion like a wall; nay, methinks, they will give

ἀλλ', ὀΐω, χάσσονται ὑπ' ἔγχεος, εἰ ἐτεόν με
ὦρσε θεῶν ὤριστος, ἐρίγδουπος πόσις Ἥρης."
Ὣς εἰπὼν ὤτρυνε μένος καὶ θυμὸν ἑκάστου.
Δηΐφοβος δ' ἐν τοῖσι μέγα φρονέων ἐβεβήκει
Πριαμίδης, πρόσθεν δ' ἔχεν ἀσπίδα πάντοσ' ἐΐσην,
κοῦφα ποσὶ προβιβὰς καὶ ὑπασπίδια προποδίζων.
Μηριόνης δ' αὐτοῖο τιτύσκετο δουρὶ φαεινῷ,
καὶ βάλεν, οὐδ' ἀφάμαρτε, κατ' ἀσπίδα πάντοσ' ἐΐσην
ταυρείην· τῆς δ' οὔ τι διήλασεν, ἀλλὰ πολὺ πρὶν
ἐν καυλῷ ἐάγη δολιχὸν δόρυ· Δηΐφοβος δὲ
ἀσπίδα ταυρείην σχέθ' ἀπὸ ἕο, δεῖσε δὲ θυμῷ
ἔγχος Μηριόναο δαΐφρονος· αὐτὰρ ὅ γ' ἥρως
ἂψ ἑτάρων εἰς ἔθνος ἐχάζετο, χώσατο δ' αἰνῶς
ἀμφότερον, νίκης τε καὶ ἔγχεος ὃ ξυνέαξε.
βῆ δ' ἰέναι παρά τε κλισίας καὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν
οἰσόμενος δόρυ μακρόν, ὅ οἱ κλισίηφι λέλειπτο.
Οἱ δ' ἄλλοι μάρναντο, βοὴ δ' ἄσβεστος ὀρώρει.
Τεῦκρος δὲ πρῶτος Τελαμώνιος ἄνδρα κατέκτα,
Ἴμβριον αἰχμητήν, πολυΐππου Μέντορος υἱόν·
ναῖε δὲ Πήδαιον, πρὶν ἐλθεῖν υἷας Ἀχαιῶν,
κούρην δὲ Πριάμοιο νόθην ἔχε, Μηδεσικάστην·
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ Δαναῶν νέες ἤλυθον ἀμφιέλισσαι,
ἂψ ἐς Ἴλιον ἦλθε, μετέπρεπε δὲ Τρώεσσι,
ναῖε δὲ πὰρ Πριάμῳ· ὁ δέ μιν τίεν ἶσα τεκέσσι.
τόν ῥ' υἱὸς Τελαμῶνος ὑπ' οὔατος ἔγχεϊ μακρῷ
νύξ', ἐκ δ' ἔσπασεν ἔγχος· ὁ δ' αὖτ' ἔπεσεν μελίη ὥς,

ground before my spear, if verily the highest of gods hath urged me on, the loud-thundering lord of Hera."

So saying, he aroused the strength and spirit of every man. Then among them with high heart strode Deïphobus, son of Priam, and before him he held his shield that was well-balanced upon every side, stepping forward lightly on his feet and advancing under cover of his shield. And Meriones aimed at him with his bright spear, and cast, and missed not, but smote the shield of bull's hide, that was well balanced upon every side, yet drave not in any wise therethrough; nay, well ere that might be, the long spear-shaft was broken in the socket; and Deïphobus held from him the shield of bull's hide, and his heart was seized with fear of the spear of wise-hearted Meriones; but that warrior shrank back into the throng of his comrades, and waxed wondrous wroth both for the loss of victory and for the spear which he had shattered. And he set out to go along the huts and ships of the Achaeans to fetch him a long spear that he had left in his hut.

But the rest fought on, and a cry unquenchable arose. And Teucer, son of Telamon, was first to slay his man, even the spearman Imbrius, the son of Mentor, rich in horses. He dwelt in Pedaeum before the sons of the Achaeans came, and had to wife a daughter of Priam that was born out of wedlock, even Medesicaste; but when the curved ships of the Danaans came, he returned back to Ilios and was pre-eminent among the Trojans, and he dwelt in the house of Priam, who held him in like honour with his own children. Him did the son of Telamon smite beneath the ear with a thrust of his long spear, and again drew forth the spear; and he fell like an

ἤ τ᾽ ὄρεος κορυφῇ ἕκαθεν περιφαινομένοιο
χαλκῷ ταμνομένη τέρενα χθονὶ φύλλα πελάσσῃ·
ὣς πέσεν, ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ βράχε τεύχεα ποικίλα χαλκῷ.
Τεῦκρος δ᾽ ὁρμήθη μεμαὼς ἀπὸ τεύχεα δῦσαι·
Ἕκτωρ δ᾽ ὁρμηθέντος ἀκόντισε δουρὶ φαεινῷ.
ἀλλ᾽ ὁ μὲν ἄντα ἰδὼν ἠλεύατο χάλκεον ἔγχος
τυτθόν· ὁ δ᾽ Ἀμφίμαχον, Κτεάτου υἷ᾽ Ἀκτορίωνος,
νισόμενον πόλεμόνδε κατὰ στῆθος βάλε δουρί·
δούπησεν δὲ πεσών, ἀράβησε δὲ τεύχε᾽ ἐπ᾽ αὐτῷ.
Ἕκτωρ δ᾽ ὁρμήθη κόρυθα κροτάφοις ἀραρυῖαν
κρατὸς ἀφαρπάξαι μεγαλήτορος Ἀμφιμάχοιο·
Αἴας δ᾽ ὁρμηθέντος ὀρέξατο[1] δουρὶ φαεινῷ
Ἕκτορος· ἀλλ᾽ οὔ πῃ χροὸς εἴσατο, πᾶς δ᾽ ἄρα χαλκῷ
σμερδαλέῳ κεκάλυφθ᾽· ὁ δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἀσπίδος ὀμφαλὸν οὖτα,
ὦσε δέ μιν σθένεϊ μεγάλῳ· ὁ δὲ χάσσατ᾽ ὀπίσσω
νεκρῶν ἀμφοτέρων, τοὺς δ᾽ ἐξείρυσσαν Ἀχαιοί.
Ἀμφίμαχον μὲν ἄρα Στιχίος δῖός τε Μενεσθεύς,
ἀρχοὶ Ἀθηναίων, κόμισαν μετὰ λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν·
Ἴμβριον αὖτ᾽ Αἴαντε, μεμαότε θούριδος ἀλκῆς·
ὥς τε δύ᾽ αἶγα λέοντε κυνῶν ὕπο καρχαροδόντων
ἁρπάξαντε φέρητον ἀνὰ ῥωπήϊα πυκνά,
ὑψοῦ ὑπὲρ γαίης μετὰ γαμφηλῇσιν ἔχοντε,
ὥς ῥα τὸν ὑψοῦ ἔχοντε δύω Αἴαντε κορυστὰ
τεύχεα συλήτην· κεφαλὴν δ᾽ ἁπαλῆς ἀπὸ δειρῆς
κόψεν Ὀϊλιάδης,[2] κεχολωμένος Ἀμφιμάχοιο,
ἧκε δέ μιν σφαιρηδὸν ἑλιξάμενος δι᾽ ὁμίλου·
Ἕκτορι δὲ προπάροιθε ποδῶν πέσεν ἐν κονίῃσι.

[1] ὀρέξατο: ἀκόντισε.
[2] Ὀϊλιάδης: ἀρ᾽ Ἰλιάδης Zenodotus.

ash-tree that, on the summit of a mountain that is seen from afar on every side, is cut down by the bronze, and bringeth its tender leafage to the ground; even so fell he, and about him rang his armour dight with bronze. And Teucer rushed forth eager to strip from him his armour, but Hector, even as he rushed, cast at him with his bright spear. Howbeit Teucer, looking steadily at him, avoided the spear of bronze by a little, but Hector smote Amphimachus, son of Cteatus, the son of Actor, in the breast with his spear as he was coming into the battle; and he fell with a thud, and upon him his armour clanged. Then Hector rushed forth to tear from the head of great-hearted Amphimachus the helm that was fitted to his temples, but Aias lunged with his bright spear at Hector as he rushed, yet in no wise reached he his flesh, for he was all clad in dread bronze; but he smote the boss of his shield, and thrust him back with mighty strength, so that he gave ground backward from the two corpses, and the Achaeans drew them off. Amphimachus then did Stichius and goodly Menestheus, leaders of the Athenians, carry to the host of the Achaeans, and Imbrius the twain Aiantes bare away, their hearts fierce with furious valour. And as when two lions that have snatched away a goat from sharp-toothed hounds, bear it through the thick brush, holding it in their jaws high above the ground, even so the twain warrior Aiantes held Imbrius on high, and stripped him of his armour. And the head did the son of Oïleus cut from the tender neck, being wroth for the slaying of Amphimachus, and with a swing he sent it rolling through the throng like a ball; and it fell in the dust before the feet of Hector.

Καὶ τότε δὴ περὶ κῆρι Ποσειδάων ἐχολώθη
υἱωνοῖο πεσόντος ἐν αἰνῇ δηϊοτῆτι,
βῆ δ' ἰέναι παρά τε κλισίας καὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν
ὀτρυνέων Δαναούς, Τρώεσσι δὲ κήδε' ἔτευχεν.
Ἰδομενεὺς δ' ἄρα οἱ δουρικλυτὸς ἀντεβόλησεν,
ἐρχόμενος παρ' ἑταίρου, ὅ οἱ νέον ἐκ πολέμοιο
ἦλθε κατ' ἰγνύην βεβλημένος ὀξέϊ χαλκῷ.
τὸν μὲν ἑταῖροι ἔνεικαν, ὁ δ' ἰητροῖς ἐπιτείλας
ἤϊεν ἐς κλισίην·[1] ἔτι γὰρ πολέμοιο μενοίνα
ἀντιάαν· τὸν δὲ προσέφη κρείων ἐνοσίχθων,
εἰσάμενος φθογγὴν Ἀνδραίμονος υἷϊ Θόαντι,
ὃς πάσῃ Πλευρῶνι καὶ αἰπεινῇ Καλυδῶνι
Αἰτωλοῖσιν ἄνασσε, θεὸς δ' ὣς τίετο δήμῳ·
"Ἰδομενεῦ, Κρητῶν βουληφόρε, ποῦ τοι ἀπειλαὶ
οἴχονται, τὰς Τρωσὶν ἀπείλεον υἷες Ἀχαιῶν;"
Τὸν δ' αὖτ' Ἰδομενεύς, Κρητῶν ἀγός, ἀντίον ηὔδα·
"ὦ Θόαν, οὔ τις ἀνὴρ νῦν γ' αἴτιος, ὅσσον ἐγώ γε
γιγνώσκω· πάντες γὰρ ἐπιστάμεθα πτολεμίζειν.
οὔτε τινὰ δέος ἴσχει ἀκήριον οὔτε τις ὄκνῳ
εἴκων ἀνδύεται πόλεμον κακόν· ἀλλά που οὕτω
μέλλει δὴ φίλον εἶναι ὑπερμενέϊ Κρονίωνι,
νωνύμνους ἀπολέσθαι ἀπ' Ἄργεος ἐνθάδ' Ἀχαιούς.
ἀλλά, Θόαν, καὶ γὰρ τὸ πάρος μενεδήϊος ἦσθα,
ὀτρύνεις δὲ καὶ ἄλλον, ὅθι μεθιέντα ἴδηαι·[2]
τῶ νῦν μήτ' ἀπόληγε κέλευέ τε φωτὶ ἑκάστῳ."
Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων·
"Ἰδομενεῦ, μὴ κεῖνος ἀνὴρ ἔτι νοστήσειεν

[1] ἐς κλισίην : ἐκ κλισίης.
[2] ὅθ' μεθιέντα ἴδηαι : ὅτις μεθίησι πόνοιο Zenodotus.

Then verily Poseidon waxed mightily wroth at heart when his son's son fell in the dread conflict, and he went his way along the huts and ships of the Achaeans to arouse the Danaans; but for the Trojans was he fashioning woes. And there met him Idomeneus, famed for his spear, on his way from a comrade that he had but now found coming from the battle smitten in the knee with the sharp bronze. Him his comrades bare forth, but Idomeneus had given charge to the leeches, and was going to his hut, for he was still fain to confront the battle; and the lord, the Shaker of Earth, spake to him, likening his voice to that of Andraemon's son Thoas, that in all Pleuron and steep Calydon was lord over the Aetolians, and was honoured of the folk even as a god: "Idomeneus, thou counsellor of the Cretans, where now, I pray thee, are the threats gone, wherewith the sons of the Achaeans threatened the Trojans?"

And to him Idomeneus, leader of the Cretans, made answer: "O Thoas, there is no man now at fault, so far as I wot thereof; for we are all skilled in war. Neither is any man holden of craven terror, nor doth any through dread withdraw him from evil war, but even thus, I ween, must it be the good pleasure of the son of Cronos, supreme in might, that the Achaeans should perish here far from Argos, and have no name. But, Thoas, seeing that aforetime thou wast ever staunch in fight, and dost also urge on another, wheresoever thou seest one shrinking from fight, therefore now cease thou not, but call to every man."

And Poseidon, the Shaker of Earth, answered him: "Idomeneus, never may that man any more return

ἐκ Τροίης, ἀλλ' αὖθι κυνῶν μέλπηθρα γένοιτο,
ὅς τις ἐπ' ἤματι τῷδε ἑκὼν μεθίῃσι μάχεσθαι.[1]
ἀλλ' ἄγε τεύχεα δεῦρο λαβὼν ἴθι· ταῦτα δ' ἅμα χρὴ
σπεύδειν, αἴ κ' ὄφελός τι γενώμεθα καὶ δύ' ἐόντε.
συμφερτὴ δ' ἀρετὴ[2] πέλει ἀνδρῶν καὶ μάλα λυγρῶν·
νῶϊ δὲ καί κ' ἀγαθοῖσιν ἐπισταίμεσθα μάχεσθαι."
Ὣς εἰπὼν ὁ μὲν αὖτις ἔβη θεὸς ἂμ πόνον ἀνδρῶν·
Ἰδομενεὺς δ' ὅτε δὴ κλισίην εὔτυκτον ἵκανε
δύσετο τεύχεα καλὰ περὶ χροΐ, γέντο δὲ δοῦρε,
βῆ δ' ἴμεν ἀστεροπῇ ἐναλίγκιος, ἥν τε Κρονίων
χειρὶ λαβὼν ἐτίναξεν ἀπ' αἰγλήεντος Ὀλύμπου,
δεικνὺς σῆμα βροτοῖσιν· ἀρίζηλοι δέ οἱ αὐγαί·
ὣς τοῦ χαλκὸς ἔλαμπε περὶ στήθεσσι θέοντος.
Μηριόνης δ' ἄρα οἱ θεράπων ἐῢς[3] ἀντεβόλησεν
ἐγγὺς ἔτι κλισίης· μετὰ γὰρ δόρυ χάλκεον ᾔει
οἰσόμενος· τὸν δὲ προσέφη σθένος Ἰδομενῆος·
"Μηριόνη, Μόλου υἱέ, πόδας ταχύ, φίλταθ' ἑταίρων,
τίπτ' ἦλθες πόλεμόν τε λιπὼν καὶ δηϊοτῆτα;
ἠέ τι βέβληαι, βέλεος δέ σε τείρει ἀκωκή,
ἦέ τευ ἀγγελίης μετ' ἔμ' ἤλυθες; οὐδέ τοι αὐτὸς
ἧσθαι ἐνὶ κλισίῃσι λιλαίομαι, ἀλλὰ μάχεσθαι."
Τὸν δ' αὖ Μηριόνης πεπνυμένος ἀντίον ηὔδα·
"Ἰδομενεῦ, Κρητῶν βουληφόρε χαλκοχιτώνων,[4]
ἔρχομαι, εἴ τί τοι ἔγχος ἐνὶ κλισίῃσι λέλειπται,
οἰσόμενος· τό νυ γὰρ κατεάξαμεν, ὃ πρὶν ἔχεσκον,
ἀσπίδα Δηϊφόβοιο βαλὼν ὑπερηνορέοντος."
Τὸν δ' αὖτ' Ἰδομενεύς, Κρητῶν ἀγός, ἀντίον ηὔδα·

[1] μάχεσθαι : πόνοιο Aristarchus.
[2] δ' ἀρετὴ : δὲ βίη Zenodotus and Aristophanes.
[3] θεράπων ἐΰς : δουρικλυτὸς Zenodotus and Aristophanes.
[4] Line 255 is omitted in the best MSS.

home from Troy-land, but here may he become the sport of dogs, whoso in this day's course of his own will shrinketh from fight. Up then, take thine harness and get thee forth: herein beseems it that we play the man together, in hope there may be help in us, though we be but two. Prowess comes from fellowship even of right sorry folk, but we twain know well how to do battle even with men of valour."

So spake he, and went back again, a god into the toil of men; and Idomeneus, as soon as he was come to his well-built hut, did on his fair armour about his body, and grasped two spears, and went his way like the lightning that the son of Cronos seizeth in his hand and brandisheth from gleaming Olympus, showing forth a sign to mortals, and brightly flash the rays thereof; even so shone the bronze about his breast as he ran. And Meriones, his valiant squire, met him, while yet he was near the hut; for he was on his way to fetch him a spear of bronze; and mighty Idomeneus spake to him: "Meriones, Molus' son, swift of foot, thou dearest of my comrades, wherefore art thou come, leaving the war and battle? Art thou haply wounded, and doth the point of a dart distress thee? Or art thou come after me on some message? Nay, of mine own self am I fain, not to abide in the huts, but to fight."

To him again the wise Meriones made answer: "Idomeneus, counsellor of the brazen-coated Cretans, I am on my way to fetch a spear, if perchance thou hast one left in the huts; for the one that I bare of old have I shattered, as I cast at the shield of the overweening Deïphobus."

And to him Idomeneus, leader of the Cretans,

"δούρατα δ', αἴ κ' ἐθέλῃσθα, καὶ ἓν καὶ εἴκοσι δήεις
ἑσταότ' ἐν κλισίῃ πρὸς ἐνώπια παμφανόωντα,
Τρώϊα, τὰ κταμένων ἀποαίνυμαι· οὐ γὰρ ὀΐω
ἀνδρῶν δυσμενέων ἑκὰς ἱστάμενος πολεμίζειν·
τῶ μοι δούρατά τ' ἔστι καὶ ἀσπίδες ὀμφαλόεσσαι,
καὶ κόρυθες καὶ θώρηκες λαμπρὸν γανόωντες."
Τὸν δ' αὖ Μηριόνης πεπνυμένος ἀντίον ηὔδα·
"καί τοι ἐμοὶ παρά τε κλισίῃ καὶ νηῒ μελαίνῃ
πόλλ' ἔναρα Τρώων· ἀλλ' οὐ σχεδόν ἐστιν ἑλέσθαι.
οὐδὲ γὰρ οὐδ' ἐμέ φημι λελασμένον ἔμμεναι ἀλκῆς,
ἀλλὰ μετὰ πρώτοισι μάχην ἀνὰ κυδιάνειραν
ἵσταμαι, ὁππότε νεῖκος ὀρώρηται πολέμοιο.
ἄλλον πού τινα μᾶλλον Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων
λήθω μαρνάμενος, σὲ δὲ ἴδμεναι αὐτὸν ὀΐω."
Τὸν δ' αὖτ' Ἰδομενεύς, Κρητῶν ἀγός, ἀντίον ηὔδα·
"οἶδ' ἀρετὴν οἷός ἐσσι· τί σε χρὴ ταῦτα λέγεσθαι;
εἰ γὰρ νῦν παρὰ νηυσὶ λεγοίμεθα πάντες ἄριστοι
ἐς λόχον, ἔνθα μάλιστ' ἀρετὴ διαείδεται ἀνδρῶν—
ἔνθ' ὅ τε δειλὸς ἀνὴρ ὅς τ' ἄλκιμος ἐξεφαάνθη·
τοῦ μὲν γάρ τε κακοῦ τρέπεται χρὼς ἄλλυδις ἄλλῃ,
οὐδέ οἱ ἀτρέμας ἧσθαι ἐρητύετ' ἐν φρεσὶ θυμός,
ἀλλὰ μετοκλάζει καὶ ἐπ' ἀμφοτέρους πόδας ἵζει,
ἐν δέ τέ οἱ κραδίη μεγάλα στέρνοισι πατάσσει
κῆρας ὀϊομένῳ, πάταγος δέ τε γίγνετ' ὀδόντων·
τοῦ δ' ἀγαθοῦ οὔτ' ἂρ τρέπεται χρὼς οὔτε τι λίην
ταρβεῖ, ἐπειδὰν πρῶτον ἐσίζηται λόχον ἀνδρῶν,
ἀρᾶται δὲ τάχιστα μιγήμεναι ἐν δαῒ λυγρῇ—

made answer: "Spears, if thou wilt, thou shalt find, be it one or twenty, standing in the hut against the bright entrance wall, spears of the Trojans whereof it is my wont to despoil their slain. For I am not minded to fight with the foemen while standing afar off; wherefore I have spears and bossed shields, and helms, and corselets gleaming bright."

Then to him the wise Meriones made answer: "Aye, in mine own hut also and my black ship are many spoils of the Trojans, but I have them not at hand to take thereof. For I deem that I too am not forgetful of valour, but I take my stand amid the foremost in battle, where men win glory, whenso the strife of war ariseth. Some other of the brazen-coated Achaeans might sooner be unaware of my fighting, but thou methinks of thine own self knowest it well."

And to him Idomeneus, leader of the Cretans, made answer: "I know what manner of man thou art in valour; what need hast thou to tell the tale thereof? For if now all the best of us were being told off besides the ships for an ambush, wherein the valour of men is best discerned—there the coward cometh to light and the man of valour; for the colour of the coward changeth ever to another hue, nor is the spirit in his breast stayed that he should abide steadfast, but he shifteth from knee to knee and resteth on either foot, and his heart beats loudly in his breast as he bodeth death, and the teeth chatter in his mouth; but the colour of the brave man changeth not, neither feareth he overmuch when once he taketh his place in the ambush of warriors, but he prayeth to mingle forthwith in woeful war—

οὐδέ κεν ἔνθα τεόν γε μένος καὶ χεῖρας ὄνοιτο.
εἴ περ γάρ κε βλεῖο πονεύμενος ἠὲ τυπείης,
οὐκ ἂν ἐν αὐχέν' ὄπισθε πέσοι βέλος οὐδ' ἐνὶ νώτῳ·
ἀλλά κεν ἢ στέρνων ἢ νηδύος ἀντιάσειε
πρόσσω ἱεμένοιο μετὰ προμάχων ὀαριστύν.
ἀλλ' ἄγε, μηκέτι ταῦτα λεγώμεθα νηπύτιοι ὣς
ἑσταότες, μή πού τις ὑπερφιάλως νεμεσήσῃ·
ἀλλὰ σύ γε κλισίηνδε κιὼν ἕλευ ὄβριμον ἔγχος."
Ὣς φάτο, Μηριόνης δὲ θοῷ ἀτάλαντος Ἄρηϊ
καρπαλίμως κλισίηθεν ἀνείλετο χάλκεον ἔγχος,
βῆ δὲ μετ' Ἰδομενῆα μέγα πτολέμοιο μεμηλώς.
οἷος δὲ βροτολοιγὸς Ἄρης πόλεμόνδε μέτεισι,
τῷ δὲ Φόβος φίλος υἱὸς ἅμα κρατερὸς καὶ ἀταρβὴς
ἕσπετο, ὅς τ' ἐφόβησε ταλάφρονά περ πολεμιστήν·
τὼ μὲν ἄρ' ἐκ Θρῄκης Ἐφύρους μέτα θωρήσσεσθον,
ἠὲ μετὰ Φλεγύας μεγαλήτορας· οὐδ' ἄρα τώ γε
ἔκλυον ἀμφοτέρων, ἑτέροισι δὲ κῦδος ἔδωκαν·
τοῖοι Μηριόνης τε καὶ Ἰδομενεύς, ἀγοὶ ἀνδρῶν,
ἤϊσαν ἐς πόλεμον κεκορυθμένοι αἴθοπι χαλκῷ.
τὸν καὶ Μηριόνης πρότερος πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπε·
"Δευκαλίδη, πῇ τ' ἂρ μέμονας καταδῦναι ὅμιλον;
ἢ ἐπὶ δεξιόφιν παντὸς στρατοῦ, ἢ ἀνὰ μέσσους,
ἢ ἐπ' ἀριστερόφιν; ἐπεὶ οὔ ποθι ἔλπομαι οὕτω
δεύεσθαι πολέμοιο κάρη κομόωντας Ἀχαιούς."
Τὸν δ' αὖτ' Ἰδομενεύς, Κρητῶν ἀγός, ἀντίον ηὔδα·
"νηυσὶ μὲν ἐν μέσσῃσιν ἀμύνειν εἰσὶ καὶ ἄλλοι,
Αἴαντές τε δύω Τεῦκρός θ', ὃς ἄριστος Ἀχαιῶν

not even in such case, I say, would any man make light of thy courage or the strength of thy hands. For if so be thou wert stricken by a dart in the toil of battle, or smitten with a thrust, not from behind in neck or back would the missile fall; nay, but on thy breast would it light or on thy belly, as thou wert pressing on into the dalliance of the foremost fighters. But come, no longer let us loiter here and talk thus like children, lest haply some man wax wroth beyond measure; nay, but go thou to the hut, and get thee a mighty spear."

So spake he, and Meriones, the peer of swift Ares, speedily took from the hut a spear of bronze, and followed Idomeneus with high thought of battle. And even as Ares, the bane of mortals, goeth forth to war, and with him followeth Rout, his son, valiant alike and fearless, that turneth to flight a warrior, were he never so staunch of heart—these twain arm themselves and go forth from Thrace to join the Ephyri or the great-hearted Phlegyes, yet they hearken not to both sides, but give glory to one or the other; even in such wise did Meriones and Idomeneus, leaders of men, go forth into the fight, harnessed in flaming bronze. And Meriones spake first to Idomeneus, saying: "Son of Deucalion, at what point art thou eager to enter the throng? On the right of all the host, or in the centre, or shall it be on the left? For verily, methinks, in no other place do the long-haired Achaeans so fail in the fight."

And to him again Idomeneus, leader of the Cretans, made answer: "Among the midmost ships there be others for defence, the two Aiantes, and Teucer, best of all the Achaeans in bowmanship,

τοξοσύνῃ, ἀγαθὸς δὲ καὶ ἐν σταδίῃ ὑσμίνῃ·
οἵ μιν ἅδην ἐλόωσι καὶ ἐσσύμενον πολέμοιο,
Ἕκτορα Πριαμίδην, καὶ εἰ μάλα καρτερός ἐστιν.[1]
αἰπύ οἱ ἐσσεῖται μάλα περ μεμαῶτι μάχεσθαι
κείνων νικήσαντι μένος καὶ χεῖρας ἀάπτους
νῆας ἐνιπρῆσαι, ὅτε μὴ αὐτός γε Κρονίων
ἐμβάλοι αἰθόμενον δαλὸν νήεσσι θοῇσιν.
ἀνδρὶ δέ κ' οὐκ εἴξειε μέγας Τελαμώνιος Αἴας,
ὃς θνητός τ' εἴη καὶ ἔδοι Δημήτερος ἀκτήν,
χαλκῷ τε ῥηκτὸς μεγάλοισί τε χερμαδίοισιν.
οὐδ' ἂν Ἀχιλλῆϊ ῥηξήνορι χωρήσειεν
ἔν γ' αὐτοσταδίῃ· ποσὶ δ' οὔ πως ἔστιν ἐρίζειν.
νῶϊν δ' ὧδ' ἐπ' ἀριστέρ' ἔχε στρατοῦ, ὄφρα τάχιστα
εἴδομεν ἠέ τῳ εὖχος ὀρέξομεν, ἦέ τις ἡμῖν."

Ὣς φάτο, Μηριόνης δὲ θοῷ ἀτάλαντος Ἄρηϊ
ἦρχ' ἴμεν, ὄφρ' ἀφίκοντο κατὰ στρατόν, ᾗ μιν ἀνώγει.

Οἱ δ' ὡς Ἰδομενῆα ἴδον φλογὶ εἴκελον ἀλκήν,
αὐτὸν καὶ θεράποντα, σὺν ἔντεσι δαιδαλέοισι,
κεκλόμενοι καθ' ὅμιλον ἐπ' αὐτῷ πάντες ἔβησαν·
τῶν δ' ὁμὸν ἵστατο νεῖκος ἐπὶ πρυμνῇσι νέεσσιν.
ὡς δ' ὅθ' ὑπὸ λιγέων ἀνέμων σπέρχωσιν ἄελλαι
ἤματι τῷ ὅτε τε πλείστη κόνις ἀμφὶ κελεύθους,
οἵ τ' ἄμυδις κονίης μεγάλην ἱστᾶσιν ὀμίχλην,
ὣς ἄρα τῶν ὁμόσ' ἦλθε μάχη, μέμασαν δ' ἐνὶ θυμῷ
ἀλλήλους καθ' ὅμιλον ἐναιρέμεν ὀξέϊ χαλκῷ.
ἔφριξεν δὲ μάχη φθισίμβροτος ἐγχείῃσι
μακρῇς, ἃς εἶχον ταμεσίχροας· ὄσσε δ' ἄμερδεν
αὐγὴ χαλκείη κορύθων ἄπο λαμπομενάων

[1] Line 316 is omitted in the best MSS.

and a good man too in close fight; these shall drive Hector, Priam's son, to surfeit of war, despite his eagerness, be he never so stalwart. Hard shall it be for him, how furious soever for war, to overcome their might and their invincible hands, and to fire the ships, unless the son of Cronos should himself cast a blazing brand upon the swift ships. But to no man would great Telamonian Aias yield, to any man that is mortal, and eateth the grain of Demeter, and may be cloven with the bronze or crushed with great stones. Nay, not even to Achilles, breaker of the ranks of men, would he give way, in close fight at least; but in fleetness of foot may no man vie with Achilles. But for us twain, do thou, even as thou sayest, make for the left of the host, that we may know forthwith whether we shall give glory to another or another to us."

So spake he, and Meriones, the peer of swift Ares, led the way until they came to the host, at the point whither Idomeneus bade him go.

Now when the Trojans had sight of Idomeneus, in might as it were a flame, himself and his squire clad in armour richly dight, they called one to another through the throng, and all made at him; and by the sterns of the ships arose a strife of men clashing together. And as gusts come thick and fast when shrill winds are blowing, on a day when dust lies thickest on the roads, and the winds raise up confusedly a great cloud of dust; even so their battle clashed together, and they were eager in the throng to slay one another with the sharp bronze. And the battle, that brings death to mortals, bristled with long spears which they held for the rending of flesh, and eyes were blinded by the blaze of bronze from gleaming

θωρήκων τε νεοσμήκτων σακέων τε φαεινῶν
ἐρχομένων ἄμυδις. μάλα κεν θρασυκάρδιος εἴη
ὃς τότε γηθήσειεν ἰδὼν πόνον οὐδ' ἀκάχοιτο.
Τὼ δ' ἀμφὶς φρονέοντε δύω Κρόνου υἷε κραταιὼ
ἀνδράσιν ἡρώεσσιν ἐτεύχετον ἄλγεα λυγρά.
Ζεὺς μέν ῥα Τρώεσσι καὶ Ἕκτορι βούλετο νίκην,
κυδαίνων Ἀχιλῆα πόδας ταχύν· οὐδέ τι[1] πάμπαν
ἤθελε λαὸν ὀλέσθαι Ἀχαιϊκὸν Ἰλιόθι πρό,
ἀλλὰ Θέτιν κύδαινε καὶ υἱέα καρτερόθυμον.[2]
Ἀργείους δὲ Ποσειδάων ὀρόθυνε[3] μετελθών,
λάθρῃ ὑπεξαναδὺς πολιῆς ἁλός· ἤχθετο γάρ ῥα
Τρωσὶν δαμναμένους, Διὶ δὲ κρατερῶς ἐνεμέσσα.
ἦ μὰν ἀμφοτέροισιν ὁμὸν γένος ἠδ' ἴα πάτρη,
ἀλλὰ Ζεὺς πρότερος γεγόνει καὶ πλείονα ᾔδη.
τῷ ῥα καὶ ἀμφαδίην μὲν ἀλεξέμεναι ἀλέεινε,
λάθρῃ δ' αἰὲν ἔγειρε κατὰ στρατόν, ἀνδρὶ ἐοικώς.
τὼ δ' ἔριδος κρατερῆς καὶ ὁμοιΐου πτολέμοιο
πεῖραρ ἐπαλλάξαντες ἐπ' ἀμφοτέροισι τάνυσσαν,
ἄρρηκτόν τ' ἄλυτόν τε, τὸ πολλῶν γούνατ' ἔλυσεν.
Ἔνθα μεσαιπόλιός περ ἐὼν Δαναοῖσι κελεύσας
Ἰδομενεὺς Τρώεσσι μετάλμενος ἐν φόβον ὦρσε.
πέφνε γὰρ Ὀθρυονῆα Καβησόθεν ἔνδον ἐόντα,
ὅς ῥα νέον πολέμοιο μετὰ κλέος εἰληλούθει,
ᾔτεε δὲ Πριάμοιο θυγατρῶν εἶδος ἀρίστην,
Κασσάνδρην, ἀνάεδνον, ὑπέσχετο δὲ μέγα ἔργον,

[1] *οὐδέ τι*: *οὐδ' ὅ γε* Aristophanes.
[2] Line 350 was rejected by Aristarchus.
[3] *ὀρόθυνε*: *ὤτρυνε* Zenodotus and Aristophanes.

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[1] In several passages the poet uses the word *τανύω*, with or without *πεῖραρ* (*πείρατα*), in a way which indicates that he would have us think of the gods as controlling the battle as by a rope knotted above the combatants, and drawn this way

helmets, and corselets newly burnished, and shining shields, as men came on confusedly. Sturdy in sooth would he have been of heart that took joy at sight of such toil of war, and grieved not.

Thus were the two mighty sons of Cronos, divided in purpose, fashioning grievous woes for mortal warriors. Zeus would have victory for the Trojans and Hector, so giving glory to Achilles, swift of foot; yet was he in no wise minded that the Achaean host should perish utterly before the face of Ilios, but was fain only to give glory to Thetis and to her son, strong of heart. But Poseidon went among the Argives and urged them on, stealing forth secretly from the grey sea; for it vexed him that they were being overcome by the Trojans, and against Zeus was he exceeding wroth. Both the twain verily were of one stock and of one parentage, but Zeus was the elder born and the wiser. Therefore it was that Poseidon avoided to give open aid, but secretly sought ever to rouse the Argives throughout the host, in the likeness of a man. So these twain knotted the ends of the cords[1] of mighty strife and evil war, and drew them taut over both armies, a knot none might break nor undo, that loosed the knees of many men.

Then Idomeneus, albeit his hair was flecked with grey, called to the Danaans, and leaping amid the Trojans turned them to flight. For he slew Othryoneus of Cabesus, a sojourner in Troy, that was but newly come following the rumour of war; and he asked in marriage the comeliest of the daughters of Priam, even Cassandra; he brought no gifts of wooing, but promised a mighty deed, that he would

and that; see xi. 336; xiv. 389; xv. 413, and *cf.* the note on vi. 143.

ἐκ Τροίης ἀέκοντας ἀπωσέμεν υἷας Ἀχαιῶν.
τῷ δ᾽ ὁ γέρων Πρίαμος ὑπό τ᾽ ἔσχετο καὶ κατένευσε
δωσέμεναι· ὁ δὲ μάρναθ᾽ ὑποσχεσίῃσι πιθήσας.
Ἰδομενεὺς δ᾽ αὐτοῖο τιτύσκετο δουρὶ φαεινῷ,
καὶ βάλεν ὕψι βιβάντα τυχών· οὐδ᾽ ἤρκεσε θώρηξ
χάλκεος, ὃν φορέεσκε, μέσῃ δ᾽ ἐν γαστέρι πῆξε.
δούπησεν δὲ πεσών· ὁ δ᾽ ἐπεύξατο φώνησέν τε·
“Ὀθρυονεῦ, περὶ δή σε βροτῶν αἰνίζομ᾽ ἁπάντων,
εἰ ἐτεὸν δὴ πάντα τελευτήσεις ὅσ᾽ ὑπέστης
Δαρδανίδῃ Πριάμῳ· ὁ δ᾽ ὑπέσχετο θυγατέρα ἥν.
καί κέ τοι ἡμεῖς ταῦτά γ᾽ ὑποσχόμενοι τελέσαιμεν,
δοῖμεν δ᾽ Ἀτρεΐδαο θυγατρῶν εἶδος ἀρίστην,
Ἄργεος ἐξαγαγόντες, ὀπυιέμεν, εἴ κε σὺν ἄμμιν
Ἰλίου ἐκπέρσῃς εὖ ναιόμενον πτολίεθρον.
ἀλλ᾽ ἕπε᾽, ὄφρ᾽ ἐπὶ νηυσὶ συνώμεθα ποντοπόροισιν
ἀμφὶ γάμῳ, ἐπεὶ οὔ τοι ἐεδνωταὶ κακοί εἰμεν.”
Ὣς εἰπὼν ποδὸς ἕλκε κατὰ κρατερὴν ὑσμίνην
ἥρως Ἰδομενεύς· τῷ δ᾽ Ἄσιος ἦλθ᾽ ἐπαμύντωρ
πεζὸς πρόσθ᾽ ἵππων· τὼ δὲ πνείοντε κατ᾽ ὤμων
αἰὲν ἔχ᾽ ἡνίοχος θεράπων· ὁ δὲ ἵετο θυμῷ
Ἰδομενῆα βαλεῖν· ὁ δέ μιν φθάμενος βάλε δουρὶ
λαιμὸν ὑπ᾽ ἀνθερεῶνα, διαπρὸ δὲ χαλκὸν ἔλασσεν.
ἤριπε δ᾽ ὡς ὅτε τις δρῦς ἤριπεν ἢ ἀχερωΐς,
ἠὲ πίτυς βλωθρή, τήν τ᾽ οὔρεσι τέκτονες ἄνδρες
ἐξέταμον πελέκεσσι νεήκεσι νήϊον εἶναι·

drive forth perforce out of Troy-land the sons of Achaeans. To him the old man Priam promised that he would give her, and bowed his head thereto, and Othryoneus fought, trusting in his promise. But Idomeneus aimed at him with his bright spear, and cast and smote him as he strode proudly on, nor did the corselet of bronze that he wore avail him, but the spear was fixed full in his belly, and he fell with a thud, and Idomeneus exulted over him, and spake, saying: "Othryoneus, verily above all mortal men do I count thee happy, if in good sooth thou shalt accomplish all that thou didst promise to Dardanian Priam; and he promised thee his own daughter. Aye, and we too would promise the like and would bring all to pass, and would give thee the comeliest of the daughters of the son of Atreus, bringing her forth from Argos that thou mightest wed her; if only thou wilt make cause with us and sack the well-peopled city of Ilios. Nay, follow with us, that at the seafaring ships we may make agreement about the marriage, for thou mayest be sure we deal not hardly in exacting gifts of wooing."

So saying, the warrior Idomeneus dragged him by the foot through the mighty conflict. But Asius came to bear aid to Othryoneus, on foot in front of his horses; and these twain the squire that was his charioteer ever drave so that their breath smote upon the shoulders of Asius. And he was ever fain of heart to cast at Idomeneus; but the other was too quick for him, and smote him with a cast of his spear on the throat beneath the chin, and drave the bronze clean through. And he fell as an oak falls, or a poplar, or a tall pine, that among the mountains shipwrights fell with whetted axes to be a ship's timber; even so

ὣς ὁ πρόσθ' ἵππων καὶ δίφρου κεῖτο τανυσθείς,
βεβρυχώς, κόνιος δεδραγμένος αἱματοέσσης.
ἐκ δέ οἱ ἡνίοχος πλήγη φρένας, ἃς πάρος εἶχεν,
οὐδ' ὅ γ' ἐτόλμησεν, δηΐων ὑπὸ χεῖρας ἀλύξας,
ἂψ ἵππους στρέψαι, τὸν δ' Ἀντίλοχος μενεχάρμης
δουρὶ μέσον περόνησε τυχών· οὐδ' ἤρκεσε θώρηξ
χάλκεος, ὃν φορέεσκε, μέσῃ δ' ἐν γαστέρι πῆξεν.
αὐτὰρ ὁ ἀσθμαίνων εὐεργέος ἔκπεσε δίφρου,
ἵππους δ' Ἀντίλοχος, μεγαθύμου Νέστορος υἱός,
ἐξέλασε Τρώων μετ' ἐϋκνήμιδας Ἀχαιούς.
Δηΐφοβος δὲ μάλα σχεδὸν ἤλυθεν Ἰδομενῆος,
Ἀσίου ἀχνύμενος, καὶ ἀκόντισε δουρὶ φαεινῷ.
ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ἄντα ἰδὼν ἠλεύατο χάλκεον ἔγχος
Ἰδομενεύς· κρύφθη γὰρ ὑπ' ἀσπίδι πάντοσ' ἐΐσῃ,
τὴν ἄρ' ὅ γε ῥινοῖσι βοῶν καὶ νώροπι χαλκῷ
δινωτὴν φορέεσκε, δύω κανόνεσσ' ἀραρυῖαν·[1]
τῇ ὕπο πᾶς ἐάλη, τὸ δ' ὑπέρπτατο χάλκεον ἔγχος,
καρφαλέον δέ οἱ ἀσπὶς ἐπιθρέξαντος ἄϋσεν
ἔγχεος· οὐδ' ἅλιόν ῥα βαρείης χειρὸς ἀφῆκεν,
ἀλλ' ἔβαλ' Ἱππασίδην Ὑψήνορα, ποιμένα λαῶν,
ἧπαρ ὑπὸ πραπίδων, εἶθαρ δ' ὑπὸ γούνατ' ἔλυσε.
Δηΐφοβος δ' ἔκπαγλον ἐπεύξατο, μακρὸν ἀΰσας·
"οὐ μὰν αὖτ' ἄτιτος κεῖτ' Ἄσιος, ἀλλά ἕ φημι
εἰς Ἄϊδός περ ἰόντα πυλάρταο κρατεροῖο[1]
γηθήσειν κατὰ θυμόν, ἐπεί ῥά οἱ ὤπασα πομπόν."
Ὣς ἔφατ', Ἀργείοισι δ' ἄχος γένετ' εὐξαμένοιο,

[1] κρατεροῖο : κρυεροῖο.

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[1] The *κανόνες* seem clearly to have been two rods, or staves, which served to give the "figure-eight" Mycenaean shield its shape. See Leaf, *Iliad* i. p. 569, and Reichel, *Homerische Waffen*², pp. 6 f., 18 f.

before his horses and chariot Asius lay out-stretched, moaning aloud and clutching at the bloody dust. And the charioteer, stricken with terror, kept not the wits that afore he had, neither dared turn the horses back and so escape from out the hands of the foemen; but Antilochus, staunch in fight, aimed at him, and pierced him through the middle with his spear, nor did the corselet of bronze that he wore avail him, but he fixed the spear full in his belly. And gasping he fell from out his well-built car, and the horses Antilochus, son of great-souled Nestor, drave forth from the Trojans into the host of the well-greaved Achaeans.

Then Deïphobus in sore grief for Asius drew very nigh to Idomeneus, and cast at him with his bright spear. Howbeit Idomeneus, looking steadily at him, avoided the spear of bronze, for he hid beneath the cover of his shield that was well-balanced upon every side, the which he was wont to bear, cunningly wrought with bull's hide and gleaming bronze, and fitted with two rods[1]; beneath this he gathered himself together, and the spear of bronze flew over; and harshly rang his shield, as the spear grazed thereon. Yet nowise in vain did Deïphobus let the spear fly from his heavy hand, but he smote Hypsenor, son of Hippasus, shepherd of the people, in the liver beneath the midriff, and straightway loosed his knees. And Deïphobus exulted over him in terrible wise, and cried aloud: "Hah, in good sooth not unavenged lies Asius; nay, methinks, even as he fareth to the house of Hades, the strong warder, will he be glad at heart, for lo, I have given him one to escort him on his way!"

So spake he, and upon the Argives came sorrow

Ἀντιλόχῳ δὲ μάλιστα δαΐφρονι θυμὸν ὄρινεν·
ἀλλ' οὐδ' ἀχνύμενός περ ἑοῦ ἀμέλησεν ἑταίρου,
ἀλλὰ θέων περίβη καί οἱ σάκος ἀμφεκάλυψε.
τὸν μὲν ἔπειθ' ὑποδύντε δύω ἐρίηρες ἑταῖροι,
Μηκιστεύς, Ἐχίοιο πάϊς, καὶ δῖος Ἀλάστωρ,
νῆας ἔπι γλαφυρὰς φερέτην βαρέα στενάχοντα.[1]
Ἰδομενεὺς δ' οὐ λῆγε μένος μέγα, ἵετο δ' αἰεὶ
ἠέ τινα Τρώων ἐρεβεννῇ νυκτὶ καλύψαι,
ἢ αὐτὸς δουπῆσαι ἀμύνων λοιγὸν Ἀχαιοῖς.
ἔνθ' Αἰσυήταο διοτρεφέος φίλον υἱόν,
ἥρω' Ἀλκάθοον—γαμβρὸς δ' ἦν Ἀγχίσαο,
πρεσβυτάτην δ' ὤπυιε θυγατρῶν, Ἱπποδάμειαν,
τὴν περὶ κῆρι φίλησε πατὴρ καὶ πότνια μήτηρ
ἐν μεγάρῳ· πᾶσαν γὰρ ὁμηλικίην ἐκέκαστο
κάλλεϊ καὶ ἔργοισιν ἰδὲ φρεσί· τοὔνεκα καί μιν
γῆμεν ἀνὴρ ὤριστος ἐνὶ Τροίῃ εὐρείῃ·—
τὸν τόθ' ὑπ' Ἰδομενῆϊ Ποσειδάων ἐδάμασσε
θέλξας ὄσσε φαεινά, πέδησε δὲ φαίδιμα γυῖα·
οὔτε γὰρ ἐξοπίσω φυγέειν δύνατ' οὔτ' ἀλέασθαι,
ἀλλ' ὥς τε στήλην ἢ δένδρεον ὑψιπέτηλον
ἀτρέμας ἑσταότα στῆθος μέσον οὔτασε δουρὶ
ἥρως Ἰδομενεύς, ῥῆξεν δέ οἱ ἀμφὶ χιτῶνα
χάλκεον, ὅς οἱ πρόσθεν ἀπὸ χροὸς ἤρκει ὄλεθρον·
δὴ τότε γ' αὖον ἄϋσεν ἐρεικόμενος περὶ δουρί.
δούπησεν δὲ πεσών, δόρυ δ' ἐν κραδίῃ ἐπεπήγει,
ἥ ῥά οἱ ἀσπαίρουσα καὶ οὐρίαχον πελέμιζεν
ἔγχεος· ἔνθα δ' ἔπειτ' ἀφίει μένος ὄβριμος Ἄρης·
Ἰδομενεὺς δ' ἔκπαγλον ἐπεύξατο, μακρὸν ἀΰσας·
"Δηΐφοβ', ἦ ἄρα δή τι ἐΐσκομεν ἄξιον εἶναι

[1] στενάχοντα: στενάχοντε.

by reason of his exulting, and beyond all did he stir the soul of wise-hearted Antilochus; howbeit, despite his sorrow, he was not unmindful of his dear comrade, but ran and bestrode him, and covered him with his shield. Then two trusty comrades stooped down, even Mecisteus, son of Echius, and goodly Alastor, and bare Hypsenor, groaning heavily, to the hollow ships.

And Idomeneus slackened not in his furious might, but was ever fain to enwrap some one of the Trojans in the darkness of night, or himself to fall in warding off ruin from the Achaeans. Then the dear son of Aesyetes, fostered of Zeus, the warrior Alcathous—son by marriage was he to Anchises, and had married the eldest of his daughters, Hippodameia, whom her father and queenly mother heartily loved in their hall, for that she excelled all maidens of her years in comeliness, and in handiwork, and in wisdom; wherefore the best man in wide Troy had taken her to wife—this Alcathous did Poseidon subdue beneath Idomeneus, for he cast a spell upon his bright eyes and ensnared his glorious limbs that he might nowise flee backwards nor avoid the spear; but as he stood fixed, even as a pillar or a tree, high and leafy, the warrior Idomeneus smote him with a thrust of his spear full upon the breast, and clave his coat of bronze round about him, that aforetime ever warded death from his body, but now it rang harshly as it was cloven about the spear. And he fell with a thud, and the spear was fixed in his heart, that still beating made the butt thereof to quiver; howbeit, there at length did mighty Ares stay its fury. But Idomeneus exulted over him in terrible wise, and cried aloud: "Deïphobus, shall we now deem per-

τρεῖς ἑνὸς ἀντὶ πεφάσθαι; ἐπεὶ σύ περ εὔχεαι οὕτω·[1]
δαιμόνι', ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὸς ἐναντίον ἵστασ' ἐμεῖο,
ὄφρα ἴδῃς οἷος Ζηνὸς γόνος ἐνθάδ' ἱκάνω,
ὃς πρῶτον Μίνωα τέκε Κρήτῃ ἐπίουρον·
Μίνως δ' αὖ τέκεθ' υἱὸν ἀμύμονα Δευκαλίωνα,
Δευκαλίων δ' ἐμὲ τίκτε πολέσσ' ἄνδρεσσιν ἄνακτα
Κρήτῃ ἐν εὐρείῃ· νῦν δ' ἐνθάδε νῆες ἔνεικαν
σοί τε κακὸν καὶ πατρὶ καὶ ἄλλοισι Τρώεσσιν."
"Ὣς φάτο, Δηΐφοβος δὲ διάνδιχα μερμήριξεν,
ἤ τινά που Τρώων ἑταρίσσαιτο μεγαθύμων
ἂψ ἀναχωρήσας, ἦ πειρήσαιτο καὶ οἶος.
ὧδε δέ οἱ φρονέοντι δοάσσατο κέρδιον εἶναι,
βῆναι ἐπ' Αἰνείαν· τὸν δ' ὕστατον εὗρεν ὁμίλου
ἑσταότ'· αἰεὶ γὰρ Πριάμῳ ἐπεμήνιε δίῳ,
οὕνεκ' ἄρ' ἐσθλὸν ἐόντα μετ' ἀνδράσιν οὔ τι τίεσκεν.
ἀγχοῦ δ' ἱστάμενος ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
"Αἰνεία, Τρώων βουληφόρε, νῦν σε μάλα χρὴ
γαμβρῷ ἀμυνέμεναι, εἴ πέρ τί σε κῆδος ἱκάνει.
ἀλλ' ἕπευ, Ἀλκαθόῳ ἐπαμύνομεν, ὅς σε πάρος γε
γαμβρὸς ἐὼν ἔθρεψε δόμοις ἔνι τυτθὸν ἐόντα·
τὸν δέ τοι Ἰδομενεὺς δουρικλυτὸς ἐξενάριξεν."
"Ὣς φάτο, τῷ δ' ἄρα θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ὄρινε,
βῆ δὲ μετ' Ἰδομενῆα μέγα πτολέμοιο μεμηλώς.
ἀλλ' οὐκ Ἰδομενῆα φόβος λάβε τηλύγετον ὥς,
ἀλλ' ἔμεν', ὡς ὅτε τις σῦς οὔρεσιν ἀλκὶ πεποιθώς,
ὅς τε μένει κολοσυρτὸν ἐπερχόμενον πολὺν ἀνδρῶν

[1] οὕτω: αὔτως Zenodotus.

[1] Again in xx. 179-186 and 306 we have allusions to a rivalry between the house of Anchises and that of Priam for the kingship of Troy.

chance that due requital hath been made—three men slain for one—seeing thou boasteth thus? Nay, good sir, but stand forth thyself and face me, that thou mayest know what manner of son of Zeus am I that am come hither. For Zeus at the first begat Minos to be a watcher over Crete, and Minos again got him a son, even the peerless Deucalion, and Deucalion begat me, a lord over many men in wide Crete; and now have the ships brought me hither a bane to thee and thy father and the other Trojans."

So spake he, and Deïphobus was divided in counsel, whether he should give ground and take to him as comrade some one of the great-souled Trojans, or should make trial by himself alone. And as he pondered this thing seemed to him the better—to go after Aeneas; and he found him standing last amid the throng, for ever was Aeneas wroth against goodly Priam, for that brave though he was amid warriors Priam honoured him not a whit.[1] Then Deïphobus drew near and spake to him winged words: "Aeneas, counsellor of the Trojans, now in sooth it behoveth thee to bear aid to thy sister's husband, if in any wise grief for thy kin cometh upon thee. Nay, come thou with me, that we may bear aid to Alcathous, who, for all he was but thy sister's husband, reared thee in the halls when thou wast yet a little child; he, I tell thee, hath been slain of Idomeneus, famed for his spear."

So spake he, and roused the heart in the breast of Aeneas, and he went to seek Idomeneus, with high thoughts of war. Howbeit terror gat not hold of Idomeneus, as he had been some petted boy, but he abode like a boar in the mountains, that trusteth in his strength, and abideth the great, tumultuous

χώρῳ ἐν οἰοπόλῳ, φρίσσει δέ τε νῶτον ὕπερθεν·
ὀφθαλμὼ δ' ἄρα οἱ πυρὶ λάμπετον· αὐτὰρ ὀδόντας
θήγει, ἀλέξασθαι μεμαὼς κύνας ἠδὲ καὶ ἄνδρας·
ὣς μένεν Ἰδομενεὺς δουρικλυτός, οὐδ' ὑπεχώρει,
Αἰνείαν ἐπιόντα βοηθόον· αὖε δ' ἑταίρους,
Ἀσκάλαφόν τ' ἐσορῶν Ἀφαρῆά τε Δηΐπυρόν τε
Μηριόνην τε καὶ Ἀντίλοχον, μήστωρας ἀϋτῆς·
τοὺς ὅ γ' ἐποτρύνων ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·[1]
"δεῦτε, φίλοι, καί μ' οἴῳ ἀμύνετε· δείδια δ' αἰνῶς
Αἰνείαν ἐπιόντα πόδας ταχύν, ὅς μοι ἔπεισιν,
ὃς μάλα καρτερός ἐστι μάχῃ ἔνι φῶτας ἐναίρειν·
καὶ δ' ἔχει ἥβης ἄνθος, ὅ τε κράτος ἐστὶ μέγιστον.
εἰ γὰρ ὁμηλικίη γε γενοίμεθα τῷδ' ἐπὶ θυμῷ,
αἶψά κεν ἠὲ φέροιτο μέγα κράτος, ἠὲ φεροίμην."
Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἕνα φρεσὶ θυμὸν ἔχοντες
πλησίοι ἔστησαν, σάκε' ὤμοισι κλίναντες.
Αἰνείας δ' ἑτέρωθεν ἐκέκλετο οἷς ἑτάροισι,
Δηΐφοβόν τε Πάριν τ' ἐσορῶν καὶ Ἀγήνορα δῖον,
οἵ οἱ ἅμ' ἡγεμόνες Τρώων ἔσαν· αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα
λαοὶ ἕπονθ', ὡς εἴ τε μετὰ κτίλον ἕσπετο μῆλα
πιόμεν' ἐκ βοτάνης· γάνυται δ' ἄρα τε φρένα ποιμήν·
ὣς Αἰνείᾳ θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσι γεγήθει,
ὡς ἴδε λαῶν ἔθνος ἐπισπόμενον ἑοῖ αὐτῷ.
Οἱ δ' ἀμφ' Ἀλκαθόῳ αὐτοσχεδὸν ὡρμήθησαν
μακροῖσι ξυστοῖσι· περὶ στήθεσσι δὲ χαλκὸς
σμερδαλέον κονάβιζε τιτυσκομένων καθ' ὅμιλον
ἀλλήλων· δύο δ' ἄνδρες ἀρήϊοι ἔξοχον ἄλλων,
Αἰνείας τε καὶ Ἰδομενεύς, ἀτάλαντοι Ἄρηϊ,
ἵεντ' ἀλλήλων ταμέειν χρόα νηλέϊ χαλκῷ.

[1] Line 480 was omitted in many ancient editions.

throng of men that cometh against him, in a lonely place; he bristleth up his back and his two eyes blaze with fire, and he whetteth his tusks, eager to ward off dogs and men; even so Idomeneus, famed for his spear, abode the oncoming of Aeneas to bear aid, and gave not ground, but called to his comrades, looking unto Ascalaphus, Aphareus, and Deïpyrus, and Meriones, and Antilochus, masters of the war-cry; to these he spake winged words, and spurred them on: "Hither, friends, and bear aid to me that am alone, and sorely do I dread the oncoming of Aeneas, swift of foot, that cometh against me; right strong is he to slay men in battle, and he hath the flower of youth, wherein is the fulness of strength. Were we but of like age and our mood such as now it is, then forthwith should he win great victory, or haply I."

So spake he, and they all, having one spirit in their breasts, took their stand, each hard by the other, leaning their shields against their shoulders. And Aeneas over against them called to his comrades, looking unto Deïphobus, and Paris, and goodly Agenor, that with himself were leaders of the Trojans; and after them followed the host, as sheep follow after the ram to water from the place of feeding, and the shepherd joyeth in his heart; even so the heart of Aeneas was glad in his breast, when he saw the throng of the host that followed after him.

Then over Alcathous they clashed in close fight with their long spears, and about their breasts the bronze rang terribly as they aimed each at the other in the throng; and above all the rest two men of valour, Aeneas and Idomeneus, peers of Ares, were eager each to cleave the other's flesh with the pitiless

Αἰνείας δὲ πρῶτος ἀκόντισεν Ἰδομενῆος·
ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ἄντα ἰδὼν ἠλεύατο χάλκεον ἔγχος,
αἰχμὴ δ' Αἰνείαο κραδαινομένη κατὰ γαίης
ᾤχετ', ἐπεί ῥ' ἅλιον στιβαρῆς ἀπὸ χειρὸς ὄρουσεν.
Ἰδομενεὺς δ' ἄρα Οἰνόμαον βάλε γαστέρα μέσσην,
ῥῆξε δὲ θώρηκος γύαλον, διὰ δ' ἔντερα χαλκὸς
ἤφυσ'· ὁ δ' ἐν κονίῃσι πεσὼν ἕλε γαῖαν ἀγοστῷ.
Ἰδομενεὺς δ' ἐκ μὲν νέκυος δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος
ἐσπάσατ', οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔτ' ἄλλα δυνήσατο τεύχεα καλὰ
ὤμοιιν ἀφελέσθαι· ἐπείγετο γὰρ βελέεσσιν.
οὐ γὰρ ἔτ' ἔμπεδα γυῖα ποδῶν ἦν ὁρμηθέντι,
οὔτ' ἄρ' ἐπαΐξαι μεθ' ἑὸν βέλος οὔτ' ἀλέασθαι.
τῶ ῥα καὶ ἐν σταδίῃ μὲν ἀμύνετο νηλεὲς ἦμαρ,
τρέσσαι δ' οὐκέτι ῥίμφα πόδες φέρον ἐκ πολέμοιο.
τοῦ δὲ βάδην ἀπιόντος ἀκόντισε δουρὶ φαεινῷ
Δηΐφοβος· δὴ γάρ οἱ ἔχεν κότον ἐμμενὲς αἰεί.
ἀλλ' ὅ γε καὶ τόθ' ἅμαρτεν, ὁ δ' Ἀσκάλαφον βάλε δουρί,
υἱὸν Ἐνυαλίοιο· δι' ὤμου δ' ὄβριμον ἔγχος
ἔσχεν· ὁ δ' ἐν κονίῃσι πεσὼν ἕλε γαῖαν ἀγοστῷ.
οὐδ' ἄρα πώ τι πέπυστο βριήπυος ὄβριμος Ἄρης
υἷος ἑοῖο πεσόντος ἐνὶ κρατερῇ ὑσμίνῃ,
ἀλλ' ὅ γ' ἄρ' ἄκρῳ Ὀλύμπῳ ὑπὸ χρυσέοισι νέφεσσιν
ἧστο, Διὸς βουλῇσιν ἐελμένος, ἔνθα περ ἄλλοι
ἀθάνατοι θεοὶ ἦσαν ἐεργόμενοι πολέμοιο.

Οἱ δ' ἀμφ' Ἀσκαλάφῳ αὐτοσχεδὸν ὁρμήθησαν·
Δηΐφοβος μὲν ἀπ' Ἀσκαλάφου πήληκα φαεινὴν
ἥρπασε, Μηριόνης δὲ θοῷ ἀτάλαντος Ἄρηϊ
δουρὶ βραχίονα τύψεν ἐπάλμενος, ἐκ δ' ἄρα χειρὸς

bronze. And Aeneas first cast at Idomeneus, but he, looking steadily at him, avoided the spear of bronze, and the lance of Aeneas sank quivering down into the earth, for that it sped in vain from his mighty hand. But Idomeneus cast and smote Oenomaus, full upon the belly, and brake the plate of his corselet, and the bronze let forth the bowels therethrough; and he fell in the dust and clutched the earth in his palm. And Idomeneus drew forth from out the corpse the far-shadowing spear, yet could he not prevail likewise to strip the rest of the fair armour from his shoulders, since he was sore pressed with missiles. For the joints of his feet were not firm as of old in a charge, that he might rush forth after his own cast, or avoid another's. Wherefore in close fight he warded off the pitiless day of doom, but in flight his feet no longer bare him swiftly from the war. And as he drew back step by step Deïphobus cast at him with his shining spear, for verily he ever cherished a ceaseless hate against him. Howbeit this time again he missed him, and smote with his spear Ascalaphus, son of Enyalius, and through the shoulder the mighty spear held its way; and he fell in the dust and clutched the ground with his palm. But as yet loud-voiced dread Ares wist not at all that his son had fallen in the mighty conflict; but he sat on the topmost peak of Olympus beneath the golden clouds, constrained by the will of Zeus, where also were the other immortal gods, being held aloof from the war.

Then over Ascalaphus they clashed in close fight, and Deïphobus tore from Ascalaphus his shining helm, but Meriones, the peer of swift Ares, leapt upon Deïphobus and smote his arm with his spear,

αὐλῶπις τρυφάλεια χαμαὶ βόμβησε πεσοῦσα.
Μηριόνης δ' ἐξαῦτις ἐπάλμενος, αἰγυπιὸς ὥς,
ἐξέρυσε πρυμνοῖο βραχίονος ὄβριμον ἔγχος,
ἂψ δ' ἑτάρων εἰς ἔθνος ἐχάζετο. τὸν δὲ Πολίτης
αὐτοκασίγνητος, περὶ μέσσῳ χεῖρε τιτήνας,
ἐξῆγεν πολέμοιο δυσηχέος, ὄφρ' ἵκεθ' ἵππους
ὠκέας, οἵ οἱ ὄπισθε μάχης ἠδὲ πτολέμοιο
ἕστασαν ἡνίοχόν τε καὶ ἅρματα ποικίλ' ἔχοντες·
οἳ τόν γε προτὶ ἄστυ φέρον βαρέα στενάχοντα
τειρόμενον· κατὰ δ' αἷμα νεουτάτου ἔρρεε χειρός.
Οἱ δ' ἄλλοι μάρναντο, βοὴ δ' ἄσβεστος ὀρώρει.
ἔνθ' Αἰνέας Ἀφαρῆα Καλητορίδην ἐπορούσας
λαιμὸν τύψ' ἐπὶ οἷ τετραμμένον ὀξέϊ δουρί·
ἐκλίνθη δ' ἑτέρωσε κάρη, ἐπὶ δ' ἀσπὶς ἑάφθη
καὶ κόρυς, ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ θάνατος χύτο θυμοραϊστής.
Ἀντίλοχος δὲ Θόωνα μεταστρεφθέντα δοκεύσας
οὔτασ' ἐπαΐξας, ἀπὸ δὲ φλέβα πᾶσαν ἔκερσεν,
ἥ τ' ἀνὰ νῶτα θέουσα διαμπερὲς αὐχέν' ἱκάνει·
τὴν ἀπὸ πᾶσαν ἔκερσεν· ὁ δ' ὕπτιος ἐν κονίῃσι
κάππεσεν, ἄμφω χεῖρε φίλοις ἑτάροισι πετάσσας.
Ἀντίλοχος δ' ἐπόρουσε, καὶ αἴνυτο τεύχε' ἀπ' ὤμων
παπταίνων· Τρῶες δὲ περισταδὸν[1] ἄλλοθεν ἄλλος
οὔταζον σάκος εὐρὺ παναίολον, οὐδὲ δύναντο
εἴσω ἐπιγράψαι τέρενα χρόα νηλέϊ χαλκῷ
Ἀντιλόχου· πέρι γάρ ῥα Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων
Νέστορος υἱὸν ἔρυτο καὶ ἐν πολλοῖσι βέλεσσιν.

[1] περισταδὸν : παρασταδὸν Zenodotus and Aristophanes.

and from his hand the crested helm fell to the ground with a clang. And Meriones sprang forth again like a vulture, and drew forth the mighty spear from the upper arm of Deïphobus, and shrank back into the throng of his comrades. But Polites, the own brother of Deïphobus, stretched his arms around his waist, and led him forth from out the dolorous war, until he came to the swift horses that stood waiting for him at the rear of the battle and the conflict with their charioteer and chariot richly dight. These bare him to the city groaning heavily and sore distressed; and down ran the blood from his newly wounded arm.

But the rest fought on, and a cry unquenchable arose. Then Aeneas leapt upon Aphareus, son of Caletor, that was turned toward him, and struck him on the throat with his sharp spear, and his head sank to one side, and his shield was hurled upon him and his helm withal, and death that slayeth the spirit encompassed him. Then Antilochus, biding his time, leapt upon Thoön, as he turned his back, and smote him with a thrust, and wholly severed the vein that runneth along the back continually until it reacheth the neck; this he severed wholly, and Thoön fell on his back in the dust, stretching out both his hands to his dear comrades. But Antilochus leapt upon him and set him to strip the armour from off his shoulders, looking warily around the while; for the Trojans encircled him and thrust from this side and from that upon his broad, shining shield; howbeit they prevailed not to pierce through and graze the tender flesh of Antilochus with the pitiless bronze; for mightily did Poseidon, the Shaker of Earth, guard Nestor's son, even in the midst of many

οὐ μὲν γάρ ποτ' ἄνευ δηΐων ἦν, ἀλλὰ κατ' αὐτοὺς
στρωφᾶτ'· οὐδέ οἱ ἔγχος ἔχ' ἀτρέμας, ἀλλὰ μάλ' αἰεὶ
σειόμενον ἐλέλικτο· τιτύσκετο δὲ φρεσὶν ᾗσιν
ἤ τευ ἀκοντίσσαι, ἠὲ σχεδὸν ὁρμηθῆναι.
'Αλλ' οὐ λῆθ' 'Αδάμαντα τιτυσκόμενος καθ' ὅμιλον,
'Ασιάδην, ὅ οἱ οὖτα μέσον σάκος ὀξέϊ χαλκῷ
ἐγγύθεν ὁρμηθείς· ἀμενήνωσεν δέ οἱ αἰχμὴν
κυανοχαῖτα Ποσειδάων, βιότοιο μεγήρας.
καὶ τὸ μὲν αὐτοῦ μεῖν' ὥς τε σκῶλος πυρίκαυστος,
ἐν σάκει 'Αντιλόχοιο, τὸ δ' ἥμισυ κεῖτ' ἐπὶ γαίης·
ἂψ δ' ἑτάρων εἰς ἔθνος ἐχάζετο κῆρ' ἀλεείνων·
Μηριόνης δ' ἀπιόντα μετασπόμενος βάλε δουρὶ
αἰδοίων τε μεσηγὺ καὶ ὀμφαλοῦ, ἔνθα μάλιστα
γίγνετ' Ἄρης ἀλεγεινὸς ὀϊζυροῖσι βροτοῖσιν.
ἔνθα οἱ ἔγχος ἔπηξεν· ὁ δ' ἑσπόμενος περὶ δουρὶ
ἤσπαιρ' ὡς ὅτε βοῦς, τόν τ' οὔρεσι βουκόλοι ἄνδρες
ἰλλάσιν οὐκ ἐθέλοντα βίῃ δήσαντες ἄγουσιν·
ὣς ὁ τυπεὶς ἤσπαιρε μίνυνθά περ, οὔ τι μάλα δήν,
ὄφρα οἱ ἐκ χροὸς ἔγχος ἀνεσπάσατ' ἐγγύθεν ἐλθὼν
ἥρως Μηριόνης· τὸν δὲ σκότος ὄσσε κάλυψε.
Δηΐπυρον δ' Ἕλενος ξίφεϊ σχεδὸν ἤλασε κόρσην
Θρηϊκίῳ μεγάλῳ, ἀπὸ δὲ τρυφάλειαν ἄραξεν.
ἡ μὲν ἀποπλαγχθεῖσα χαμαὶ πέσε, καί τις 'Αχαιῶν
μαρναμένων μετὰ ποσσὶ κυλινδομένην ἐκόμισσε·
τὸν δὲ κατ' ὀφθαλμῶν ἐρεβεννὴ νὺξ ἐκάλυψεν.
'Ατρεΐδην δ' ἄχος εἷλε, βοὴν ἀγαθὸν Μενέλαον·

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[1] Lit., *following*. The meaning seems to be that the wounded man leans forward over the spear in hope to lessen the anguish of the wound.

darts. For never aloof from the foe was Antilochus, but he ranged among them, nor ever was his spear at rest, but was ceaselessly brandished and shaken; and he ever aimed in heart to cast at some foeman, or rush upon him in close fight.

But as he was aiming amid the throng he was not unmarked of Adamas, son of Asius, who smote him full upon the shield with a thrust of the sharp bronze, setting upon him from nigh at hand. But the spear-point was made of none avail by Poseidon, the dark-haired god, who begrudged it the life of Antilochus. And the one part of the spear abode there, like a charred stake, in the shield of Antilochus, and half lay upon the ground; and Adamas shrank back into the throng of his comrades, avoiding fate. But Meriones followed after him as he went and cast with his spear, and smote him midway between the privy parts and the navel, where most of all Ares is cruel to wretched mortals. Even there he fixed his spear, and the other, leaning over[1] the shaft which pierced him, writhed as a bull that herdsmen amid the mountains have bound with twisted withes and drag with them perforce; even so he, when he was smitten, writhed a little while, but not long, till the warrior Meriones came near and drew the spear forth from out his flesh; and darkness enfolded his eyes.

Then in close fight Helenus smote Deïpyrus on the temple with a great Thracian sword, and tore away his helm, and the helm, dashed from his head, fell to the ground, and one of the Achaeans gathered it up as it rolled amid the feet of the fighters; and down upon the eyes of Deïpyrus came the darkness of night, and enfolded him.

But the son of Atreus was seized with grief thereat,

βῆ δ' ἐπαπειλήσας Ἑλένῳ ἥρωϊ ἄνακτι,
ὀξὺ δόρυ κραδάων· ὁ δὲ τόξου πῆχυν ἄνελκε.
τὼ δ' ἄρ' ὁμαρτήδην ὁ μὲν ἔγχεϊ ὀξυόεντι
ἵετ' ἀκοντίσσαι, ὁ δ' ἀπὸ νευρῆφιν ὀϊστῷ.
Πριαμίδης μὲν ἔπειτα κατὰ στῆθος βάλεν ἰῷ
θώρηκος γύαλον, ἀπὸ δ' ἔπτατο πικρὸς ὀϊστός.
ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἀπὸ πλατέος πτυόφιν μεγάλην κατ' ἀλωὴν
θρῴσκωσιν κύαμοι μελανόχροες ἢ ἐρέβινθοι,
πνοιῇ ὕπο λιγυρῇ καὶ λικμητῆρος ἐρωῇ,
ὣς ἀπὸ θώρηκος Μενελάου κυδαλίμοιο
πολλὸν ἀποπλαγχθεὶς ἑκὰς ἔπτατο πικρὸς ὀϊστός.
Ἀτρεΐδης δ' ἄρα χεῖρα, βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Μενέλαος,
τὴν βάλεν ᾗ ῥ' ἔχε τόξον ἐΰξοον· ἐν δ' ἄρα τόξῳ
ἀντικρὺ διὰ χειρὸς ἐλήλατο χάλκεον ἔγχος.
ἂψ δ' ἑτάρων εἰς ἔθνος ἐχάζετο κῆρ' ἀλεείνων,
χεῖρα παρακρεμάσας· τὸ δ' ἐφέλκετο μείλινον ἔγχος.
καὶ τὸ μὲν ἐκ χειρὸς ἔρυσεν μεγάθυμος Ἀγήνωρ,
αὐτὴν δὲ ξυνέδησεν ἐϋστρεφεῖ οἰὸς ἀώτῳ,
σφενδόνῃ, ἣν ἄρα οἱ θεράπων ἔχε ποιμένι λαῶν.
Πείσανδρος δ' ἰθὺς Μενελάου κυδαλίμοιο
ἤϊε· τὸν δ' ἄγε μοῖρα κακὴ θανάτοιο τέλοσδε,
σοί, Μενέλαε, δαμῆναι ἐν αἰνῇ δηϊοτῆτι.
οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ σχεδὸν ἦσαν ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισιν ἰόντες,
Ἀτρεΐδης μὲν ἅμαρτε, παραὶ δέ οἱ ἐτράπετ' ἔγχος,
Πείσανδρος δὲ σάκος Μενελάου κυδαλίμοιο
οὔτασεν, οὐδὲ διαπρὸ δυνήσατο χαλκὸν ἐλάσσαι·

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[1] The word σφενδόνη does not recur in Homer, but the sling is clearly alluded to in line 716 of this book, and in the defence of the Greek wall in Book XII. the showers of stones are twice compared to snowflakes (xii. 156, and 279-285), a comparison which more naturally implies small stones hurled by slings than large ones cast by hand, although these too are mentioned.

even Menelaus, good at the war-cry, and he strode forth with a threat against the prince, the warrior Helenus, brandishing his sharp spear, while the other drew the centre-piece of his bow. So the twain at the one moment let fly, the one with his sharp spear, and the other with an arrow from the string. Then the son of Priam smote Menelaus on the breast with his arrow, on the plate of his corselet, and off therefrom glanced the bitter arrow. And as from a broad shovel in a great threshing-floor the dark-skinned beans or pulse leap before the shrill wind and the might of the winnower; even so from the corselet of glorious Menelaus glanced aside the bitter arrow and sped afar. But the son of Atreus, Menelaus, good at the war-cry, cast, and smote Helenus on the hand wherewith he was holding the polished bow, and into the bow clean through the hand was driven the spear of bronze. Then back he shrank into the throng of his comrades, avoiding fate, letting his hand hang down by his side; and the ashen spear trailed after him. This then great-souled Agenor drew forth from his hand, and bound the hand with a strip of twisted sheep's wool, even a sling [1] that his squire carried for him, the shepherd of the host.

But Peisander made straight at glorious Menelaus; howbeit an evil fate was leading him to the end of death, to be slain by thee, Menelaus, in the dread conflict. And when they were come near, as they advanced one against the other, the son of Atreus missed, and his spear was turned aside; but Peisander thrust and smote the shield of glorious Menelaus, yet availed not to drive the bronze clean through,

ἔσχεθε γὰρ σάκος εὐρύ, κατεκλάσθη δ' ἐνὶ καυλῷ
ἔγχος· ὁ δὲ φρεσὶν ᾗσι χάρη καὶ ἐέλπετο[1] νίκην.
Ἀτρεΐδης δὲ ἐρυσσάμενος ξίφος ἀργυρόηλον[2]
ἆλτ' ἐπὶ Πεισάνδρῳ· ὁ δ' ὑπ' ἀσπίδος εἵλετο καλὴν
ἀξίνην εὔχαλκον, ἐλαΐνῳ ἀμφὶ πελέκκῳ,
μακρῷ ἐϋξέστῳ· ἅμα δ' ἀλλήλων ἐφίκοντο.
ἦ τοι ὁ μὲν κόρυθος φάλον ἤλασεν ἱπποδασείης
ἄκρον ὑπὸ λόφον αὐτόν, ὁ δὲ προσιόντα μέτωπον
ῥινὸς ὕπερ πυμάτης· λάκε δ' ὀστέα, τὼ δέ οἱ ὄσσε
πὰρ ποσὶν αἱματόεντα χαμαὶ πέσον ἐν κονίῃσιν,
ἰδνώθη δὲ πεσών· ὁ δὲ λὰξ ἐν στήθεσι βαίνων
τεύχεά τ' ἐξενάριξε καὶ εὐχόμενος ἔπος ηὔδα·
"λείψετέ θην οὕτω γε νέας Δαναῶν ταχυπώλων,
Τρῶες ὑπερφίαλοι, δεινῆς ἀκόρητοι ἀϋτῆς,
ἄλλης μὲν λώβης τε καὶ αἴσχεος οὐκ ἐπιδευεῖς,
ἣν ἐμὲ λωβήσασθε, κακαὶ κύνες, οὐδέ τι θυμῷ
Ζηνὸς ἐριβρεμέτεω χαλεπὴν ἐδείσατε μῆνιν
ξεινίου, ὅς τέ ποτ' ὔμμι διαφθέρσει πόλιν αἰπήν·
οἵ μευ κουριδίην ἄλοχον καὶ κτήματα πολλὰ
μὰψ οἴχεσθ' ἀνάγοντες, ἐπεὶ φιλέεσθε παρ' αὐτῇ·
νῦν αὖτ' ἐν νηυσὶν μενεαίνετε ποντοπόροισι
πῦρ ὀλοὸν βαλέειν, κτεῖναι δ' ἥρωας Ἀχαιούς.
ἀλλά ποθι σχήσεσθε καὶ ἐσσύμενοί περ Ἄρηος.
Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἦ τέ σέ φασι περὶ φρένας ἔμμεναι ἄλλων,
ἀνδρῶν ἠδὲ θεῶν· σέο δ' ἐκ τάδε πάντα πέλονται·
οἷον δὴ ἄνδρεσσι χαρίζεαι ὑβριστῇσι,

[1] καὶ ἐέλπετο : μέγα δ' ἤλπετο Zenodotus.
[2] ξίφος ἀργυρόηλον : χείρεσσι μάχαιραν Zenodotus.

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[1] That the word κύνες is here feminine adds to the sting of the taunt (schol.).

for the wide shield stayed it and the spear brake in the socket; yet had he joy at heart, and hope for victory. But the son of Atreus drew his silver-studded sword, and leapt upon Peisander; and he from beneath his shield grasped a goodly axe of fine bronze, set on a haft of olive-wood, long and well-polished; and at the one moment they set each upon the other. Peisander verily smote Menelaus upon the horn of his helmet with crest of horse-hair—on the topmost part beneath the very plume; but Menelaus smote him as he came against him, on the forehead above the base of the nose; and the bones crashed loudly, and the two eyeballs, all bloody, fell before his feet in the dust, and he bowed and fell; and Menelaus set his foot upon his breast, and despoiled him of his arms, and exulted, saying: "In such wise of a surety shall ye leave the ships of the Danaans, drivers of swift horses, ye overweening Trojans, insatiate of the dread din of battle. Aye, and of other despite and shame lack ye naught, wherewith ye have done despite unto me, ye evil dogs,[1] and had no fear at heart of the grievous wrath of Zeus, that thundereth aloud, the god of hospitality, who shall some day destroy your high city. For ye bare forth wantonly over sea my wedded wife and therewithal much treasure, when it was with her that ye had found entertainment; and now again ye are full fain to fling consuming fire on the sea-faring ships, and to slay the Achaean warriors. Nay, but ye shall be stayed from your fighting, how eager soever ye be! Father Zeus, in sooth men say that in wisdom thou art above all others, both men and gods, yet it is from thee that all these things come; in such wise now dost thou

Τρωσίν, τῶν μένος αἰὲν ἀτάσθαλον, οὐδὲ δύνανται
φυλόπιδος κορέσασθαι ὁμοιΐου πτολέμοιο.
πάντων μὲν κόρος ἐστί, καὶ ὕπνου καὶ φιλότητος
μολπῆς τε γλυκερῆς καὶ ἀμύμονος ὀρχηθμοῖο,[1]
τῶν πέρ τις καὶ μᾶλλον ἐέλδεται ἐξ ἔρον εἶναι
ἢ πολέμου· Τρῶες δὲ μάχης ἀκόρητοι ἔασιν."
"Ὣς εἰπὼν τὰ μὲν ἔντε' ἀπὸ χροὸς αἱματόεντα
συλήσας ἑτάροισι δίδου Μενέλαος ἀμύμων,
αὐτὸς δ' αὖτ' ἐξαῦτις ἰὼν προμάχοισιν ἐμίχθη.
Ἔνθα οἱ υἱὸς ἐπᾶλτο Πυλαιμένεος[2] βασιλῆος,
Ἁρπαλίων, ὅ ῥα πατρὶ φίλῳ ἕπετο πτολεμίξων
ἐς Τροίην, οὐδ' αὖτις ἀφίκετο πατρίδα γαῖαν·
ὅς ῥα τότ' Ἀτρεΐδαο μέσον σάκος οὔτασε δουρὶ
ἐγγύθεν, οὐδὲ διαπρὸ δυνήσατο χαλκὸν ἐλάσσαι,
ἂψ δ' ἑτάρων εἰς ἔθνος ἐχάζετο κῆρ' ἀλεείνων,
πάντοσε παπταίνων, μή τις χρόα χαλκῷ ἐπαύρῃ.
Μηριόνης δ' ἀπιόντος ἵει χαλκήρε' ὀϊστόν,
καί ῥ' ἔβαλε γλουτὸν κάτα δεξιόν· αὐτὰρ ὀϊστὸς
ἀντικρὺ κατὰ κύστιν ὑπ' ὀστέον ἐξεπέρησεν.
ἑζόμενος δὲ κατ' αὖθι φίλων ἐν χερσὶν ἑταίρων
θυμὸν ἀποπνείων, ὥς τε σκώληξ ἐπὶ γαίῃ
κεῖτο ταθείς· ἐκ δ' αἷμα μέλαν ῥέε, δεῦε δὲ γαῖαν.
τὸν μὲν Παφλαγόνες μεγαλήτορες ἀμφεπένοντο,
ἐς δίφρον δ' ἀνέσαντες ἄγον προτὶ Ἴλιον ἱρὴν
ἀχνύμενοι· μετὰ δέ σφι πατὴρ κίε δάκρυα λείβων,[3]
ποινὴ δ' οὔ τις παιδὸς ἐγίγνετο τεθνηῶτος.

[1] Line 637 was rejected by some ancient critics.
[2] Πυλαιμένεος : Κυλαιμένεος.
[3] Ll. 658 f. were rejected by Aristarchus and Aristophanes.

[1] The slaying of Harpalion's father, Pylaemenes, is narrated in v. 576, so we have here a curious, if unimportant, slip on the part of the poet. Zenodotus avoided this by reading Κυλαιμένεος in line 643. In 659 the statement that

shew favour to men of wantonness, even the Trojans, whose might is always froward, nor can they ever have their fill of the din of evil war. Of all things is there satiety, of sleep, and love, and of sweet song, and the goodly dance; of these things verily a man would rather have his fill than of war; but the Trojans are insatiate of battle."

With this, peerless Menelaus stripped from the body the bloody armour and gave it to his comrades, and himself went back again, and mingled with the foremost fighters.

Then there leapt forth against him the son of king Pylaemenes, even Harpalion, that followed his dear father to Troy unto the war, but came not back again to his dear native land. He then thrust with his spear full upon the shield of the son of Atreus, from nigh at hand, yet availed not to drive the bronze clean through, and back he shrank into the throng of his comrades, avoiding fate, glancing warily on every side, lest some man should wound his flesh with the bronze. But as he drew back, Meriones let fly at him a bronze-tipped arrow, and smote him on the right buttock, and the arrow passed clean through even to the bladder beneath the bone. And sitting down where he was in the arms of his dear comrades he breathed forth his life, and lay stretched out like a worm on the earth; and the black blood flowed forth and wetted the ground. Him the great-hearted Paphlagonians tended, and setting him in a chariot they bare him to sacred Ilios, sorrowing the while, and with them went his father,[1] shedding tears; but there was no blood-price gotten for his dead son.

no vengeance, or blood-money, was exacted for the slain man enhances the pathos, or the disgrace, of his fate.

Τοῦ δὲ Πάρις μάλα θυμὸν ἀποκταμένοιο χολώθη·
ξεῖνος γάρ οἱ ἔην πολέσιν μετὰ Παφλαγόνεσσι·
τοῦ ὅ γε χωόμενος προΐει χαλκήρε᾽ ὀϊστόν.
ἦν δέ τις Εὐχήνωρ, Πολυΐδου μάντιος υἱός,
ἀφνειός τ᾽ ἀγαθός τε, Κορινθόθι οἰκία ναίων,
ὅς ῥ᾽ εὖ εἰδὼς κῆρ᾽ ὀλοὴν ἐπὶ νηὸς ἔβαινε·
πολλάκι γάρ οἱ ἔειπε γέρων ἀγαθὸς Πολύϊδος
νούσῳ ὑπ᾽ ἀργαλέῃ φθίσθαι οἷς ἐν μεγάροισιν,
ἢ μετ᾽ Ἀχαιῶν νηυσὶν ὑπὸ Τρώεσσι δαμῆναι·
τῶ ῥ᾽ ἅμα τ᾽ ἀργαλέην θωὴν ἀλέεινεν Ἀχαιῶν
νοῦσόν τε στυγερήν, ἵνα μὴ πάθοι ἄλγεα θυμῷ.
τὸν βάλ᾽ ὑπὸ γναθμοῖο καὶ οὔατος· ὦκα δὲ θυμὸς
ᾤχετ᾽ ἀπὸ μελέων, στυγερὸς δ᾽ ἄρα μιν σκότος εἷλεν.
Ὣς οἱ μὲν μάρναντο δέμας πυρὸς αἰθομένοιο·
Ἕκτωρ δ᾽ οὐκ ἐπέπυστο διΐφιλος, οὐδέ τι ᾔδη
ὅττι ῥά οἱ νηῶν ἐπ᾽ ἀριστερὰ δηϊόωντο
λαοὶ ὑπ᾽ Ἀργείων· τάχα δ᾽ ἂν καὶ κῦδος Ἀχαιῶν
ἔπλετο· τοῖος γὰρ γαιήοχος ἐννοσίγαιος
ὄτρυν᾽ Ἀργείους, πρὸς δὲ σθένει αὐτὸς ἄμυνεν·
ἀλλ᾽ ἔχεν ᾗ τὰ πρῶτα πύλας καὶ τεῖχος ἐσᾶλτο,
ῥηξάμενος Δαναῶν πυκινὰς στίχας ἀσπιστάων,
ἔνθ᾽ ἔσαν Αἴαντός τε νέες καὶ Πρωτεσιλάου
θῖν᾽ ἔφ᾽ ἁλὸς πολιῆς εἰρυμέναι· αὐτὰρ ὕπερθε
τεῖχος ἐδέδμητο χθαμαλώτατον, ἔνθα μάλιστα
ζαχρηεῖς γίγνοντο μάχῃ αὐτοί τε καὶ ἵπποι.

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[1] *Cf.* xxiii. 296 f., where Echepolus is said to have given the mare, Aethe, to Agamemnon, thereby winning exemption from personal service in the war.

And for his slaying waxed Paris mightily wroth at heart, for among the many Paphlagonians Harpalion had been his host; and in wrath for his sake he let fly a bronze-tipped arrow. A certain Euchenor there was, son of Polyidus the seer, a rich man and a valiant, and his abode was in Corinth. He embarked upon his ship knowing full well the deadly fate to be, for often had his old sire, good Polyidus, told it him, to wit, that he must either perish of dire disease in his own halls, or amid the ships of the Achaeans be slain by the Trojans; wherefore he avoided at the same time the heavy fine[1] of the Achaeans and the hateful disease, that he might not suffer woes at heart. Him Paris smote beneath the jaw, under the ear, and forthwith his spirit departed from his limbs, and hateful darkness gat hold of him.

So fought they like unto blazing fire; but Hector, dear to Zeus, had not heard, nor wist at all that on the left of the ships his hosts were being slain by the Argives; and soon would the Achaeans have gotten them glory, of such might was the Enfolder and Shaker of Earth that urged on the Argives and withal aided them by his own strength. Nay, Hector pressed on where at the first he had leapt within the gate and the wall, and had burst the close ranks of the Danaan shield-men, even in the place where were the ships of Aias and Protesilaus, drawn up along the beach of the grey sea, and beyond them the wall was builded lowest;[2] there, as in no place beside, the men and their horses waxed furious in fight.

[2] The well-known prowess of Aias was regarded as an adequate defence, so that a low wall was thought to be sufficient.

Ἔνθα δὲ Βοιωτοὶ καὶ Ἰάονες ἑλκεχίτωνες,
Λοκροὶ καὶ Φθῖοι καὶ φαιδιμόεντες Ἐπειοί,
σπουδῇ ἐπαΐσσοντα νεῶν ἔχον, οὐδὲ δύναντο
ὦσαι ἀπὸ σφείων φλογὶ εἴκελον Ἕκτορα δῖον,
οἳ μὲν Ἀθηναίων προλελεγμένοι· ἐν δ᾽ ἄρα τοῖσιν
ἦρχ᾽ υἱὸς Πετεῶο Μενεσθεύς, οἳ δ᾽ ἅμ᾽ ἕποντο
Φείδας τε Στιχίος τε Βίας τ᾽ ἐΰς· αὐτὰρ Ἐπειῶν
Φυλεΐδης τε Μέγης Ἀμφίων τε Δρακίος τε,
πρὸ Φθίων δὲ Μέδων τε μενεπτόλεμός τε Ποδάρκης.
ἤ τοι ὁ μὲν νόθος υἱὸς Ὀϊλῆος θείοιο
ἔσκε Μέδων, Αἴαντος ἀδελφεός· αὐτὰρ ἔναιεν
ἐν Φυλάκῃ, γαίης ἄπο πατρίδος, ἄνδρα κατακτάς,
γνωτὸν μητρυιῆς Ἐριώπιδος, ἣν ἔχ᾽ Ὀϊλεύς·
αὐτὰρ ὁ Ἰφίκλοιο πάϊς τοῦ Φυλακίδαο.
οἳ μὲν πρὸ Φθίων μεγαθύμων θωρηχθέντες
ναῦφιν ἀμυνόμενοι μετὰ Βοιωτῶν ἐμάχοντο·
Αἴας δ᾽ οὐκέτι πάμπαν, Ὀϊλῆος ταχὺς υἱός,
ἵστατ᾽[1] ἀπ᾽ Αἴαντος Τελαμωνίου οὐδ᾽ ἠβαιόν,
ἀλλ᾽ ὥς τ᾽ ἐν νειῷ βόε οἴνοπε πηκτὸν ἄροτρον
ἶσον θυμὸν ἔχοντε τιταίνετον· ἀμφὶ δ᾽ ἄρα σφι
πρυμνοῖσιν κεράεσσι πολὺς ἀνακηκίει ἱδρώς·
τὼ μέν τε ζυγὸν οἶον ἐΰξοον ἀμφὶς ἐέργει
ἱεμένω κατὰ ὦλκα, τέμει δέ τε τέλσον ἀρούρης·
ὣς τὼ παρβεβαῶτε μάλ᾽ ἕστασαν ἀλλήλοιιν.
ἀλλ᾽ ἤ τοι Τελαμωνιάδῃ πολλοί τε καὶ ἐσθλοὶ
λαοὶ ἕπονθ᾽ ἕταροι, οἵ οἱ σάκος ἐξεδέχοντο,
ὁππότε μιν κάματός τε καὶ ἱδρὼς γούναθ᾽ ἵκοιτο.

[1] ἵστατ᾽ : χάζετ᾽ Zenodotus.

[1] This is the only mention of the Ionian name in Homer, and the epithet ἑλκεχίτωνες is found only here. It does not, of course, apply to warriors on the field of battle, but is plainly a "national epitheton ornans" (Leaf), as the wearing of the long, flowing tunic was regarded as an Ionian characteristic.

There the Boeotians and the Ionians,[1] of trailing tunics, and the Locrians, and Phthians, and glorious Epeians, had much ado to stay his onset upon the ships, and availed not to thrust back from themselves goodly Hector, that was like a flame of fire,—even they that were picked men of the Athenians; and among them Menestheus, son of Peteos, was leader, and there followed with him Pheidas and Stichius and valiant Bias, while the Epeians were led by Meges, son of Phyleus, and Amphion and Dracius, and in the forefront of the Phthians were Medon and Podarces, staunch in fight. The one, verily, even Medon, was a bastard son of godlike Oïleus and brother of Aias, but he dwelt in Phylace, far from his native land, for that he had slain a man of the kin of his stepmother Eriopis, that Oïleus had to wife; and the other, Podarces, was the son of Iphiclus, son of Phylacus. These, harnessed in their armour, in the forefront of the great-souled Phthians, were fighting in defence of the ships together with the Boeotians. And Aias, the swift son of Oïleus, would no more in any wise depart from the side of Aias, son of Telamon, no not for an instant; but even as in fallow land two wine-dark oxen with one accord strain at the jointed plough, and about the roots of their horns oozeth up the sweat in streams—the twain the polished yoke alone holdeth apart as they labour through the furrow, till the plough cutteth to the limit of the field; even in such wise did the two Aiantes take their stand and abide each hard by the other's side. After the son of Telamon verily there followed many valiant hosts of his comrades, who would ever take from him his shield, whenso weariness and sweat came upon his limbs. But the Locrians

οὐδ' ἄρ' Ὀϊλιάδῃ[1] μεγαλήτορι Λοκροὶ ἕποντο·
οὐ γάρ σφι σταδίῃ ὑσμίνῃ μίμνε φίλον κῆρ·
οὐ γὰρ ἔχον κόρυθας χαλκήρεας ἱπποδασείας,
οὐδ' ἔχον ἀσπίδας εὐκύκλους καὶ μείλινα δοῦρα,
ἀλλ' ἄρα τόξοισιν καὶ ἐϋστρεφεῖ οἰὸς ἀώτῳ
Ἴλιον εἰς ἅμ' ἕποντο πεποιθότες, οἷσιν ἔπειτα
ταρφέα βάλλοντες Τρώων ῥήγνυντο φάλαγγας.
δή ῥα τόθ' οἱ μὲν πρόσθε σὺν ἔντεσι δαιδαλέοισι
μάρναντο Τρωσίν τε καὶ Ἕκτορι χαλκοκορυστῇ,
οἱ δ' ὄπιθεν βάλλοντες ἐλάνθανον· οὐδέ τι χάρμης
Τρῶες μιμνήσκοντο· συνεκλόνεον γὰρ ὀϊστοί.
Ἔνθα κε λευγαλέως νηῶν ἄπο καὶ κλισιάων
Τρῶες ἐχώρησαν προτὶ Ἴλιον ἠνεμόεσσαν,
εἰ μὴ Πουλυδάμας θρασὺν Ἕκτορα εἶπε παραστάς·
"Ἕκτορ, ἀμήχανός ἐσσι παραρρητοῖσι πιθέσθαι.
οὕνεκά τοι περὶ δῶκε θεὸς πολεμήϊα ἔργα,
τοὔνεκα καὶ βουλῇ ἐθέλεις περιίδμεναι ἄλλων·
ἀλλ' οὔ πως ἅμα πάντα δυνήσεαι αὐτὸς ἑλέσθαι.
ἄλλῳ μὲν γὰρ δῶκε θεὸς πολεμήϊα ἔργα,
ἄλλῳ δ' ὀρχηστύν, ἑτέρῳ κίθαριν καὶ ἀοιδήν,[2]
ἄλλῳ δ' ἐν στήθεσσι τιθεῖ νόον εὐρύοπα Ζεὺς
ἐσθλόν, τοῦ δέ τε πολλοὶ[3] ἐπαυρίσκοντ' ἄνθρωποι,
καί τε πολέας ἐσάωσε, μάλιστα δὲ καὐτὸς ἀνέγνω.
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼν ἐρέω ὥς μοι δοκεῖ εἶναι ἄριστα·
πάντῃ γάρ σε περὶ στέφανος πολέμοιο δέδηε·
Τρῶες δὲ μεγάθυμοι, ἐπεὶ κατὰ τεῖχος ἔβησαν,
οἱ μὲν ἀφεστᾶσιν σὺν τεύχεσιν, οἱ δὲ μάχονται
παυρότεροι πλεόνεσσι, κεδασθέντες κατὰ νῆας.

[1] οὐδ' ἄρ' Ὀϊλιάδῃ : ἀλλ' οὐκ Ἰλιάδῃ Zenodotus.
[2] Line 731, rejected by Aristarchus, is omitted in the best MSS.
[3] πολλοί : πολλόν Aristophanes.

followed not with the great-hearted son of Oïleus, for their hearts abode not steadfast in close fight, seeing they had no brazen helms with thick plumes of horse-hair, neither round shields, nor spears of ash, but trusting in bows and well-twisted slings of sheep's wool had they followed with him to Ilios; with these thereafter they shot thick and fast, and sought to break the battalions of the Trojans. So the one part in front with their war-gear, richly dight, fought with the Trojans and with Hector in his harness of bronze, and the others behind kept shooting from their cover; and the Trojans bethought them no more of fight, for the arrows confounded them.

Then in sorry wise would the Trojans have given ground from the ships and huts unto windy Ilios, had not Polydamas drawn nigh to bold Hector, and said: 'Hector, hard to deal with art thou, that thou shouldest hearken to words of persuasion. Forasmuch as god has given to thee as to none other works of war, therefore in counsel too art thou minded to have wisdom beyond all; but in no wise shalt thou be able of thine own self to compass all things. To one man hath God given works of war, to another the dance, to another the lyre and song, and in the breast of another Zeus, whose voice is borne afar, putteth a mind of understanding, wherefrom many men get profit, and many he saveth; but he knoweth it best himself. So will I speak what seemeth to me to be best. Behold all about thee blazeth a circle of war, and the great-souled Trojans, now that they have passed over the wall, are some of them standing aloof with their arms, and others are fighting, fewer men against more, scattered among the ships. Nay, fall thou back, and call

ἀλλ' ἀναχασσάμενος κάλει ἐνθάδε πάντας ἀρίστους·
ἔνθεν δ' ἂν μάλα πᾶσαν ἐπιφρασσαίμεθα βουλήν,
ἤ κεν ἐνὶ νήεσσι πολυκλήϊσι πέσωμεν,
αἴ κ' ἐθέλῃσι θεὸς δόμεναι κράτος, ἦ κεν ἔπειτα
πὰρ νηῶν ἔλθωμεν ἀπήμονες. ἦ γὰρ ἐγώ γε
δείδω μὴ τὸ χθιζὸν ἀποστήσωνται[1] Ἀχαιοὶ
χρεῖος, ἐπεὶ παρὰ νηυσὶν ἀνὴρ ἆτος πολέμοιο
μίμνει, ὃν οὐκέτι πάγχυ μάχης σχήσεσθαι ὀΐω."
Ὣς φάτο Πουλυδάμας, ἅδε δ' Ἕκτορι μῦθος ἀπήμων,
αὐτίκα δ' ἐξ ὀχέων σὺν τεύχεσιν ἆλτο χαμᾶζε[2]
καί μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
"Πουλυδάμα, σὺ μὲν αὐτοῦ ἐρύκακε πάντας ἀρίστους,
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ κεῖσ' εἶμι καὶ ἀντιόω πολέμοιο·
αἶψα δ' ἐλεύσομαι αὖτις, ἐπὴν εὖ τοῖς ἐπιτείλω."
Ἦ ῥα, καὶ ὁρμήθη ὄρεϊ νιφόεντι ἐοικώς,
κεκλήγων, διὰ δὲ Τρώων πέτετ' ἠδ' ἐπικούρων.
οἱ δ' ἐς Πανθοΐδην ἀγαπήνορα Πουλυδάμαντα
πάντες ἐπεσσεύοντ', ἐπεὶ Ἕκτορος ἔκλυον αὐδήν.
αὐτὰρ ὁ Δηΐφοβόν τε βίην θ' Ἑλένοιο ἄνακτος
Ἀσιάδην τ' Ἀδάμαντα καὶ Ἄσιον, Ὑρτάκου υἱόν,
φοίτα ἀνὰ προμάχους διζήμενος, εἴ που ἐφεύροι.
τοὺς δ' εὗρ' οὐκέτι πάμπαν ἀπήμονας οὐδ' ἀνολέθρους,
ἀλλ' οἱ μὲν δὴ νηυσὶν ἔπι πρυμνῇσιν Ἀχαιῶν
χερσὶν ὑπ' Ἀργείων κέατο ψυχὰς ὀλέσαντες,
οἱ δ' ἐν τείχει ἔσαν βεβλημένοι οὐτάμενοί τε.

[1] ἀποστήσωνται : ἀποτίσωνται.
[2] Line 749 is omitted in many MSS.

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[1] No subtleties of interpretation seem able to remove the awkwardness of the comparison of a warrior charging upon

hither all the bravest. Then shall we consider all manner of counsel, whether we shall fall upon the many-benched ships, if so be the god willeth to give us victory, or thereafter shall return unscathed back from the ships. Verily, for myself, I fear lest the Achaeans shall pay back the debt of yesterday, seeing there abideth by the ships a man insatiate of war, who no longer, methinks, will hold him utterly aloof from battle."

So spake Polydamas, and his prudent counsel was well pleasing unto Hector, and forthwith he leapt in his armour from his chariot to the ground; and he spake and addressed him with winged words: "Polydamas, do thou hold back here all the bravest, but I will go thither and confront the war, and quickly will I come again, when to the full I have laid on them my charge."

So spake he, and set forth, in semblance like a snowy mountain,[1] and with loud shouting sped he through the Trojans and allies. And they hasted one and all toward the kindly Polydamas, son of Panthous, when they heard the voice of Hector. But he ranged through the foremost fighters, in quest of Deïphobus, and the valiant prince Helenus, and Adamas, son of Asius, and Asius, son of Hyrtacus, if haply he might find them. But he found them no more in any wise unscathed or free from bane, but some were lying at the sterns of the ships of the Achaeans, slain by the hands of the Argives, and some were within the wall, smitten by darts or

the foe to a snowy mountain. Virgil, however, imitated it (*Aen.* xii. 699 ff.). One may, with Nitzsch, think of an avalanche, but there is nothing in the Greek to justify such a rendering, and furthermore avalanches seem to be unknown in Greece.

τὸν δὲ τάχ' εὗρε μάχης ἐπ' ἀριστερὰ δακρυοέσσης
δῖον Ἀλέξανδρον, Ἑλένης πόσιν ἠϋκόμοιο,
θαρσύνονθ' ἑτάρους καὶ ἐποτρύνοντα μάχεσθαι,
ἀγχοῦ δ' ἱστάμενος προσέφη αἰσχροῖς ἐπέεσσι·
"Δύσπαρι, εἶδος ἄριστε, γυναιμανές, ἠπεροπευτά,
ποῦ τοι Δηΐφοβός τε βίη θ' Ἑλένοιο ἄνακτος
Ἀσιάδης τ' Ἀδάμας ἠδ' Ἄσιος, Ὑρτάκου υἱός;
ποῦ δέ τοι Ὀθρυονεύς; νῦν ὤλετο πᾶσα κατ' ἄκρης
Ἴλιος αἰπεινή· νῦν τοι σῶς αἰπὺς ὄλεθρος."
Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπεν Ἀλέξανδρος θεοειδής·
"Ἕκτορ, ἐπεί τοι θυμὸς ἀναίτιον αἰτιάασθαι,
ἄλλοτε δή ποτε μᾶλλον ἐρωῆσαι πολέμοιο
μέλλω, ἐπεὶ οὐδ' ἐμὲ πάμπαν ἀνάλκιδα γείνατο μήτηρ·
ἐξ οὗ γὰρ παρὰ νηυσὶ μάχην ἤγειρας ἑταίρων,
ἐκ τοῦ δ' ἐνθάδ' ἐόντες ὁμιλέομεν Δαναοῖσι
νωλεμέως· ἕταροι δὲ κατέκταθεν, οὓς σὺ μεταλλᾷς.
οἴω Δηΐφοβός τε βίη θ' Ἑλένοιο ἄνακτος
οἴχεσθον, μακρῇσι τετυμμένω ἐγχείῃσιν
ἀμφοτέρω κατὰ χεῖρα· φόνον δ' ἤμυνε Κρονίων.
νῦν δ' ἄρχ', ὅππῃ σε κραδίη θυμός τε κελεύει·
ἡμεῖς δ' ἐμμεμαῶτες ἅμ' ἑψόμεθ', οὐδέ τί φημι
ἀλκῆς δευήσεσθαι, ὅση δύναμίς γε πάρεστι.
πὰρ δύναμιν δ' οὐκ ἔστι καὶ ἐσσύμενον πολεμίζειν."
Ὣς εἰπὼν παρέπεισεν ἀδελφειοῦ φρένας ἥρως·
βὰν δ' ἴμεν ἔνθα μάλιστα μάχη καὶ φύλοπις ἦεν,
ἀμφί τε Κεβριόνην καὶ ἀμύμονα Πουλυδάμαντα,
Φάλκην Ὀρθαῖόν τε καὶ ἀντίθεον Πολυφήτην

wounded with spear-thrusts. But one he presently found on the left of the tearful battle, even goodly Alexander, the lord of fair-tressed Helen, heartening his comrades and urging them on to fight; and he drew near and spake to him with words of shame: "Evil Paris, most fair to look upon, thou that art mad after women, thou beguiler, where, I pray thee, is Deïphobus, and the valiant prince Helenus, and Adamas, son of Asius, and Asius, son of Hyrtacus? Aye, and where, tell me, is Othryoneus? Now is steep Ilios wholly plunged into ruin; now, thou mayest see, is utter destruction sure."

Then spake unto him again godlike Alexander: "Hector, seeing it is thy mind to blame one in whom is no blame, at some other time have I haply withdrawn me from war rather than now, for my mother bare not even me wholly a weakling. For from the time thou didst rouse the battle of thy comrades beside the ships, even from that time we abide here and have dalliance with the Danaans ceaselessly; but our comrades are dead of whom thou makest question. Only Deïphobus and the valiant prince Helenus have departed, both of them smitten in the arm with long spears; yet the son of Cronos warded off death. But now lead thou on whithersoever thy heart and spirit bid thee, and as for us, we will follow with thee eagerly, nor, methinks, shall we be anywise wanting in valour, so far as we have strength; but beyond his strength may no man fight, how eager soever he be."

So spake the warrior, and turned his brother's mind; and they set out to go where the battle and the din were fiercest, round about Cebriones and peerless Polydamas, and Phalces, and Orthaeus, and

Πάλμυν τ' Ἀσκάνιόν τε Μόρυν θ', υἷ' Ἱπποτίωνος,
οἵ ῥ' ἐξ Ἀσκανίης ἐριβώλακος ἦλθον ἀμοιβοὶ
ἠοῖ τῇ προτέρῃ· τότε δὲ Ζεὺς ὦρσε μάχεσθαι.
οἱ δ' ἴσαν ἀργαλέων ἀνέμων ἀτάλαντοι ἀέλλῃ,
ἥ ῥά θ' ὑπὸ βροντῆς πατρὸς Διὸς εἶσι πέδονδε,
θεσπεσίῳ δ' ὁμάδῳ ἁλὶ μίσγεται, ἐν δέ τε πολλὰ
κύματα παφλάζοντα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης,
κυρτὰ φαληριόωντα, πρὸ μέν τ' ἄλλ', αὐτὰρ ἐπ' ἄλλα·
ὣς Τρῶες πρὸ μὲν ἄλλοι ἀρηρότες, αὐτὰρ ἐπ' ἄλλοι,
χαλκῷ μαρμαίροντες ἅμ' ἡγεμόνεσσιν ἕποντο.
Ἕκτωρ δ' ἡγεῖτο, βροτολοιγῷ ἶσος Ἄρηϊ,
Πριαμίδης· πρόσθεν δ' ἔχεν ἀσπίδα πάντοσ' ἐΐσην,
ῥινοῖσιν πυκινήν, πολλὸς δ' ἐπελήλατο χαλκός·
ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ κροτάφοισι φαεινὴ σείετο πήληξ.
πάντῃ δ' ἀμφὶ φάλαγγας ἐπειρᾶτο προποδίζων,
εἴ πώς οἱ εἴξειαν ὑπασπίδια προβιβῶντι·
ἀλλ' οὐ σύγχει θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν Ἀχαιῶν.
Αἴας δὲ πρῶτος προκαλέσσατο, μακρὰ βιβάσθων·
"δαιμόνιε, σχεδὸν ἐλθέ· τίη δειδίσσεαι αὔτως[1]
Ἀργείους; οὔ τοί τι μάχης ἀδαήμονές εἰμεν,
ἀλλὰ Διὸς μάστιγι κακῇ ἐδάμημεν Ἀχαιοί.
ἦ θήν πού τοι θυμὸς ἐέλπεται ἐξαλαπάξειν
νῆας· ἄφαρ δέ τε χεῖρες ἀμύνειν εἰσὶ καὶ ἡμῖν.
ἦ κε πολὺ φθαίη εὖ ναιομένη πόλις ὑμὴ
χερσὶν ὑφ' ἡμετέρῃσιν ἁλοῦσά τε περθομένη τε.
σοὶ δ' αὐτῷ φημὶ σχεδὸν ἔμμεναι, ὁππότε φεύγων

[1] αὔτως: οὕτως.

godlike Polyphetes, and Palmys, and Ascanius, and Morys, son of Hippotion, who had come from deep-soiled Ascania on the morn before to relieve their fellows, and now Zeus roused them to fight. And they came on like the blast of direful winds that rusheth upon the earth beneath the thunder of father Zeus, and with wondrous din mingleth with the sea, and in its track are many surging waves of the loud-resounding sea, high-arched and white with foam, some in the van and after them others; even so the Trojans, in close array, some in the van and after them others, flashing with bronze, followed with their leaders. And Hector, son of Priam, led them, the peer of Ares, the bane of mortals. Before him he held his shield that was well-balanced upon every side, his shield thick with hides, whereon abundant bronze had been welded, and about his temples waved the crest of his shining helm. And everywhere on this side and on that he strode forward and made trial of the battalions, if so be they would give way before him, as he advanced under cover of his shield; yet could he not confound the heart in the breast of the Achaeans. And Aias came on with long strides, and was first to challenge him: "Good sir, draw nigh; wherefore seekest thou thus vainly to affright the Argives? In no wise, I tell thee, are we ignorant of battle, but by the evil scourge of Zeus were we Achaeans subdued. Verily, thy heart hopeth, I ween, to despoil our ships, but be sure we too have hands to defend them. In good sooth your well-peopled city is like, ere that, to be taken and laid waste beneath our hands. And for thine own self, I declare that the day is near when in flight thou shalt pray to father

ἀρήσῃ Διὶ πατρὶ καὶ ἄλλοις ἀθανάτοισι
θάσσονας ἰρήκων ἔμεναι καλλίτριχας ἵππους,
οἵ σε πόλινδ᾽ οἴσουσι κονίοντες πεδίοιο.''
Ὣς ἄρα οἱ εἰπόντι ἐπέπτατο δεξιὸς ὄρνις,
αἰετὸς ὑψιπέτης· ἐπὶ δ᾽ ἴαχε λαὸς Ἀχαιῶν
θάρσυνος οἰωνῷ· ὁ δ᾽ ἀμείβετο φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ·
''Αἶαν ἁμαρτοεπές, βουγάϊε, ποῖον ἔειπες.
εἰ γὰρ ἐγὼν οὕτω γε Διὸς πάϊς αἰγιόχοιο
εἴην ἤματα πάντα, τέκοι δέ με πότνια Ἥρη,
τιοίμην δ᾽ ὡς τίετ᾽ Ἀθηναίη καὶ Ἀπόλλων,
ὡς νῦν ἡμέρη ἥδε κακὸν φέρει Ἀργείοισι
πᾶσι μάλ᾽, ἐν δὲ σὺ τοῖσι πεφήσεαι, αἴ κε ταλάσσῃς
μεῖναι ἐμὸν δόρυ μακρόν, ὅ τοι χρόα λειριόεντα
δάψει· ἀτὰρ Τρώων κορέεις κύνας ἠδ᾽ οἰωνοὺς
δημῷ καὶ σάρκεσσι, πεσὼν ἐπὶ νηυσὶν Ἀχαιῶν.''
Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσας ἡγήσατο· τοὶ δ᾽ ἅμ᾽ ἕποντο
ἠχῇ θεσπεσίῃ, ἐπὶ δ᾽ ἴαχε λαὸς ὄπισθεν.
Ἀργεῖοι δ᾽ ἑτέρωθεν ἐπίαχον, οὐδὲ λάθοντο
ἀλκῆς, ἀλλ᾽ ἔμενον Τρώων ἐπιόντας ἀρίστους.
ἠχὴ δ᾽ ἀμφοτέρων ἵκετ᾽ αἰθέρα καὶ Διὸς αὐγάς.

Zeus and the other immortals, that thy fair-maned horses may be swifter than falcons—they that shall bear thee citywards, coursing in dust over the plain."

Even as he thus spake, there flew forth a bird upon the right hand, an eagle of lofty flight; and thereat the host of the Achaeans shouted aloud, heartened by the omen; but glorious Hector made answer: "Aias, witless in speech, thou braggart, what a thing hast thou said! I would that I mine own self were all my days as surely the son of Zeus, that beareth the aegis, and my mother were the queenly Hera, and that I were honoured even as are Athene and Apollo, as verily this day beareth evil for the Argives, one and all; and among them shalt thou too be slain, if thou have the heart to abide my long spear, that shall rend thy lily-like skin; and thou shalt glut with thy fat and thy flesh the dogs and birds of the Trojans, when thou art fallen amid the ships of the Achaeans."

So spake he, and led the way; and they followed after with a wondrous din, and the host shouted behind. And the Argives over against them shouted in answer, and forgat not their valour, but abode the oncoming of the best of the Trojans; and the clamour of the two hosts went up to the aether and the splendour of Zeus.

ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Ξ

Νέστορα δ᾽ οὐκ ἔλαθεν ἰαχὴ πίνοντά περ ἔμπης,
ἀλλ᾽ Ἀσκληπιάδην ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
"φράζεο, δῖε Μαχᾶον, ὅπως ἔσται τάδε ἔργα·
μείζων δὴ παρὰ νηυσὶ βοὴ θαλερῶν αἰζηῶν.
ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν νῦν πῖνε καθήμενος αἴθοπα οἶνον,
εἰς ὅ κε θερμὰ λοετρὰ ἐϋπλόκαμος Ἑκαμήδη
θερμήνῃ καὶ λούσῃ ἄπο βρότον αἱματόεντα·
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼν ἐλθὼν τάχα εἴσομαι ἐς περιωπήν."
Ὣς εἰπὼν σάκος εἷλε τετυγμένον υἷος ἑοῖο,[1]
κείμενον ἐν κλισίῃ, Θρασυμήδεος ἱπποδάμοιο,
χαλκῷ παμφαῖνον· ὁ δ᾽ ἔχ᾽ ἀσπίδα πατρὸς ἑοῖο.
εἵλετο δ᾽ ἄλκιμον ἔγχος, ἀκαχμένον ὀξέϊ χαλκῷ,
στῆ δ᾽ ἐκτὸς κλισίης, τάχα δ᾽ εἴσιδεν ἔργον ἀεικές,
τοὺς μὲν ὀρινομένους, τοὺς δὲ κλονέοντας ὄπισθε,
Τρῶας ὑπερθύμους· ἐρέριπτο δὲ τεῖχος Ἀχαιῶν.
ὡς δ᾽ ὅτε πορφύρῃ πέλαγος μέγα κύματι κωφῷ,[2]
ὀσσόμενον λιγέων ἀνέμων λαιψηρὰ κέλευθα,
αὔτως, οὐδ᾽ ἄρα τε προκυλίνδεται οὐδ᾽ ἑτέρωσε
πρίν τινα κεκριμένον καταβήμεναι ἐκ Διὸς οὖρον,
ὣς ὁ γέρων ὥρμαινε δαϊζόμενος κατὰ θυμὸν
διχθάδι᾽, ἢ μεθ᾽ ὅμιλον ἴοι Δαναῶν ταχυπώλων,
ἦε μετ᾽ Ἀτρεΐδην Ἀγαμέμνονα, ποιμένα λαῶν.

[1] ἑοῖο: ἑῆος. [2] κωφῷ: πηγῷ.

BOOK XIV

And the cry of battle was not unmarked of Nestor, albeit at his wine, but he spake winged words to the son of Asclepius: "Bethink thee, goodly Machaon, how these things are to be; louder in sooth by the ships waxes the cry of lusty youths. Howbeit do thou now sit where thou art and quaff the flaming wine, until fair-tressed Hecamede shall heat for thee a warm bath, and wash from thee the clotted blood, but I will go straightway to a place of outlook and see what is toward."

So spake he and took the well-wrought shield of his son, horse-taming Thrasymedes, that was lying in the hut, all gleaming with bronze; but the son had the shield of his father. And he grasped a valorous spear, tipped with sharp bronze, and took his stand outside the hut, and forthwith saw a deed of shame, even the Achaeans in rout and the Trojans high of heart driving them; and the wall of the Achaeans was broken down. And as when the great sea heaveth darkly with a soundless swell, and forebodeth the swift paths of the shrill winds, albeit but vaguely, nor do its waves roll forward to this side or to that until some settled gale cometh down from Zeus; even so the old man pondered, his mind divided this way and that, whether he should haste into the throng of the Danaans of swift steeds, or go after Agamemnon,

ὧδε δέ οἱ φρονέοντι δοάσσατο κέρδιον εἶναι,
βῆναι ἐπ' Ἀτρεΐδην. οἱ δ' ἀλλήλους ἐνάριζον
μαρνάμενοι· λάκε δέ σφι περὶ χροῒ χαλκὸς ἀτειρὴς
νυσσομένων ξίφεσίν τε καὶ ἔγχεσιν ἀμφιγύοισι.
Νέστορι δὲ ξύμβληντο διοτρεφέες βασιλῆες
πὰρ νηῶν ἀνιόντες, ὅσοι βεβλήατο χαλκῷ,
Τυδεΐδης Ὀδυσεύς τε καὶ Ἀτρεΐδης Ἀγαμέμνων.
πολλὸν γάρ ῥ' ἀπάνευθε μάχης εἰρύατο νῆες
θῖν' ἔφ' ἁλὸς πολιῆς· τὰς γὰρ πρώτας πεδίονδε
εἴρυσαν, αὐτὰρ τεῖχος ἐπὶ πρυμνῇσιν ἔδειμαν.
οὐδὲ γὰρ οὐδ' εὐρύς περ ἐὼν ἐδυνήσατο πάσας
αἰγιαλὸς νῆας χαδέειν, στείνοντο δὲ λαοί·
τῶ ῥα προκρόσσας ἔρυσαν, καὶ πλῆσαν ἁπάσης
ἠϊόνος στόμα μακρόν,[1] ὅσον συνεέργαθον ἄκραι.
τῶ ῥ' οἵ γ' ὀψείοντες[2] ἀϋτῆς καὶ πολέμοιο
ἔγχει ἐρειδόμενοι κίον ἀθρόοι· ἄχνυτο δέ σφι
θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν. ὁ δὲ ξύμβλητο γεραιός,
Νέστωρ, πτῆξε δὲ θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν Ἀχαιῶν.[3]
τὸν καὶ φωνήσας προσέφη κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων·
"ὦ Νέστορ Νηληϊάδη, μέγα κῦδος Ἀχαιῶν,
τίπτε λιπὼν πόλεμον φθισήνορα δεῦρ' ἀφικάνεις;
δείδω μὴ δή μοι τελέσῃ ἔπος ὄβριμος Ἕκτωρ,

[1] μακρόν: πολλόν Zenodotus, Aristophanes, and Aristarchus.
[2] ὀψείοντες: ὀψ' ἀΐοντες Zenodotus.
[3] Line 40 was rejected by Aristarchus. In the same line for Ἀχαιῶν Zenodotus read ἑταίρων.

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[1] The meaning appears to be that the ships of the chiefs had been drawn up on the shore first, and that they stood in the row nearest to the sea (*cf.* line 75), the other ships standing in rows further to landward, while the wall had been built beyond the hindmost on the landward side. Which of the

son of Atreus, shepherd of the host. And as he pondered, this thing seemed to him the better—to go after the son of Atreus. But the others meanwhile were fighting on and slaying one another, and about their bodies rang the stubborn bronze, as they thrust one at the other with swords and two-edged spears.

And Nestor was met by the kings, fostered of Zeus, as they went up from the ships, even all they that had been smitten with the bronze, the son of Tydeus, and Odysseus, and Atreus' son, Agamemnon. Far apart from the battle were their ships drawn up on the shore of the grey sea; for these had they drawn up to land in the foremost row, but had builded the wall close to the hindmost.[1] For albeit the beach was wide, yet might it in no wise hold all the ships, and the host was straitened; wherefore they had drawn up the ships row behind row, and had filled up the wide mouth of all the shore that the headlands shut in between them. The kings therefore were faring all in one body, leaning each on his spear, to look upon the war and the combat, and grieved were the hearts in their breasts. And old Nestor met them, and made the spirit to quail in the breasts of the Achaeans. Then lord Agamemnon lifted up his voice and spake to him: "O Nestor, son of Neleus, great glory of the Achaeans, wherefore hast thou left the war, the bane of men, and come hither? I fear me lest in sooth mighty Hector

outer rows of ships would be called πρώτη would depend on whether the approach was from the seaward side (as here), or from the landward side (as in xv. 654). A slight difficulty is caused by the fact that πρυμνός commonly denotes the extremity of some one object, not the last object in a series; but no other rendering seems possible.

ὥς ποτ᾽ ἐπηπείλησεν ἐνὶ Τρώεσσ᾽ ἀγορεύων,
μὴ πρὶν πὰρ νηῶν προτὶ Ἴλιον ἀπονέεσθαι,
πρὶν πυρὶ νῆας ἐνιπρῆσαι, κτεῖναι δὲ καὶ αὐτούς.
κεῖνος τὼς ἀγόρευε· τὰ δὴ νῦν πάντα τελεῖται.
ὢ πόποι, ἦ ῥα καὶ ἄλλοι ἐϋκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοὶ
ἐν θυμῷ βάλλονται ἐμοὶ χόλον, ὥς περ Ἀχιλλεύς,
οὐδ᾽ ἐθέλουσι μάχεσθαι ἐπὶ πρυμνῇσι νέεσσι."
Τὸν δ᾽ ἠμείβετ᾽ ἔπειτα Γερήνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ·
"ἦ δὴ ταῦτά γ᾽ ἑτοῖμα τετεύχαται, οὐδέ κεν ἄλλως
Ζεὺς ὑψιβρεμέτης αὐτὸς παρατεκτήναιτο.
τεῖχος μὲν γὰρ δὴ κατερήριπεν, ᾧ ἐπέπιθμεν
ἄρρηκτον νηῶν τε καὶ αὐτῶν εἶλαρ ἔσεσθαι·
οἱ δ᾽ ἐπὶ νηυσὶ θοῇσι μάχην ἀλίαστον ἔχουσι
νωλεμές· οὐδ᾽ ἂν ἔτι γνοίης μάλα περ σκοπιάζων
ὁπποτέρωθεν Ἀχαιοὶ ὀρινόμενοι κλονέονται,
ὡς ἐπιμὶξ κτείνονται, ἀϋτὴ δ᾽ οὐρανὸν ἵκει.
ἡμεῖς δὲ φραζώμεθ᾽ ὅπως ἔσται τάδε ἔργα,
εἴ τι νόος ῥέξει. πόλεμον δ᾽ οὐκ ἄμμε κελεύω
δύμεναι· οὐ γάρ πως βεβλημένον ἔστι μάχεσθαι."
Τὸν δ᾽ αὖτε προσέειπεν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων·
"Νέστορ, ἐπεὶ δὴ νηυσὶν ἔπι πρυμνῇσι μάχονται,
τεῖχος δ᾽ οὐκ ἔχραισμε τετυγμένον, οὐδέ τι τάφρος,
ᾗ ἔπι πολλὰ πάθον Δαναοί, ἔλποντο δὲ θυμῷ
ἄρρηκτον νηῶν τε καὶ αὐτῶν εἶλαρ ἔσεσθαι·
οὕτω που Διὶ μέλλει ὑπερμενέϊ φίλον εἶναι,

make good his word and the threats wherewith on a time he threatened us, as he spake amid the Trojans, even that he would not return to Ilios from the ships till he had burned the ships with fire and furthermore slain the men. On this wise spake he, and now all this is verily being brought to pass. Out upon it! surely the other well-greaved Achaeans are laying up wrath against me in their hearts, even as doth Achilles, and have no mind to fight by the sterns of the ships."

Then made answer to him the horseman Nestor of Gerenia: "Yea, verily, these things have now been brought to pass and are here at hand, neither could Zeus himself, that thundereth on high, fashion them otherwise. For, lo, the wall has been thrown down, wherein we put our trust that it should be an unbreakable bulwark for our ships and ourselves. And the foemen at the swift ships maintain a ceaseless fight, and make no end; nor couldst thou any more tell, wert thou to look never so closely, from what side the Achaeans are driven in rout, so confusedly are they slain, and the cry of battle goeth up to heaven. But for us, let us take thought how these things are to be, if so be wit may aught avail. But into the war I bid not that we should enter; in no wise may a wounded man do battle."

Then again made answer the king of men, Agamemnon: "Nestor, seeing they are fighting at the sterns of the ships, and the well-built wall hath availed not, nor in any wise the trench, whereat the Danaans laboured sore, and hoped in their hearts that it would be an unbreakable bulwark for their ships and for themselves—even so, I ween, must it be the good pleasure of Zeus, supreme in might, that

νωνύμνους ἀπολέσθαι ἀπ' Ἄργεος ἐνθάδ' Ἀχαιούς.[1]
ᾔδεα μὲν γὰρ ὅτε[2] πρόφρων Δαναοῖσιν ἄμυνεν,
οἶδα δὲ νῦν ὅτε τοὺς μὲν ὁμῶς μακάρεσσι θεοῖσι
κυδάνει, ἡμέτερον δὲ μένος καὶ χεῖρας ἔδησεν.
ἀλλ' ἄγεθ', ὡς ἂν ἐγὼν εἴπω, πειθώμεθα πάντες.
νῆες ὅσαι πρῶται εἰρύαται ἄγχι θαλάσσης,
ἕλκωμεν, πάσας δὲ ἐρύσσομεν εἰς ἅλα δῖαν,
ὕψι δ' ἐπ' εὐνάων ὁρμίσσομεν, εἰς ὅ κεν ἔλθῃ
νὺξ ἀβρότη, ἢν καὶ τῇ ἀπόσχωνται πολέμοιο
Τρῶες· ἔπειτα δέ κεν ἐρυσαίμεθα νῆας ἁπάσας.
οὐ γάρ τις νέμεσις φυγέειν κακόν, οὐδ' ἀνὰ νύκτα.
βέλτερον ὃς φεύγων προφύγῃ κακὸν ἠὲ ἁλώῃ."
Τὸν δ' ἄρ' ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν προσέφη πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεύς·
"Ἀτρεΐδη, ποῖόν σε ἔπος φύγεν ἕρκος ὀδόντων·
οὐλόμεν', αἴθ' ὤφελλες ἀεικελίου στρατοῦ ἄλλου
σημαίνειν, μηδ' ἄμμιν ἀνασσέμεν, οἷσιν ἄρα Ζεὺς
ἐκ νεότητος ἔδωκε καὶ ἐς γῆρας τολυπεύειν
ἀργαλέους πολέμους, ὄφρα φθιόμεσθα ἕκαστος.
οὕτω δὴ μέμονας Τρώων πόλιν εὐρυάγυιαν
καλλείψειν,[3] ἧς εἵνεκ' ὀϊζύομεν κακὰ πολλά;
σίγα, μή τίς τ' ἄλλος Ἀχαιῶν τοῦτον ἀκούσῃ
μῦθον, ὃν οὔ κεν ἀνήρ γε διὰ στόμα πάμπαν ἄγοιτο,
ὅς τις ἐπίσταιτο ᾗσι φρεσὶν ἄρτια βάζειν
σκηπτοῦχός τ' εἴη, καί οἱ πειθοίατο λαοὶ
τοσσοίδ' ὅσσοισιν σὺ μετ' Ἀργείοισιν ἀνάσσεις.
νῦν δέ σευ ὠνοσάμην πάγχυ φρένας, οἷον ἔειπες·[4]

[1] Line 70 is omitted in the best MSS.
[2] ὅτε Aristarchus: ὅτι.
[3] καλλείψειν: ἐκπέρσειν Zenodotus.
[4] Line 95 was rejected by Aristophanes and Aristarchus.

the Achaeans should perish here far from Argos, and have no name. I knew it when with a ready heart he was aiding the Danaans, and I know it now when he is giving glory to our foes, even as to the blessed gods, and hath bound our might and our hands. Nay, come, even as I shall bid, let us all obey. Let us drag down the ships that are drawn up in the first line hard by the sea, and let us draw them all forth into the bright sea, and moor them afloat with anchor-stones, till immortal night shall come, if so be that even at her bidding the Trojans will refrain from war; and thereafter might we drag down all the ships. For in sooth I count it not shame to flee from ruin, nay, not though it be by night. Better it is if one fleeth from ruin and escapeth, than if he be taken."

Then with an angry glance from beneath his brows Odysseus of many wiles addressed him: "Son of Atreus, what a word hath escaped the barrier of thy teeth! Doomed man that thou art, would that thou wert in command of some other, inglorious army, and not king over us, to whom Zeus hath given, from youth right up to age, to wind the skein of grievous wars till we perish, every man of us. Art thou in truth thus eager to leave behind thee the broad-wayed city of the Trojans, for the sake of which we endure many grievous woes? Be silent, lest some other of the Achaeans hear this word, that no man should in any wise suffer to pass through his mouth at all, no man who hath understanding in his heart to utter things that are right, and who is a sceptred king to whom hosts so many yield obedience as are the Argives among whom thou art lord. But now have I altogether scorn of thy wits, that thou speakest

ὃς κέλεαι πολέμοιο συνεσταότος καὶ ἀϋτῆς
νῆας ἐϋσσέλμους ἅλαδ᾽ ἑλκέμεν, ὄφρ᾽ ἔτι μᾶλλον
Τρωσὶ μὲν εὐκτὰ γένηται ἐπικρατέουσί περ ἔμπης,
ἡμῖν δ᾽ αἰπὺς ὄλεθρος ἐπιρρέπῃ. οὐ γὰρ Ἀχαιοὶ
σχήσουσιν πόλεμον νηῶν ἅλαδ᾽ ἑλκομενάων,
ἀλλ᾽ ἀποπαπτανέουσιν, ἐρωήσουσι δὲ χάρμης.
ἔνθα κε σὴ βουλὴ δηλήσεται, ὄρχαμε λαῶν."
Τὸν δ᾽ ἠμείβετ᾽ ἔπειτα ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων·
"ὦ Ὀδυσεῦ, μάλα πώς με καθίκεο θυμὸν ἐνιπῇ
ἀργαλέῃ· ἀτὰρ οὐ μὲν ἐγὼν ἀέκοντας ἄνωγα
νῆας ἐϋσσέλμους ἅλαδ᾽ ἑλκέμεν υἷας Ἀχαιῶν.
νῦν δ᾽ εἴη ὃς τῆσδέ γ᾽ ἀμείνονα μῆτιν ἐνίσποι,
ἢ νέος ἠὲ παλαιός· ἐμοὶ δέ κεν ἀσμένῳ εἴη."
Τοῖσι δὲ καὶ μετέειπε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης·
"ἐγγὺς ἀνήρ, οὐ δηθὰ ματεύσομεν, αἴ κ᾽ ἐθέλητε
πείθεσθαι, καὶ μή τι κότῳ ἀγάσησθε ἕκαστος
οὕνεκα δὴ γενεῆφι νεώτατός εἰμι μεθ᾽ ὑμῖν·
πατρὸς δ᾽ ἐξ ἀγαθοῦ καὶ ἐγὼ γένος εὔχομαι εἶναι,
Τυδέος, ὃν Θήβῃσι χυτὴ κατὰ γαῖα καλύπτει.[1]
Πορθεῖ γὰρ τρεῖς παῖδες ἀμύμονες ἐξεγένοντο,
οἴκεον δ᾽ ἐν Πλευρῶνι καὶ αἰπεινῇ Καλυδῶνι,
Ἄγριος ἠδὲ Μέλας, τρίτατος δ᾽ ἦν ἱππότα Οἰνεύς,
πατρὸς ἐμοῖο πατήρ· ἀρετῇ δ᾽ ἦν ἔξοχος αὐτῶν.
ἀλλ᾽ ὁ μὲν αὐτόθι μεῖνε, πατὴρ δ᾽ ἐμὸς Ἄργεϊ νάσθη
πλαγχθείς· ὣς γάρ που Ζεὺς ἤθελε καὶ θεοὶ ἄλλοι.
Ἀδρήστοιο δ᾽ ἔγημε θυγατρῶν, ναῖε δὲ δῶμα
ἀφνειὸν βιότοιο, ἅλις δέ οἱ ἦσαν ἄρουραι

[1] Line 114 was rejected by Zenodotus and Aristophanes.

thus, seeing thou biddest us, when war and battle are afoot, draw down our well-benched ships to the sea, that so even more than before the Trojans may have their desire, they that be victors even now, and that on us utter destruction may fall. For the Achaeans will not maintain their fight once the ships are drawn down to the sea, but will ever be looking away, and will withdraw them from battle. Then will thy counsel prove our bane, thou leader of hosts."

To him then made answer, Agamemnon, king of men : " Odysseus, in good sooth thou hast stung my heart with harsh reproof ; yet I urge not that against their will the sons of the Achaeans should drag the well-benched ships down to the sea. But now I would there were one who might utter counsel better than this of mine, be he young man or old ; right welcome were it unto me."

Then among them spake also Diomedes, good at the war-cry : " Near by is that man ; not long shall we seek him, if so be ye are minded to give ear, and be no wise vexed and wroth, each one of you, for that in years I am the youngest among you. Nay, but of a goodly father do I too declare that I am come by lineage, even of Tydeus, whom in Thebe the heaped-up earth covereth. For to Portheus were born three peerless sons, and they dwelt in Pleuron and steep Calydon, even Agrius and Melas, and the third was the horseman Oeneus, that was father to my father, and in valour was pre-eminent among them. He verily abode there, but my father went wandering to Argos, and there was settled, for so I ween was the will of Zeus and the other gods. And he wedded one of the daughters of Adrastus, and dwelt in a house rich in substance, and abundance

πυροφόροι, πολλοὶ δὲ φυτῶν ἔσαν ὄρχατοι ἀμφίς,
πολλὰ δέ οἱ πρόβατ᾽ ἔσκε· κέκαστο δὲ πάντας Ἀχαιοὺς
ἐγχείῃ· τὰ δὲ μέλλετ᾽ ἀκουέμεν, εἰ[1] ἐτεόν περ.
τῶ οὐκ ἄν με γένος γε κακὸν καὶ ἀνάλκιδα φάντες
μῦθον ἀτιμήσαιτε πεφασμένον, ὅν κ᾽ εὖ εἴπω.
δεῦτ᾽ ἴομεν πόλεμόνδε καὶ οὐτάμενοί περ ἀνάγκῃ.
ἔνθα δ᾽ ἔπειτ᾽ αὐτοὶ μὲν ἐχώμεθα δηϊοτῆτος
ἐκ βελέων, μή πού τις ἐφ᾽ ἕλκεϊ ἕλκος ἄρηται·
ἄλλους δ᾽ ὀτρύνοντες ἐνήσομεν, οἳ τὸ πάρος περ
θυμῷ ἦρα φέροντες ἀφεστᾶσ᾽ οὐδὲ μάχονται."
"Ὣς ἔφαθ᾽, οἱ δ᾽ ἄρα τοῦ μάλα μὲν κλύον ἠδ᾽ ἐπίθοντο·
βὰν δ᾽ ἴμεν, ἦρχε δ᾽ ἄρα σφιν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων.
Οὐδ᾽ ἀλαοσκοπιὴν εἶχε κλυτὸς ἐννοσίγαιος,
ἀλλὰ μετ᾽ αὐτοὺς ἦλθε παλαιῷ φωτὶ ἐοικώς,[2]
δεξιτερὴν δ᾽ ἕλε χεῖρ᾽ Ἀγαμέμνονος Ἀτρεΐδαο,
καί μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
"Ἀτρεΐδη, νῦν δή που Ἀχιλλῆος ὀλοὸν κῆρ
γηθεῖ ἐνὶ στήθεσσι, φόνον καὶ φύζαν Ἀχαιῶν
δερκομένῳ, ἐπεὶ οὔ οἱ ἔνι φρένες, οὐδ᾽ ἠβαιαί.
ἀλλ᾽ ὁ μὲν ὣς ἀπόλοιτο, θεὸς δέ ἑ σιφλώσειε·
σοὶ δ᾽ οὔ πω μάλα πάγχυ θεοὶ μάκαρες κοτέουσιν,
ἀλλ᾽ ἔτι που Τρώων ἡγήτορες ἠδὲ μέδοντες
εὐρὺ κονίσουσιν πεδίον, σὺ δ᾽ ἐπόψεαι αὐτὸς
φεύγοντας προτὶ ἄστυ νεῶν ἄπο καὶ κλισιάων."
"Ὣς εἰπὼν μέγ᾽ ἄϋσεν, ἐπεσσύμενος πεδίοιο.
ὅσσον τ᾽ ἐννεάχιλοι ἐπίαχον ἢ δεκάχιλοι

[1] εἰ Aristarchus: ὡς.

[2] After 136 Zenodotus added the line ἀντιθέῳ Φοίνικι ὀπάονι Πηλείωνος.

was his of wheat-bearing fields, and many orchards of trees round about, and withal many sheep; and with his spear he excelled all the Argives. Of these things it must be that ye have heard, whether I speak sooth. Wherefore ye shall not say that by lineage I am a coward and a weakling, and so despise my spoken counsel, whatsoever I may speak aright. Come, let us go down to the battle, wounded though we be, since needs we must. Thereafter will we hold ourselves aloof from the fight, beyond the range of missiles, lest haply any take wound on wound; but the others will we spur on and send into battle, even them that hitherto have done pleasure to their resentment, and that stand aloof and fight not."

So spake he, and they readily hearkened to him and obeyed. So they set out to go, and the king of men, Agamemnon, led them.

And no blind watch did the famed Shaker of Earth keep, but went with them in likeness of an old man, and he laid hold of the right hand of Agamemnon, son of Atreus, and spake, and addressed him with winged words: "Son of Atreus, now in sooth, methinks, doth the baneful heart of Achilles rejoice within his breast, as he beholdeth the slaughter and rout of the Achaeans, seeing he hath no understanding, no, not a whit. Nay, even so may he perish, and a god bring him low. But with thee are the blessed gods in no wise utterly wroth; nay, even yet, I ween, shall the leaders and rulers of the Trojans raise the dust of the wide plain, and thyself behold them fleeing to the city from the ships and huts."

So saying, he shouted mightily, as he sped over the plain. Loud as nine thousand warriors, or ten

ἀνέρες ἐν πολέμῳ, ἔριδα ξυνάγοντες Ἄρηος,
τόσσην ἐκ στήθεσφιν ὄπα κρείων ἐνοσίχθων
ἧκεν· Ἀχαιοῖσιν δὲ μέγα σθένος ἔμβαλ' ἑκάστῳ
καρδίῃ, ἄλληκτον πολεμίζειν ἠδὲ μάχεσθαι.
Ἥρη δ' εἰσεῖδε χρυσόθρονος ὀφθαλμοῖσι
στᾶσ' ἐξ Οὐλύμποιο ἀπὸ ῥίου· αὐτίκα δ' ἔγνω
τὸν μὲν ποιπνύοντα μάχην ἀνὰ κυδιάνειραν
αὐτοκασίγνητον καὶ δαέρα, χαῖρε δὲ θυμῷ·
Ζῆνα δ' ἐπ' ἀκροτάτης κορυφῆς πολυπίδακος Ἴδης
ἥμενον εἰσεῖδε, στυγερὸς δέ οἱ ἔπλετο θυμῷ.
μερμήριξε δ' ἔπειτα βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη
ὅππως ἐξαπάφοιτο Διὸς νόον αἰγιόχοιο.
ἥδε δέ οἱ κατὰ θυμὸν ἀρίστη φαίνετο βουλή,
ἐλθεῖν εἰς Ἴδην εὖ ἐντύνασαν ἓ αὐτήν,
εἴ πως ἱμείραιτο παραδραθέειν φιλότητι
ᾗ χροιῇ, τῷ δ' ὕπνον ἀπήμονά τε λιαρόν τε
χεύῃ ἐπὶ βλεφάροισιν ἰδὲ φρεσὶ πευκαλίμῃσι.
βῆ δ' ἴμεν ἐς θάλαμον, τόν οἱ φίλος υἱὸς ἔτευξεν
Ἥφαιστος, πυκινὰς δὲ θύρας σταθμοῖσιν ἐπῆρσε
κληῖδι κρυπτῇ, τὴν δ' οὐ θεὸς ἄλλος ἀνῷγεν·
ἔνθ' ἥ γ' εἰσελθοῦσα θύρας ἐπέθηκε φαεινάς.
ἀμβροσίῃ μὲν πρῶτον ἀπὸ χροὸς ἱμερόεντος
λύματα πάντα κάθηρεν, ἀλείψατο δὲ λίπ' ἐλαίῳ
ἀμβροσίῳ ἑδανῷ, τό ῥά οἱ τεθυωμένον ἦεν·
τοῦ καὶ κινυμένοιο Διὸς κατὰ χαλκοβατὲς δῶ
ἔμπης ἐς γαῖάν τε καὶ οὐρανὸν ἵκετ' ἀϋτμή.
τῷ ῥ' ἥ γε χρόα καλὸν ἀλειψαμένη ἰδὲ χαίτας
πεξαμένη χερσὶ πλοκάμους ἔπλεξε φαεινοὺς
καλοὺς ἀμβροσίους[1] ἐκ κράατος ἀθανάτοιο.
ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' ἀμβρόσιον ἑανὸν ἕσαθ', ὅν οἱ Ἀθήνη

[1] ἀμβροσίους: καὶ μεγάλους.

thousand, cry in battle when they join in the strife of the War-god, even so mighty a shout did the lord, the Shaker of Earth, send forth from his breast; and in the heart of each man of the Achaeans he put great strength, to war and fight unceasingly.

Now Hera of the golden throne, standing on a peak of Olympus, therefrom had sight of him, and forthwith knew him as he went busily about in the battle where men win glory, her own brother and her lord's withal; and she was glad at heart. And Zeus she marked seated on the topmost peak of many-fountained Ida, and hateful was he to her heart. Then she took thought, the ox-eyed, queenly Hera, how she might beguile the mind of Zeus that beareth the aegis. And this plan seemed to her mind the best—to go to Ida, when she had beauteously adorned her person, if so be he might desire to lie by her side and embrace her body in love, and she might shed a warm and gentle sleep upon his eyelids and his cunning mind. So she went her way to her chamber, that her dear son Hephaestus had fashioned for her, and had fitted strong doors to the door-posts with a secret bolt, that no other god might open. Therein she entered, and closed the bright doors. With ambrosia first did she cleanse from her lovely body every stain, and anointed her richly with oil, ambrosial, soft, and of rich fragrance; were this but shaken in the palace of Zeus with threshold of bronze, even so would the savour thereof reach unto earth and heaven. Therewith she annointed her lovely body, and she combed her hair, and with her hands plaited the bright tresses, fair and ambrosial, that streamed from her immortal head. Then she clothed her about in a robe ambrosial,

ἔξυσ᾽ ἀσκήσασα, τίθει δ᾽ ἐνὶ δαίδαλα πολλά·
χρυσείῃς δ᾽ ἐνετῇσι κατὰ στῆθος περονᾶτο.
ζώσατο δὲ ζώνῃ ἑκατὸν θυσάνοις ἀραρυίῃ,
ἐν δ᾽ ἄρα ἕρματα ἧκεν ἐϋτρήτοισι λοβοῖσι
τρίγληνα μορόεντα· χάρις δ᾽ ἀπελάμπετο πολλή.
κρηδέμνῳ δ᾽ ἐφύπερθε καλύψατο δῖα θεάων
καλῷ νηγατέῳ· λευκὸν δ᾽ ἦν ἠέλιος ὥς·
ποσσὶ δ᾽ ὑπὸ λιπαροῖσιν ἐδήσατο καλὰ πέδιλα.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ δὴ πάντα περὶ χροῒ θήκατο κόσμον,
βῆ ῥ᾽ ἴμεν ἐκ θαλάμοιο, καλεσσαμένη δ᾽ Ἀφροδίτην
τῶν ἄλλων ἀπάνευθε θεῶν πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπε·
"ἦ ῥά νύ μοί τι πίθοιο, φίλον τέκος, ὅττι κεν εἴπω,
ἦέ κεν ἀρνήσαιο, κοτεσσαμένη τό γε θυμῷ,
οὕνεκ᾽ ἐγὼ Δαναοῖσι, σὺ δὲ Τρώεσσιν ἀρήγεις;"
Τὴν δ᾽ ἠμείβετ᾽ ἔπειτα Διὸς θυγάτηρ Ἀφροδίτη·
"Ἥρη, πρέσβα θεά, θύγατερ μεγάλοιο Κρόνοιο,
αὔδα ὅ τι φρονέεις· τελέσαι δέ με θυμὸς ἄνωγεν,
εἰ δύναμαι τελέσαι γε καὶ εἰ τετελεσμένον ἐστίν."
Τὴν δὲ δολοφρονέουσα προσηύδα πότνια Ἥρη·
"δὸς νῦν μοι φιλότητα καὶ ἵμερον, ᾧ τε σὺ πάντας
δαμνᾷ ἀθανάτους ἠδὲ θνητοὺς ἀνθρώπους.
εἶμι γὰρ ὀψομένη πολυφόρβου πείρατα γαίης,
Ὠκεανόν τε, θεῶν γένεσιν, καὶ μητέρα Τηθύν,
οἵ με σφοῖσι δόμοισιν ἐῢ τρέφον ἠδ᾽ ἀτίταλλον,
δεξάμενοι Ῥείας, ὅτε τε Κρόνον εὐρύοπα Ζεὺς
γαίης νέρθε καθεῖσε καὶ ἀτρυγέτοιο θαλάσσης·
τοὺς εἶμ᾽ ὀψομένη, καί σφ᾽ ἄκριτα νείκεα λύσω·

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[1] The word μορόεντα is of wholly unknown significance. Various etymologies are given by Leaf *in loc.*; see also Agar, *Homerica*, pp. 320 f. The rendering given above assumes a connexion with μόρον, mulberry, "berry-like." The word recurs in *Od.* xviii. 298 in the same connexion.

which Athene had wrought for her with cunning skill, and had set thereon broideries full many; and she pinned it upon her breast with brooches of gold, and she girt about her a girdle set with an hundred tassels, and in her pierced ears she put ear-rings with three clustering[1] drops; and abundant grace shone therefrom. And with a veil over all did the bright goddess veil herself, a fair veil, all glistering, and white was it as the sun; and beneath her shining feet she bound her fair sandals. But when she had decked her body with all adornment, she went forth from her chamber, and calling to her Aphrodite, apart from the other gods, she spake to her, saying: "Wilt thou now hearken to me, dear child, in what I shall say? or wilt thou refuse me, being angered at heart for that I give aid to the Danaans and thou to the Trojans?"

Then made answer to her Aphrodite, daughter of Zeus: "Hera, queenly goddess, daughter of great Cronos, speak what is in thy mind; my heart bids me fulfil it, if fulfil it I can, and it is a thing that hath fulfilment."

Then with crafty thought spake to her queenly Hera: "Give me now love and desire, wherewith thou art wont to subdue all immortals and mortal men. For I am faring to visit the limits of the all-nurturing earth, and Oceanus, from whom the gods are sprung, and mother Tethys, even them that lovingly nursed and cherished me in their halls, when they had taken me from Rhea, what time Zeus, whose voice is borne afar, thrust Cronos down to dwell beneath earth and the unresting sea. Them am I faring to visit, and will loose for them their

ἤδη γὰρ δηρὸν χρόνον ἀλλήλων ἀπέχονται
εὐνῆς καὶ φιλότητος, ἐπεὶ χόλος ἔμπεσε θυμῷ.
εἰ κείνω γ' ἐπέεσσι παραιπεπιθοῦσα φίλον κῆρ
εἰς εὐνὴν ἀνέσαιμι ὁμωθῆναι φιλότητι,
αἰεί κέ σφι φίλη τε καὶ αἰδοίη καλεοίμην."
Τὴν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε φιλομμειδὴς Ἀφροδίτη·
"οὐκ ἔστ' οὐδὲ ἔοικε τεὸν ἔπος ἀρνήσασθαι·
Ζηνὸς γὰρ τοῦ ἀρίστου ἐν ἀγκοίνῃσιν ἰαύεις."[1]
Ἦ, καὶ ἀπὸ στήθεσφιν ἐλύσατο κεστὸν ἱμάντα
ποικίλον, ἔνθα τέ οἱ θελκτήρια πάντα τέτυκτο·
ἔνθ' ἔνι μὲν φιλότης, ἐν δ' ἵμερος, ἐν δ' ὀαριστὺς
πάρφασις, ἥ τ' ἔκλεψε νόον πύκα περ φρονεόντων.
τόν ῥά οἱ ἔμβαλε χερσὶν ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἔκ τ' ὀνόμαζε·
"τῆ νῦν, τοῦτον ἱμάντα τεῷ ἐγκάτθεο κόλπῳ,
ποικίλον, ᾧ ἔνι πάντα τετεύχαται· οὐδέ σέ φημι
ἄπρηκτόν γε νέεσθαι, ὅ τι φρεσὶ σῇσι μενοινᾷς."
Ὣς φάτο, μείδησεν δὲ βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη,
μειδήσασα δ' ἔπειτα ἑῷ[2] ἐγκάτθετο κόλπῳ.
Ἡ μὲν ἔβη πρὸς δῶμα Διὸς θυγάτηρ Ἀφροδίτη,
Ἥρη δ' ἀΐξασα λίπεν ῥίον Οὐλύμποιο,
Πιερίην δ' ἐπιβᾶσα καὶ Ἠμαθίην ἐρατεινὴν
σεύατ' ἐφ' ἱπποπόλων Θρῃκῶν ὄρεα νιφόεντα,
ἀκροτάτας κορυφάς, οὐδὲ χθόνα μάρπτε ποδοῖιν·
ἐξ Ἀθόω δ' ἐπὶ πόντον ἐβήσετο κυμαίνοντα,
Λῆμνον δ' εἰσαφίκανε, πόλιν θείοιο Θόαντος.
ἔνθ' Ὕπνῳ ξύμβλητο, κασιγνήτῳ Θανάτοιο,
ἔν τ' ἄρα οἱ φῦ χειρὶ ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἔκ τ' ὀνόμαζεν·
"Ὕπνε, ἄναξ πάντων τε θεῶν πάντων τ' ἀνθρώπων,

[1] Line 213 was rejected by Aristophanes and Aristarchus.
[2] ἑῷ: μέσῳ Zenodotus.

endless strife, since now for a long time's space they hold aloof one from the other from the marriage-bed and from love, for that wrath hath come upon their hearts. If by words I might but persuade the hearts of these twain, and bring them back to be joined together in love, ever should I be called dear by them and worthy of reverence."

To her again spake in answer laughter-loving Aphrodite: "It may not be that I should say thee nay, nor were it seemly; for thou sleepest in the arms of mightiest Zeus."

She spake, and loosed from her bosom the broidered zone, curiously-wrought, wherein are fashioned all manner of allurements; therein is love, therein desire, therein dalliance—beguilement that steals the wits even of the wise. This she laid in her hands, and spake, and addressed her: "Take now and lay in thy bosom this zone, curiously-wrought, wherein all things are fashioned; I tell thee thou shalt not return with that unaccomplished, whatsoever in thy heart thou desirest."

So spake she, and ox-eyed, queenly Hera smiled, and smiling laid the zone in her bosom.

She then went to her house, the daughter of Zeus, Aphrodite, but Hera darted down and left the peak of Olympus; on Pieria she stepped and lovely Emathia, and sped over the snowy mountains of the Thracian horsemen, even over their topmost peaks, nor grazed she the ground with her feet; and from Athos she stepped upon the billowy sea, and so came to Lemnos, the city of godlike Thoas. There she met Sleep, the brother of Death; and she clasped him by the hand, and spake and addressed him: "Sleep, lord of all gods and of all men, if ever thou

ἠμὲν δή ποτ᾽ ἐμὸν ἔπος ἔκλυες, ἠδ᾽ ἔτι καὶ νῦν
πείθευ· ἐγὼ δέ κέ τοι ἰδέω χάριν ἤματα πάντα.
κοίμησόν μοι Ζηνὸς ὑπ᾽ ὀφρύσιν ὄσσε φαεινώ,
αὐτίκ᾽ ἐπεί κεν ἐγὼ παραλέξομαι ἐν φιλότητι.
δῶρα δέ τοι δώσω καλὸν θρόνον, ἄφθιτον αἰεί,
χρύσεον· Ἥφαιστος δέ κ᾽ ἐμὸς πάϊς ἀμφιγυήεις
τεύξει᾽ ἀσκήσας, ὑπὸ δὲ θρῆνυν ποσὶν ἥσει,
τῷ κεν ἐπισχοίης λιπαροὺς πόδας εἰλαπινάζων."
Τὴν δ᾽ ἀπαμειβόμενος προσεφώνεε νήδυμος Ὕπνος·
"Ἥρη, πρέσβα θεά, θύγατερ μεγάλοιο Κρόνοιο,
ἄλλον μέν κεν ἐγώ γε θεῶν αἰειγενετάων
ῥεῖα κατευνήσαιμι, καὶ ἂν ποταμοῖο ῥέεθρα
Ὠκεανοῦ, ὅς περ γένεσις πάντεσσι τέτυκται·
Ζηνὸς δ᾽ οὐκ ἂν ἐγώ γε Κρονίονος ἆσσον ἱκοίμην,
οὐδὲ κατευνήσαιμ᾽, ὅτε μὴ αὐτός γε κελεύοι.
ἤδη γάρ με καὶ ἄλλο τεὴ ἐπίνυσσεν ἐφετμή,
ἤματι τῷ ὅτε κεῖνος ὑπέρθυμος Διὸς υἱὸς
ἔπλεεν Ἰλιόθεν, Τρώων πόλιν ἐξαλαπάξας.
ἦ τοι ἐγὼ μὲν ἔθελξα Διὸς νόον αἰγιόχοιο
νήδυμος ἀμφιχυθείς· σὺ δέ οἱ κακὰ μήσαο θυμῷ,
ὄρσασ᾽ ἀργαλέων ἀνέμων ἐπὶ πόντον ἀήτας,
καί μιν ἔπειτα Κόωνδ᾽ εὖ ναιομένην ἀπένεικας,
νόσφι φίλων πάντων. ὁ δ᾽ ἐπεγρόμενος χαλέπαινε,
ῥιπτάζων κατὰ δῶμα θεούς, ἐμὲ δ᾽ ἔξοχα πάντων
ζήτει· καί κέ μ᾽ ἄϊστον ἀπ᾽ αἰθέρος ἔμβαλε πόντῳ,

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[1] The story of the sacking of Troy by Heracles is told in brief in v. 638-651. The events recorded in the present passage occurred as the hero was returning from Troy to Argos. In xv. 18 ff. we are told of the punishment meted

didst hearken to word of mine, so do thou even now obey, and I will owe thee thanks all my days. Lull me to sleep the bright eyes of Zeus beneath his brows, so soon as I shall have lain me by his side in love. And gifts will I give thee, a fair throne, ever imperishable, wrought of gold, that Hephaestus, mine own son, the god of the two strong arms, shall fashion thee with skill, and beneath it shall he set a foot-stool for the feet, whereon thou mayest rest thy shining feet when thou quaffest thy wine."

Then sweet Sleep made answer to her, saying: "Hera, queenly goddess, daughter of great Cronos, another of the gods, that are for ever, might I lightly lull to sleep, aye, were it even the streams of the river Oceanus, from whom they all are sprung; but to Zeus, son of Cronos, will I not draw nigh, neither lull him to slumber, unless of himself he bid me. For ere now in another matter did a behest of thine teach me a lesson, on the day when the glorious son[1] of Zeus, high of heart, sailed forth from Ilios, when he had laid waste the city of the Trojans. I, verily, beguiled the mind of Zeus, that beareth the aegis, being shed in sweetness round about him, and thou didst devise evil in thy heart against his son, when thou hadst roused the blasts of cruel winds over the face of the deep, and thereafter didst bear him away unto well-peopled Cos, far from all his kinsfolk. But Zeus, when he awakened, was wroth, and flung the gods hither and thither about his palace, and me above all he sought, and would have hurled me from heaven into the deep to be no more seen, had

out to Hera by Zeus, when he awakened from slumber, and in i. 590 ff. of the fate of Hephaestus, who sought to bear aid to his mother.

εἰ μὴ Νὺξ δμήτειρα[1] θεῶν ἐσάωσε καὶ ἀνδρῶν·
τὴν ἱκόμην φεύγων, ὁ δὲ παύσατο χωόμενός περ.
ἅζετο γὰρ μὴ Νυκτὶ θοῇ ἀποθύμια ἕρδοι.
νῦν αὖ τοῦτό μ' ἄνωγας ἀμήχανον ἄλλο τελέσσαι."
Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη·
"Ὕπνε, τίη δὲ σὺ ταῦτα μετὰ φρεσὶ σῇσι μενοινᾷς;
ἦ φῂς ὣς Τρώεσσιν ἀρηξέμεν εὐρύοπα Ζῆν
ὡς Ἡρακλῆος περιχώσατο παῖδος ἑοῖο;
ἀλλ' ἴθ', ἐγὼ δέ κέ τοι Χαρίτων μίαν ὁπλοτεράων
δώσω ὀπυιέμεναι καὶ σὴν κεκλῆσθαι ἄκοιτιν,
Πασιθέην, ἧς αἰὲν ἱμείρεαι ἤματα πάντα.[2]
Ὣς φάτο, χήρατο δ' Ὕπνος, ἀμειβόμενος δὲ προσηύδα·
"ἄγρει νῦν μοι ὄμοσσον ἀάατον Στυγὸς ὕδωρ,
χειρὶ δὲ τῇ ἑτέρῃ μὲν ἕλε χθόνα πουλυβότειραν,
τῇ δ' ἑτέρῃ ἅλα μαρμαρέην, ἵνα νῶϊν ἅπαντες
μάρτυροι ὦσ' οἱ ἔνερθε θεοὶ Κρόνον ἀμφὶς ἐόντες,
ἦ μὲν ἐμοὶ δώσειν Χαρίτων μίαν ὁπλοτεράων,
Πασιθέην, ἧς τ' αὐτὸς ἐέλδομαι ἤματα πάντα."
Ὣς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθησε θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη,
ὄμνυε δ' ὡς ἐκέλευε, θεοὺς δ' ὀνόμηνεν ἅπαντας
τοὺς ὑποταρταρίους, οἳ Τιτῆνες καλέονται.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεί ῥ' ὄμοσέν τε τελεύτησέν τε τὸν ὅρκον,
τὼ βήτην Λήμνου τε καὶ Ἴμβρου ἄστυ λιπόντε,
ἠέρα ἑσσαμένω, ῥίμφα πρήσσοντε κέλευθον.
Ἴδην δ' ἱκέσθην πολυπίδακα, μητέρα θηρῶν,
Λεκτόν, ὅθι πρῶτον λιπέτην ἅλα· τὼ δ' ἐπὶ χέρσου
βήτην, ἀκροτάτη δὲ ποδῶν ὕπο σείετο ὕλη.

[1] δμήτειρα Aristarchus: μήτειρα Zenodotus and Aristophanes.
[2] Line 269 is omitted in most MSS.

Night not saved me—Night that bends to her sway both gods and men. To her I came in my flight, and besought her, and Zeus refrained him, albeit he was wroth, for he had awe lest he do aught displeasing to swift Night. And now again thou biddest me fulfil this other task, that may nowise be done."

To him then spake again ox-eyed, queenly Hera: "Sleep, wherefore ponderest thou of these things in thine heart? Deemest thou that Zeus, whose voice is borne afar, will aid the Trojans, even as he waxed wroth for the sake of Heracles, his own son? Nay, come, I will give thee one of the youthful Graces to wed, to be called thy wife, even Pasithea, for whom thou ever longest all thy days."

So spake she, and Sleep waxed glad, and made answer saying: "Come now, swear to me by the inviolable water of Styx, and with one hand lay thou hold of the bounteous earth, and with the other of the shimmering sea, that one and all they may be witnesses betwixt us twain, even the gods that are below with Cronos, that verily thou wilt give me one of the youthful Graces, even Pasithea, that myself I long for all my days."

So spake he, and the goddess, white-armed Hera, failed not to hearken, but sware as he bade, and invoked by name all the gods below Tartarus, that are called Titans. But when she had sworn and made an end of the oath, the twain left the cities of Lemnos and Imbros, and clothed about in mist went forth, speeding swiftly on their way. To many-fountained Ida they came, the mother of wild creatures, even to Lectum, where first they left the sea; and the twain fared on over the dry land, and the topmost forest quivered beneath their feet. There Sleep did halt, or

ἔνθ' Ὕπνος μὲν ἔμεινε πάρος Διὸς ὄσσε ἰδέσθαι,
εἰς ἐλάτην ἀναβὰς περιμήκετον, ἣ τότ' ἐν Ἴδῃ
μακροτάτη πεφυυῖα δι' ἠέρος αἰθέρ' ἵκανεν·
ἔνθ' ἧστ' ὄζοισιν πεπυκασμένος εἰλατίνοισιν,
ὄρνιθι λιγυρῇ ἐναλίγκιος, ἥν τ' ἐν ὄρεσσι
χαλκίδα κικλήσκουσι θεοί, ἄνδρες δὲ κύμινδιν.
Ἥρη δὲ κραιπνῶς προσεβήσετο Γάργαρον ἄκρον
Ἴδης ὑψηλῆς· ἴδε δὲ νεφεληγερέτα Ζεύς.
ὡς δ' ἴδεν, ὥς μιν ἔρως πυκινὰς φρένας ἀμφεκάλυψεν,
οἷον ὅτε πρῶτόν περ ἐμισγέσθην φιλότητι,
εἰς εὐνὴν φοιτῶντε, φίλους λήθοντε τοκῆας.
στῆ δ' αὐτῆς προπάροιθεν ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἔκ τ' ὀνόμαζεν·
"Ἥρη, πῇ μεμαυῖα κατ' Οὐλύμπου τόδ' ἱκάνεις;
ἵπποι δ' οὐ παρέασι καὶ ἅρματα, τῶν κ' ἐπιβαίης."
Τὸν δὲ δολοφρονέουσα προσηύδα πότνια Ἥρη·
"ἔρχομαι ὀψομένη πολυφόρβου πείρατα γαίης,
Ὠκεανόν τε, θεῶν γένεσιν, καὶ μητέρα Τηθύν,
οἵ με σφοῖσι δόμοισιν ἐῢ τρέφον ἠδ' ἀτίταλλον·
τοὺς εἶμ' ὀψομένη, καί σφ' ἄκριτα νείκεα λύσω·[1]
ἤδη γὰρ δηρὸν χρόνον ἀλλήλων ἀπέχονται
εὐνῆς καὶ φιλότητος, ἐπεὶ χόλος ἔμπεσε θυμῷ.
ἵπποι δ' ἐν πρυμνωρείῃ πολυπίδακος Ἴδης
ἑστᾶσ', οἵ μ' οἴσουσιν ἐπὶ τραφερήν τε καὶ ὑγρήν.
νῦν δὲ σεῦ εἵνεκα δεῦρο κατ' Οὐλύμπου τόδ' ἱκάνω,
μή πώς μοι μετέπειτα χολώσεαι, αἴ κε σιωπῇ
οἴχωμαι πρὸς δῶμα βαθυρρόου Ὠκεανοῖο."
Τὴν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεύς·

[1] Lines 304-306 were rejected by Zenodotus and Aristophanes.

ever the eyes of Zeus beheld him, and mounted up on a fir-tree exceeding tall, the highest that then grew in Ida; and it reached up through the mists into heaven. Thereon he perched, thick-hidden by the branches of the fir, in the likeness of a clear-voiced mountain bird, that the gods call Chalcis, and men Cymindis.

But Hera swiftly drew nigh to topmost Gargarus, the peak of lofty Ida, and Zeus, the cloud-gatherer, beheld her. And when he beheld her, then love encompassed his wise heart about, even as when at the first they had gone to the couch and had dalliance together in love, their dear parents knowing naught thereof. And he stood before her, and spake, and addressed her: "Hera, with what desire art thou thus come hither down from Olympus? Lo, thy horses are not at hand, neither thy chariot, whereon thou mightest mount."

Then with crafty mind the queenly Hera spake unto him: "I am faring to visit the limits of the all-nurturing earth, and Oceanus, from whom the gods are sprung, and mother Tethys, even them that lovingly nursed me and cherished me in their halls. Them am I faring to visit, and will loose for them their endless strife, since now for long time's space they hold aloof one from the other, from the marriage-bed and from love, for that wrath hath fallen upon their hearts. And my horses stand at the foot of many-fountained Ida, my horses that shall bear me both over the solid land and the waters of the sea. But now it is because of thee that I am come hither down from Olympus, lest haply thou mightest wax wroth with me hereafter, if without a word I depart to the house of deep-flowing Oceanus."

Then in answer spake to her Zeus, the cloud-

"Ἥρη, κεῖσε μὲν ἔστι καὶ ὕστερον ὁρμηθῆναι,
νῶϊ δ' ἄγ' ἐν φιλότητι τραπείομεν εὐνηθέντε.
οὐ γάρ πώ ποτέ μ' ὧδε θεᾶς ἔρος οὐδὲ γυναικὸς
θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσι περιπροχυθεὶς ἐδάμασσεν,
οὐδ' ὁπότ' ἠρασάμην Ἰξιονίης ἀλόχοιο,[1]
ἣ τέκε Πειρίθοον, θεόφιν μήστωρ' ἀτάλαντον·
οὐδ' ὅτε περ Δανάης καλλισφύρου Ἀκρισιώνης,
ἣ τέκε Περσῆα, πάντων ἀριδείκετον ἀνδρῶν·
οὐδ' ὅτε Φοίνικος κούρης τηλεκλειτοῖο,
ἣ τέκε μοι Μίνων τε καὶ ἀντίθεον Ῥαδάμανθυν·
οὐδ' ὅτε περ Σεμέλης οὐδ' Ἀλκμήνης ἐνὶ Θήβῃ,
ἥ ῥ' Ἡρακλῆα κρατερόφρονα γείνατο παῖδα·
ἡ δὲ Διώνυσον Σεμέλη τέκε, χάρμα βροτοῖσιν·
οὐδ' ὅτε Δήμητρος καλλιπλοκάμοιο ἀνάσσης,
οὐδ' ὁπότε Λητοῦς ἐρικυδέος, οὐδὲ σεῦ αὐτῆς,
ὡς σέο νῦν ἔραμαι καί με γλυκὺς ἵμερος αἱρεῖ."
Τὸν δὲ δολοφρονέουσα προσηύδα πότνια Ἥρη·
"αἰνότατε Κρονίδη, ποῖον τὸν μῦθον ἔειπες.
εἰ νῦν ἐν φιλότητι λιλαίεαι εὐνηθῆναι
Ἴδης ἐν κορυφῇσι, τὰ δὲ προπέφανται ἅπαντα·
πῶς κ' ἔοι, εἴ τις νῶϊ θεῶν αἰειγενετάων
εὕδοντ' ἀθρήσειε, θεοῖσι δὲ πᾶσι μετελθὼν
πεφράδοι; οὐκ ἂν ἐγώ γε τεὸν πρὸς δῶμα νεοίμην
ἐξ εὐνῆς ἀνστᾶσα, νεμεσσητὸν δέ κεν εἴη.
ἀλλ' εἰ δή ῥ' ἐθέλεις καί τοι φίλον ἔπλετο θυμῷ,
ἔστιν τοι θάλαμος, τόν τοι φίλος υἱὸς ἔτευξεν
Ἥφαιστος, πυκινὰς δὲ θύρας σταθμοῖσιν ἐπῆρσεν·
ἔνθ' ἴομεν κείοντες, ἐπεί νύ τοι εὔαδεν εὐνή."
Τὴν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεύς·

[1] Lines 317-27 were rejected by Aristophanes and Aristarchus.

gatherer: "Hera, thither mayest thou go even hereafter. But for us twain, come, let us take our joy, couched together in love; for never yet did desire for goddess or mortal woman so shed itself about me and overmaster the heart within my breast—nay, not when I was seized with love of the wife of Ixion, who bare Peirithous, the peer of the gods in counsel; nor of Danaë of the fair ankles, daughter of Acrisius, who bare Perseus, pre-eminent above all warriors; nor of the daughter of far-famed Phoenix, that bare me Minos and godlike Rhadamanthys; nor of Semele, nor of Alcmene in Thebes, and she brought forth Heracles, her son stout of heart, and Semele bare Dionysus, the joy of mortals; nor of Demeter, the fair-tressed queen; nor of glorious Leto; nay, nor yet of thine own self, as now I love thee, and sweet desire layeth hold of me."

Then with crafty mind the queenly Hera spake unto him: "Most dread son of Cronos, what a word hast thou said! If now thou art fain to be couched in love on the peaks of Ida, where all is plain to view, what and if some one of the gods that are for ever should behold us twain as we sleep, and should go and tell it to all the gods? Then verily could not I arise from the couch and go again to thy house; that were a shameful thing. But if thou wilt, and it is thy heart's good pleasure, thou hast a chamber, that thy dear son Hephaestus fashioned for thee, and fitted strong doors upon the door-posts. Thither let us go and lay us down, since the couch is thy desire."

Then in answer to her spake Zeus, the cloud-

"Ἥρη, μήτε θεῶν τό γε δείδιθι μήτε τιν' ἀνδρῶν
ὄψεσθαι· τοῖόν τοι ἐγὼ νέφος ἀμφικαλύψω
χρύσεον· οὐδ' ἂν νῶϊ διαδράκοι Ἠέλιός περ,
οὗ τε καὶ ὀξύτατον πέλεται φάος εἰσοράασθαι."
Ἦ ῥα, καὶ ἀγκὰς ἔμαρπτε Κρόνου παῖς ἣν παράκοιτιν·
τοῖσι δ' ὑπὸ χθὼν δῖα φύεν νεοθηλέα ποίην,
λωτόν θ' ἑρσήεντα ἰδὲ κρόκον ἠδ' ὑάκινθον
πυκνὸν καὶ μαλακόν, ὃς ἀπὸ χθονὸς ὑψόσ' ἔεργε.[1]
τῷ ἔνι λεξάσθην, ἐπὶ δὲ νεφέλην ἕσσαντο
καλὴν χρυσείην· στιλπναὶ δ' ἀπέπιπτον ἔερσαι.
Ὣς ὁ μὲν ἀτρέμας εὗδε πατὴρ ἀνὰ Γαργάρῳ ἄκρῳ,
ὕπνῳ καὶ φιλότητι δαμείς, ἔχε δ' ἀγκὰς ἄκοιτιν·
βῆ δὲ θέειν ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν νήδυμος Ὕπνος
ἀγγελίην ἐρέων γαιηόχῳ ἐννοσιγαίῳ·
ἀγχοῦ δ' ἱστάμενος ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
"πρόφρων νῦν Δαναοῖσι, Πoσείδαον, ἐπάμυνε,
καί σφιν κῦδος ὄπαζε μίνυνθά περ, ὄφρ' ἔτι εὕδει
Ζεύς, ἐπεὶ αὐτῷ ἐγὼ μαλακὸν περὶ κῶμα κάλυψα·
Ἥρη δ' ἐν φιλότητι παρήπαφεν εὐνηθῆναι."
Ὣς εἰπὼν ὁ μὲν ᾤχετ' ἐπὶ κλυτὰ φῦλ' ἀνθρώπων,
τὸν δ' ἔτι μᾶλλον ἀνῆκεν ἀμυνέμεναι Δαναοῖσιν.
αὐτίκα δ' ἐν πρώτοισι μέγα προθορὼν ἐκέλευσεν·
"Ἀργεῖοι, καὶ δὴ αὖτε μεθίεμεν Ἕκτορι νίκην
Πριαμίδῃ, ἵνα νῆας ἕλῃ καὶ κῦδος ἄρηται;
ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν οὕτω φησὶ καὶ εὔχεται,[2] οὕνεκ' Ἀχιλλεὺς
νηυσὶν ἔπι γλαφυρῇσι μένει κεχολωμένος ἦτορ·
κείνου δ' οὔ τι λίην ποθὴ ἔσσεται, εἴ κεν οἱ ἄλλοι
ἡμεῖς ὀτρυνώμεθ' ἀμυνέμεν ἀλλήλοισιν.

[1] ὃς ἀπὸ χθονὸς ὑψόσ' ἔεργε: ἵν' ἀπὸ χθονὸς ἀγκαζέσθην Zenodotus.

[2] εὔχεται: ἔλπεται Zenodotus.

gatherer: "Hera, fear thou not that any god or man shall behold the thing, with such a cloud shall I enfold thee withal, a cloud of gold. Therethrough might not even Helios discern us twain, albeit his sight is the keenest of all for beholding."

Therewith the son of Cronos clasped his wife in his arms, and beneath them the divine earth made fresh-sprung grass to grow, and dewy lotus, and crocus, and hyacinth, thick and soft, that upbare them from the ground. Therein lay the twain, and were clothed about with a cloud, fair and golden, wherefrom fell drops of glistering dew.

Thus in quiet slept the Father on topmost Gargarus, by sleep and love overmastered, and clasped in his arms his wife. But sweet Sleep set out to run to the ships of the Argives to bear word to the Enfolder and Shaker of Earth. And he came up to him, and spake winged words, saying: "With a ready heart now, Poseidon, do thou bear aid to the Danaans, and vouchsafe them glory, though it be for a little space, while yet Zeus sleepeth; for over him have I shed soft slumber, and Hera hath beguiled him to couch with her in love."

So spake he and departed to the glorious tribes of men, but Poseidon he set on yet more to bear aid to the Danaans. Forthwith then he leapt forth amid the foremost, and cried aloud: "Argives, are we again in good sooth to yield victory to Hector, son of Priam, that he may take the ships and win him glory? Nay, even so he saith, and vaunteth that it shall be, for that Achilles abideth by the hollow ships, filled with wrath at heart. Howbeit him shall we in no wise miss overmuch if we others bestir ourselves to bear aid one to the other. Nay, come,

ἀλλ᾽ ἄγεθ᾽, ὡς ἂν ἐγὼν εἴπω, πειθώμεθα πάντες·
ἀσπίδες ὅσσαι ἄρισται ἐνὶ στρατῷ ἠδὲ μέγισται
ἑσσάμενοι, κεφαλὰς δὲ παναίθησιν κορύθεσσι
κρύψαντες, χερσίν τε τὰ μακρόταθ᾽ ἔγχε᾽ ἑλόντες,
ἴομεν· αὐτὰρ ἐγὼν ἡγήσομαι, οὐδ᾽ ἔτι φημὶ
Ἕκτορα Πριαμίδην μενέειν μάλα περ μεμαῶτα.
ὃς δέ κ᾽ ἀνὴρ μενέχαρμος, ἔχει δ᾽ ὀλίγον σάκος ὤμῳ,[1]
χείρονι φωτὶ δότω, ὁ δ᾽ ἐν ἀσπίδι μείζονι δύτω."
Ὣς ἔφαθ᾽, οἱ δ᾽ ἄρα τοῦ μάλα μὲν κλύον ἠδὲ πίθοντο·
τοὺς δ᾽ αὐτοὶ βασιλῆες ἐκόσμεον οὐτάμενοί περ,
Τυδεΐδης Ὀδυσεύς τε καὶ Ἀτρεΐδης Ἀγαμέμνων·
οἰχόμενοι δ᾽ ἐπὶ πάντας ἀρήϊα τεύχε᾽ ἄμειβον·
ἐσθλὰ μὲν ἐσθλὸς ἔδυνε, χέρεια δὲ χείρονι δόσκον.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεί ῥ᾽ ἕσσαντο περὶ χροῒ νώροπα χαλκόν,
βάν ῥ᾽ ἴμεν· ἦρχε δ᾽ ἄρα σφι Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων,
δεινὸν ἄορ τανύηκες ἔχων ἐν χειρὶ παχείῃ,
εἴκελον ἀστεροπῇ· τῷ δ᾽ οὐ θέμις ἐστὶ μιγῆναι
ἐν δαῒ λευγαλέῃ, ἀλλὰ δέος ἰσχάνει ἄνδρας.
Τρῶας δ᾽ αὖθ᾽ ἑτέρωθεν ἐκόσμει φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ.
δή ῥα τότ᾽ αἰνοτάτην ἔριδα πτολέμοιο τάνυσσαν
κυανοχαῖτα Ποσειδάων καὶ φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ,
ἤτοι ὁ μὲν Τρώεσσιν, ὁ δ᾽ Ἀργείοισιν ἀρήγων.
ἐκλύσθη δὲ θάλασσα ποτὶ κλισίας τε νέας τε
Ἀργείων· οἱ δὲ ξύνισαν μεγάλῳ ἀλαλητῷ.
οὔτε θαλάσσης κῦμα τόσον βοάᾳ ποτὶ χέρσον,[2]
ποντόθεν ὀρνύμενον πνοιῇ Βορέω ἀλεγεινῇ·
οὔτε πυρὸς τόσσος γε ποτὶ βρόμος αἰθομένοιο

[1] Lines 376 f. were rejected by Zenodotus, Aristophanes, and Aristarchus.

[2] Lines 394 f. were placed by Zenodotus after 399.

even as I shall bid, let us all obey. In the shields that are best in the host and largest let us harness ourselves, and our heads let us cover with helms all-gleaming, and in our hands take the longest spears, and so go forth. And I will lead the way, nor, methinks, will Hector, son of Priam, longer abide, how eager soever he be. And whoso is a man, staunch in fight, but hath a small shield on his shoulder, let him give it to a worser man, and himself harness him in a large shield."

So spake he, and they readily hearkened to him, and obeyed. And the kings themselves, albeit they were wounded, set them in array, even the son of Tydeus, and Odysseus, and Atreus' son Agamemnon. And going throughout all the host, they made exchange of battle-gear. In good armour did the good warrior harness him, and to the worse they gave the worse. Then when they had clothed their bodies in gleaming bronze, they set forth, and Poseidon, the Shaker of Earth, led them, bearing in his strong hand a dread sword, long of edge, like unto the lightning, wherewith it is not permitted that any should mingle in dreadful war, but terror holds men aloof therefrom. But the Trojans over against them was glorious Hector setting in array. Then verily were strained the cords of war's most dreadful strife by dark-haired Poseidon and glorious Hector, bearing aid the one to the Trojans, the other to the Argives. And the sea surged up to the huts and ships of the Argives, and the two sides clashed with a mighty din. Not so loudly bellows the wave of the sea upon the shore, driven up from the deep by the dread blast of the North Wind, nor so loud is the roar of blazing fire in the glades of a mountain

οὔρεος ἐν βήσσῃς, ὅτε τ᾽ ὤρετο καιέμεν ὕλην·
οὔτ᾽ ἄνεμος τόσσον γε περὶ δρυσὶν ὑψικόμοισι
ἠπύει, ὅς τε μάλιστα μέγα βρέμεται χαλεπαίνων,
ὅσση ἄρα Τρώων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν ἔπλετο φωνὴ
δεινὸν ἀϋσάντων, ὅτ᾽ ἐπ᾽ ἀλλήλοισιν ὄρουσαν.
Αἴαντος δὲ πρῶτος ἀκόντισε φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ
ἔγχει, ἐπεὶ τέτραπτο πρὸς ἰθύ οἱ, οὐδ᾽ ἀφάμαρτε,
τῇ ῥα δύω τελαμῶνε περὶ στήθεσσι τετάσθην,
ἤ τοι ὁ μὲν σάκεος, ὁ δὲ φασγάνου ἀργυροήλου·
τώ οἱ ῥυσάσθην τέρενα χρόα. χώσατο δ᾽ Ἕκτωρ,
ὅττι ῥά οἱ βέλος ὠκὺ ἐτώσιον ἔκφυγε χειρός,
ἂψ δ᾽ ἑτάρων εἰς ἔθνος ἐχάζετο κῆρ᾽ ἀλεείνων.
τὸν μὲν ἔπειτ᾽ ἀπιόντα μέγας Τελαμώνιος Αἴας
χερμαδίῳ, τά ῥα πολλά, θοάων ἔχματα νηῶν,
πὰρ ποσὶ μαρναμένων ἐκυλίνδετο, τῶν ἓν ἀείρας
στῆθος βεβλήκει ὑπὲρ ἄντυγος ἀγχόθι δειρῆς,
στρόμβον δ᾽ ὣς ἔσσευε βαλών, περὶ δ᾽ ἔδραμε πάντῃ.
ὡς δ᾽ ὅθ᾽ ὑπὸ πληγῆς πατρὸς Διὸς ἐξερίπῃ δρῦς
πρόρριζος, δεινὴ δὲ θεείου γίγνεται ὀδμὴ
ἐξ αὐτῆς, τὸν δ᾽ οὔ περ ἔχει θράσος ὅς κεν ἴδηται
ἐγγὺς ἐών, χαλεπὸς δὲ Διὸς μεγάλοιο κεραυνός,
ὣς ἔπεσ᾽ Ἕκτορος ὦκα χαμαὶ μένος ἐν κονίῃσι·
χειρὸς δ᾽ ἔκβαλεν ἔγχος, ἐπ᾽ αὐτῷ δ᾽ ἀσπὶς ἑάφθη
καὶ κόρυς, ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ βράχε τεύχεα ποικίλα χαλκῷ.[1]
οἱ δὲ μέγα ἰάχοντες ἐπέδραμον υἷες Ἀχαιῶν,
ἐλπόμενοι ἐρύεσθαι, ἀκόντιζον δὲ θαμειὰς
αἰχμάς· ἀλλ᾽ οὔ τις ἐδυνήσατο ποιμένα λαῶν
οὐτάσαι οὐδὲ βαλεῖν· πρὶν γὰρ περίβησαν ἄριστοι,

[1] Line 420 is omitted in some MSS.

when it leapeth to burn the forest, nor doth the wind shriek so loud amid the high crests of the oaks—the wind that roareth the loudest in its rage—as then was the cry of Trojans and Achaeans, shouting in terrible wise as they leapt upon each other.

At Aias did glorious Hector first cast his spear, as he was turned full toward him, and missed him not, but smote him where the two baldrics—one of his shield and one of his silver-studded sword—were stretched across his breast; and they guarded his tender flesh. And Hector waxed wroth for that the swift shaft had flown vainly from his hand, and back he shrank into the throng of his comrades, avoiding fate. But thereupon as he drew back, great Telamonian Aias smote him with a stone; for many there were, props of the swift ships, that rolled amid their feet as they fought; of these he lifted one on high, and smote Hector on the chest over the shield-rim, hard by the neck, and set him whirling like a top with the blow; and he spun round and round. And even as when beneath the blast of father Zeus an oak falleth uprooted, and a dread reek of brimstone ariseth therefrom—then verily courage no longer possesseth him that looketh thereon and standeth near by, for dread is the bolt of great Zeus—even so fell mighty Hector forthwith to the ground in the dust. And the spear fell from his hand, but the shield was hurled upon him, and the helm withal, and round about him rang his armour dight with bronze. Then with loud shouts they ran up, the sons of the Achaeans, hoping to drag him off, and they hurled their spears thick and fast; but no one availed to wound the shepherd of the host with thrust or with cast, for ere that might be, the bravest

Πουλυδάμας τε καὶ Αἰνείας καὶ δῖος Ἀγήνωρ
Σαρπηδών τ᾽, ἀρχὸς Λυκίων, καὶ Γλαῦκος ἀμύμων·
τῶν δ᾽ ἄλλων οὔ τίς εὑ ἀκήδεσεν, ἀλλὰ πάροιθεν
ἀσπίδας εὐκύκλους σχέθον αὐτοῦ. τὸν δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἑταῖροι
χερσὶν ἀείραντες φέρον ἐκ πόνου, ὄφρ᾽ ἵκεθ᾽ ἵππους
ὠκέας, οἵ οἱ ὄπισθε μάχης ἠδὲ πτολέμοιο
ἕστασαν ἡνίοχόν τε καὶ ἅρματα ποικίλ᾽ ἔχοντες·
οἳ τόν γε προτὶ ἄστυ φέρον βαρέα στενάχοντα.
Ἀλλ᾽ ὅτε δὴ πόρον ἶξον ἐϋρρεῖος ποταμοῖο,
Ξάνθου δινήεντος, ὃν ἀθάνατος[1] τέκετο Ζεύς,
ἔνθα μιν ἐξ ἵππων πέλασαν χθονί, κὰδ δέ οἱ ὕδωρ
χεῦαν· ὁ δ᾽ ἐμπνύνθη καὶ ἀνέδρακεν ὀφθαλμοῖσιν,
ἑζόμενος δ᾽ ἐπὶ γοῦνα κελαινεφὲς αἷμ᾽ ἀπέμεσσεν.
αὖτις δ᾽ ἐξοπίσω πλῆτο χθονί, τὼ δέ οἱ ὄσσε
νὺξ ἐκάλυψε μέλαινα· βέλος δ᾽ ἔτι θυμὸν ἐδάμνα.
Ἀργεῖοι δ᾽ ὡς οὖν ἴδον Ἕκτορα νόσφι κιόντα,[2]
μᾶλλον ἐπὶ Τρώεσσι θόρον, μνήσαντο δὲ χάρμης.
ἔνθα πολὺ πρώτιστος Ὀϊλῆος ταχὺς Αἴας
Σάτνιον οὔτασε δουρὶ μετάλμενος ὀξυόεντι
Ἠνοπίδην, ὃν ἄρα νύμφη τέκε νηῒς ἀμύμων
Ἤνοπι βουκολέοντι παρ᾽ ὄχθας Σατνιόεντος.
τὸν μὲν Ὀϊλιάδης δουρικλυτὸς ἐγγύθεν ἐλθὼν
οὖτα κατὰ λαπάρην· ὁ δ᾽ ἀνετράπετ᾽, ἀμφὶ δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ αὐτῷ
Τρῶες καὶ Δαναοὶ σύναγον κρατερὴν ὑσμίνην.
τῷ δ᾽ ἐπὶ Πουλυδάμας ἐγχέσπαλος ἦλθεν ἀμύντωρ
Πανθοΐδης, βάλε δὲ Προθοήνορα δεξιὸν ὦμον,
υἱὸν Ἀρηϊλύκοιο, δι᾽ ὤμου δ᾽ ὄβριμον ἔγχος

[1] *ἀθάνατος: ἀθάνατον* Zenodotus.
[2] *νόσφι κιόντα: νόσφιν ἐόντα.*

stood forth to guard him, even Polydamas, and Aeneas, and goodly Agenor, and Sarpedon, leader of the Lycians, and peerless Glaucus withal, and of the rest was no man unheedful of him, but before him they held their round shields; and his comrades lifted him up in their arms and bare him forth from the toil of war until he came to the swift horses that stood waiting for him at the rear of the battle and the conflict, with their charioteer and chariot richly dight. These bare him groaning heavily toward the city.

But when they were now come to the ford of the fair-flowing river, even eddying Xanthus, that immortal Zeus begat, there they lifted him from the chariot to the ground and poured water upon him. And he revived, and looked up with his eyes, and kneeling on his knees he vomited forth black blood. Then again he sank back upon the ground, and both his eyes were enfolded in black night; and the blow still overwhelmed his spirit.

But when the Argives saw Hector withdrawing, they leapt yet the more upon the Trojans, and bethought them of battle. Then far the first did swift Aias, son of Oïleus, leap upon Satnius and wound him with a thrust of his sharp spear, even the son of Enops, whom a peerless Naiad nymph conceived to Enops, as he tended his herds by the banks of Satnioeis. To him did the son of Oïleus, famed for his spear, draw nigh, and smite him upon the flank; and he fell backward, and about him Trojans and Danaans joined in fierce conflict. To him then came Polydamas, wielder of the spear, to bear him aid, even the son of Panthous, and he cast and smote upon the right shoulder Prothoënor, son of Areïlycus, and through the shoulder the mighty spear held its

ἔσχεν, ὁ δ' ἐν κονίῃσι πεσὼν ἕλε γαῖαν ἀγοστῷ.
Πουλυδάμας δ' ἔκπαγλον ἐπεύξατο μακρὸν ἀΰσας·
"οὐ μὰν αὖτ' ὀΐω μεγαθύμου Πανθοΐδαο
χειρὸς ἄπο στιβαρῆς ἅλιον πηδῆσαι ἄκοντα,
ἀλλά τις Ἀργείων κόμισε χροΐ, καί μιν ὀΐω
αὐτῷ σκηπτόμενον κατίμεν δόμον Ἄϊδος εἴσω."
Ὣς ἔφατ', Ἀργείοισι δ' ἄχος γένετ' εὐξαμένοιο·
Αἴαντι δὲ μάλιστα δαΐφρονι θυμὸν ὄρινε,
τῷ Τελαμωνιάδῃ· τοῦ γὰρ πέσεν ἄγχι μάλιστα.
καρπαλίμως δ' ἀπιόντος ἀκόντισε δουρὶ φαεινῷ.
Πουλυδάμας δ' αὐτὸς μὲν ἀλεύατο κῆρα μέλαιναν
λικριφὶς ἀΐξας, κόμισεν δ' Ἀντήνορος υἱὸς
Ἀρχέλοχος· τῷ γάρ ῥα θεοὶ βούλευσαν ὄλεθρον.
τόν ῥ' ἔβαλεν κεφαλῆς τε καὶ αὐχένος ἐν συνεοχμῷ,
νείατον ἀστράγαλον, ἀπὸ δ' ἄμφω κέρσε τένοντε·
τοῦ δὲ πολὺ πρότερον κεφαλὴ στόμα τε ῥῖνές τε
οὔδει πλῆντ' ἤ περ κνῆμαι καὶ γοῦνα πεσόντος.
Αἴας δ' αὖτ' ἐγέγωνεν ἀμύμονι Πουλυδάμαντι·
"φράζεο, Πουλυδάμα, καί μοι νημερτὲς ἐνίσπες·
ἦ ῥ' οὐχ οὗτος ἀνὴρ Προθοήνορος ἀντὶ πεφάσθαι
ἄξιος; οὔ μέν μοι κακὸς εἴδεται οὐδὲ κακῶν ἔξ,
ἀλλὰ κασίγνητος Ἀντήνορος ἱπποδάμοιο,
ἢ πάϊς· αὐτῷ γὰρ γενεὴν[1] ἄγχιστα ἐῴκει."
Ἦ ῥ' εὖ γιγνώσκων, Τρῶας δ' ἄχος ἔλλαβε θυμόν.
ἔνθ' Ἀκάμας Πρόμαχον Βοιώτιον οὔτασε δουρί,
ἀμφὶ κασιγνήτῳ βεβαώς· ὁ δ' ὕφελκε ποδοῖιν.

[1] γενεὴν: ῥα φυὴν Aristophanes.

way ; and he fell in the dust and clutched the ground with his palm. And Polydamas exulted over him in terrible wise, and cried aloud : " Hah, methinks, yet again from the strong hand of the great-souled son of Panthous hath the spear leapt not in vain. Nay, one of the Argives hath got it in his flesh, and leaning thereon for a staff, methinks, will he go down into the house of Hades."

So spake he, but upon the Argives came sorrow by reason of his exulting, and beyond all did he stir the soul of Aias, wise of heart, the son of Telamon, for closest to him did the man fall. Swiftly then he cast with his bright spear at the other, even as he was drawing back. And Polydamas himself escaped black fate, springing to one side ; but Archelochus, son of Antenor, received the spear ; for to him the gods purposed death. Him the spear smote at the joining of head and neck on the topmost joint of the spine, and it shore off both the sinews. And far sooner did his head and mouth and nose reach the earth as he fell, than his legs and knees. Then Aias in his turn called aloud to peerless Polydamas : " Bethink thee, Polydamas, and tell me in good sooth, was not this man worthy to be slain in requital for Prothoënor ? No mean man seemeth he to me, nor of mean descent, but a brother of Antenor, tamer of horses, or haply a son ; for he is most like to him in build."

So spake he, knowing the truth full well, and sorrow seized the hearts of the Trojans. Then Acamas, as he bestrode his brother, smote with a thrust of his spear the Boeotian Promachus, who was seeking to drag the body from beneath him by the

τῷ δ' Ἀκάμας ἔκπαγλον ἐπεύξατο μακρὸν ἀΰσας·
"Ἀργεῖοι ἰόμωροι, ἀπειλάων ἀκόρητοι,
οὔ θην οἴοισίν γε πόνος τ' ἔσεται καὶ ὀϊζὺς
ἡμῖν, ἀλλά ποθ' ὧδε κατακτενέεσθε καὶ ὔμμες.
φράζεσθ' ὡς ὑμῖν Πρόμαχος δεδμημένος εὕδει
ἔγχει ἐμῷ, ἵνα μή τι κασιγνήτοιό γε ποινὴ
δηρὸν ἄτιτος ἔῃ· τῶ καί τίς τ' εὔχεται ἀνὴρ
γνωτὸν ἐνὶ μεγάροισιν ἀρῆς ἀλκτῆρα λιπέσθαι."
Ὣς ἔφατ', Ἀργείοισι δ' ἄχος γένετ' εὐξαμένοιο·
Πηνέλεῳ δὲ μάλιστα δαΐφρονι θυμὸν ὄρινεν·
ὡρμήθη δ' Ἀκάμαντος· ὁ δ' οὐχ ὑπέμεινεν ἐρωὴν
Πηνελέωο ἄνακτος· ὁ δ' οὔτασεν Ἰλιονῆα,
υἱὸν Φόρβαντος πολυμήλου, τόν ῥα μάλιστα
Ἑρμείας Τρώων ἐφίλει καὶ κτῆσιν ὄπασσε·
τῷ δ' ἄρ' ὑπὸ μήτηρ μοῦνον τέκεν Ἰλιονῆα.
τὸν τόθ' ὑπ' ὀφρύος οὖτα κατ' ὀφθαλμοῖο θέμεθλα,
ἐκ δ' ὦσε γλήνην· δόρυ δ' ὀφθαλμοῖο διαπρὸ
καὶ διὰ ἰνίου ἦλθεν, ὁ δ' ἕζετο χεῖρε πετάσσας
ἄμφω· Πηνέλεως δὲ ἐρυσσάμενος ξίφος ὀξὺ
αὐχένα μέσσον ἔλασσεν, ἀπήραξεν δὲ χαμᾶζε
αὐτῇ σὺν πήληκι κάρη· ἔτι δ' ὄβριμον ἔγχος
ἦεν ἐν ὀφθαλμῷ· ὁ δὲ φὴ κώδειαν ἀνασχὼν
πέφραδέ τε Τρώεσσι καὶ εὐχόμενος ἔπος ηὔδα·[1]
"εἰπέμεναί μοι, Τρῶες, ἀγαυοῦ Ἰλιονῆος
πατρὶ φίλῳ καὶ μητρὶ γοήμεναι ἐν μεγάροισιν·
οὐδὲ γὰρ ἡ Προμάχοιο δάμαρ Ἀλεγηνορίδαο
ἀνδρὶ φίλῳ ἐλθόντι γανύσσεται, ὁππότε κεν δὴ
ἐκ Τροίης σὺν νηυσὶ νεώμεθα κοῦροι Ἀχαιῶν."

[1] Line 500 was rejected by Aristarchus.

feet. And over him Acamas exulted in terrible wise, and cried aloud: "Ye Argives, that rage with the bow, insatiate of threatenings, not for us alone, look you, shall there be toil and woe, but even in like manner shall ye too be slain. Mark how your Promachus sleepeth, vanquished by my spear, to the end that the blood-price of my brother be not long unpaid. Aye, and for this reason doth a man pray that a kinsman be left him in his halls, to be a warder off of ruin."

So spake he, and upon the Argives came sorrow by reason of his exulting, and beyond all did he stir the soul of wise-hearted Peneleos. He rushed upon Acamas, but Acamas abode not the onset of the prince Peneleos. Howbeit Peneleos thrust and smote Ilioneus, son of Phorbas, rich in herds, whom Hermes loved above all the Trojans and gave him wealth; and to him the mother bare Ilioneus, an only child. Him then did Peneleos smite beneath the brow at the roots of the eyes, and drave out the eyeball, and the shaft went clean through the eye and through the nape of the neck, and he sank down stretching out both his hands. But Peneleos drawing his sharp sword let drive full upon his neck, and smote off to the the ground the head with the helmet, and still the mighty spear stood in the eye; and holding it on high like a poppy-head he shewed it to the Trojans, and spake a word exultingly: "Tell, I pray you, ye Trojans, to the dear father and the mother of lordly Ilioneus to make wailing in their halls, for neither will the wife of Promachus, son of Alegenor, rejoice in the coming of her dear husband, when we youths of the Achaeans return with our ships from out of Troy-land."

Ὣς φάτο, τοὺς δ' ἄρα πάντας ὑπὸ τρόμος ἔλλαβε γυῖα,
πάπτηνεν δὲ ἕκαστος ὅπῃ φύγοι αἰπὺν ὄλεθρον.
Ἔσπετε νῦν μοι, Μοῦσαι Ὀλύμπια δώματ' ἔχουσαι,
ὅς τις δὴ πρῶτος βροτόεντ' ἀνδράγρι' Ἀχαιῶν[1]
ἤρατ', ἐπεί ῥ' ἔκλινε μάχην κλυτὸς ἐννοσίγαιος.
Αἴας ῥα πρῶτος Τελαμώνιος Ὕρτιον οὖτα
Γυρτιάδην, Μυσῶν ἡγήτορα καρτεροθύμων·
Φάλκην δ' Ἀντίλοχος καὶ Μέρμερον ἐξενάριξε·
Μηριόνης δὲ Μόρυν τε καὶ Ἱπποτίωνα κατέκτα,
Τεῦκρος δὲ Προθόωνά τ' ἐνήρατο καὶ Περιφήτην·
Ἀτρεΐδης δ' ἄρ' ἔπειθ' Ὑπερήνορα, ποιμένα λαῶν,
οὖτα κατὰ λαπάρην, διὰ δ' ἔντερα χαλκὸς ἄφυσσε
δῃώσας· ψυχὴ δὲ κατ' οὐταμένην ὠτειλὴν
ἔσσυτ' ἐπειγομένη, τὸν δὲ σκότος ὄσσε κάλυψε.
πλείστους δ' Αἴας εἷλεν, Ὀϊλῆος ταχὺς υἱός·
οὐ γάρ οἵ τις ὁμοῖος ἐπισπέσθαι ποσὶν ἦεν
ἀνδρῶν τρεσσάντων, ὅτε τε Ζεὺς ἐν φόβον ὄρσῃ.

[1] Line 509 was rejected by some ancient critics.

So spake he, and thereat trembling seized the limbs of them all, and each man gazed about to see how he might escape utter destruction.

Tell me now, ye Muses, that have dwellings on Olympus, who was first of the Achaeans to bear away the bloody spoils of warriors, when once the famed Shaker of Earth had turned the battle. Aias verily was first, the son of Telamon. He smote Hyrtius, the son of Gyrtius, leader of the Mysians stalwart of heart; and Antilochus stripped the spoils from Phalces and Mermerus, and Meriones slew Morys and Hippotion, and Teucer laid low Prothoön and Periphetes; thereafter Atreus' son smote with a thrust in the flank Hyperenor, shepherd of the host, and the bronze let forth the bowels, as it clove through, and his soul sped hastening through the stricken wound, and darkness enfolded his eyes. But most men did Aias slay, the swift son of Oïleus; for there was none other like him to pursue with speed of foot amid the rout of men, when Zeus turned them to flight.

ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Ο

Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ διά τε σκόλοπας καὶ τάφρον ἔβησαν
φεύγοντες, πολλοὶ δὲ δάμεν Δαναῶν ὑπὸ χερσίν,
οἱ μὲν δὴ παρ' ὄχεσφιν ἐρητύοντο μένοντες,
χλωροὶ ὑπαὶ δείους, πεφοβημένοι, ἔγρετο δὲ Ζεὺς
Ἴδης ἐν κορυφῇσι παρὰ χρυσοθρόνου Ἥρης,
στῆ δ' ἄρ' ἀναΐξας, ἴδε δὲ Τρῶας καὶ Ἀχαιούς,
τοὺς μὲν ὀρινομένους, τοὺς δὲ κλονέοντας ὄπισθεν
Ἀργείους, μετὰ δέ σφι Ποσειδάωνα ἄνακτα.
Ἕκτορα δ' ἐν πεδίῳ ἴδε κείμενον, ἀμφὶ δ' ἑταῖροι
ἥαθ', ὁ δ' ἀργαλέῳ ἔχετ' ἄσθματι κῆρ ἀπινύσσων,
αἷμ' ἐμέων, ἐπεὶ οὔ μιν ἀφαυρότατος βάλ' Ἀχαιῶν.
τὸν δὲ ἰδὼν ἐλέησε πατὴρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε,
δεινὰ δ' ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν Ἥρην πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν·
"ἦ μάλα δὴ κακότεχνος, ἀμήχανε, σὸς δόλος, Ἥρη,
Ἕκτορα δῖον ἔπαυσε μάχης, ἐφόβησε δὲ λαούς.
οὐ μὰν οἶδ' εἰ αὖτε κακορραφίης ἀλεγεινῆς
πρώτη ἐπαύρηαι καί σε πληγῇσιν ἱμάσσω.
ἦ οὐ μέμνῃ ὅτε τ' ἐκρέμω ὑψόθεν, ἐκ δὲ ποδοῖιν[1]
ἄκμονας ἧκα δύω, περὶ χερσὶ δὲ δεσμὸν ἴηλα
χρύσεον ἄρρηκτον; σὺ δ' ἐν αἰθέρι καὶ νεφέλῃσιν

[1] Lines 18-31 were rejected by Zenodotus.

BOOK XV

But when the Trojans in their flight had passed over the palisade and the trench, and many had been vanquished beneath the hands of the Danaans, then beside their chariots they stayed, and were halted, pale with fear, terror-stricken; and Zeus awoke on the peaks of Ida beside Hera of the golden throne. Then he sprang up, and stood, and saw Trojans alike and Achaeans, these in rout, and the Argives driving them on from the rear, and amid them the lord Poseidon. And Hector he saw lying on the plain, while about him sat his comrades, and he was gasping with painful breath, distraught in mind, and vomiting blood; for not the weakest of the Achaeans was it that had smitten him. At sight of him the father of men and gods had pity, and with a dread glance from beneath his brows he spake to Hera, saying: "Hera, that art hard to deal with, it is the craft of thine evil wiles that hath stayed goodly Hector from the fight, and hath driven the host in rout. Verily I know not but thou shalt yet be the first to reap the fruits of thy wretched ill-contriving, and I shall scourge thee with stripes. Dost thou not remember when thou wast hung from on high, and from thy feet I suspended two anvils, and about thy wrists cast a band of gold that might not be broken? And in the air amid the clouds thou didst hang, and the

ἐκρέμω· ἠλάστεον δὲ θεοὶ κατὰ μακρὸν Ὄλυμπον,
λῦσαι δ' οὐκ ἐδύναντο παρασταδόν· ὃν δὲ λάβοιμι
ῥίπτασκον τεταγὼν ἀπὸ βηλοῦ, ὄφρ' ἂν ἵκηται
γῆν ὀλιγηπελέων. ἐμὲ δ' οὐδ' ὧς θυμὸν ἀνίει
ἀζηχὴς ὀδύνη Ἡρακλῆος θείοιο,
τὸν σὺ ξὺν Βορέῃ ἀνέμῳ πεπιθοῦσα θυέλλας
πέμψας ἐπ' ἀτρύγετον πόντον, κακὰ μητιόωσα,
καί μιν ἔπειτα Κόωνδ' εὖ ναιομένην ἀπένεικας.
τὸν μὲν ἐγὼν ἔνθεν ῥυσάμην καὶ ἀνήγαγον αὖτις
Ἄργος ἐς ἱππόβοτον, καὶ πολλά περ ἀθλήσαντα.
τῶν σ' αὖτις μνήσω, ἵν' ἀπολλήξῃς ἀπατάων,
ὄφρα ἴδῃ ἤν τοι χραίσμῃ φιλότης τε καὶ εὐνή,
ἣν ἐμίγης ἐλθοῦσα θεῶν ἄπο καί μ' ἀπάτησας."[1]
Ὣς φάτο, ῥίγησεν δὲ βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη,
καί μιν φωνήσασ' ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
"ἴστω νῦν τόδε Γαῖα καὶ Οὐρανὸς εὐρὺς ὕπερθε
καὶ τὸ κατειβόμενον Στυγὸς ὕδωρ, ὅς τε μέγιστος
ὅρκος δεινότατός τε πέλει μακάρεσσι θεοῖσι,
σή θ' ἱερὴ κεφαλὴ καὶ νωΐτερον λέχος αὐτῶν
κουρίδιον, τὸ μὲν οὐκ ἂν ἐγώ ποτε μὰψ ὀμόσαιμι·
μὴ δι' ἐμὴν ἰότητα Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων
πημαίνει Τρῶάς τε καὶ Ἕκτορα, τοῖσι δ' ἀρήγει,
ἀλλά που αὐτὸν θυμὸς ἐποτρύνει καὶ ἀνώγει,
τειρομένους δ' ἐπὶ νηυσὶν ἰδὼν ἐλέησεν Ἀχαιούς.
αὐτάρ τοι καὶ κείνῳ ἐγὼ παραμυθησαίμην
τῇ ἴμεν ᾗ κεν δὴ σύ, κελαινεφές, ἡγεμονεύῃς."

[1] Line 33 was rejected by Zenodotus and Aristophanes.

gods had indignation throughout high Olympus; howbeit they availed not to draw nigh and loose thee. Nay, whomsoever I caught, I would seize and hurl from the threshold until he reached the earth, his strength all spent. Yet not even so was my heart eased of its ceaseless pain for godlike Heracles, whom thou when thou hadst leagued thee with the North Wind and suborned his blasts, didst send over the unresting sea, by thine evil devising, and thereafter didst bear him away unto well-peopled Cos. Him did I save from thence, and brought again to horse-pasturing Argos, albeit after he had laboured sore. Of these things will I mind thee yet again, that thou mayest cease from thy beguilings, to the end that thou mayest see whether they anywise avail thee, the dalliance and the couch, wherein thou didst lie with me when thou hadst come forth from among the gods, and didst beguile me."

So spake he, and the ox-eyed, queenly Hera shuddered; and she spake and addressed him with winged words: "Hereto now be Earth my witness and the broad Heaven above, and the down-flowing water of Styx, which is the greatest and most dread oath for the blessed gods, and thine own sacred head, and the couch of us twain, couch of our wedded love, whereby I verily would never forswear myself — not by my will doth Poseidon, the Shaker of Earth, work harm to the Trojans and Hector, and give succour to their foes. Nay, I ween, it is his own soul that urgeth and biddeth him on, and he hath seen the Achaeans sore-bested by their ships and taken pity upon them. But I tell thee, I would counsel even him to walk in that way, wherein thou, O lord of the dark cloud, mayest lead him."

Ὣς φάτο, μείδησεν δὲ πατὴρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε,
καί μιν ἀμειβόμενος ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
"εἰ μὲν δὴ σύ γ' ἔπειτα, βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη,
ἶσον ἐμοὶ φρονέουσα μετ' ἀθανάτοισι καθίζοις,
τῶ κε Ποσειδάων γε, καὶ εἰ μάλα βούλεται ἄλλῃ,
αἶψα μεταστρέψειε νόον μετὰ σὸν καὶ ἐμὸν κῆρ.
ἀλλ' εἰ δή ῥ' ἐτεόν γε καὶ ἀτρεκέως ἀγορεύεις,
ἔρχεο νῦν μετὰ φῦλα θεῶν, καὶ δεῦρο κάλεσσον
Ἶρίν τ' ἐλθέμεναι καὶ Ἀπόλλωνα κλυτότοξον,
ὄφρ' ἣ μὲν μετὰ λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων[1]
ἔλθῃ, καὶ εἴπῃσι Ποσειδάωνι ἄνακτι
παυσάμενον πολέμοιο τὰ ἃ πρὸς δώμαθ' ἱκέσθαι,
Ἕκτορα δ' ὀτρύνῃσι μάχην ἐς Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων,
αὖτις δ' ἐμπνεύσῃσι μένος, λελάθῃ δ' ὀδυνάων
αἳ νῦν μιν τείρουσι κατὰ φρένας, αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὺς
αὖτις ἀποστρέψῃσιν ἀνάλκιδα φύζαν ἐνόρσας,
φεύγοντες δ' ἐν νηυσὶ πολυκλήϊσι πέσωσι
Πηλεΐδεω Ἀχιλῆος· ὁ δ' ἀνστήσει ὃν ἑταῖρον[2]
Πάτροκλον· τὸν δὲ κτενεῖ ἔγχεϊ φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ
Ἰλίου προπάροιθε, πολέας ὀλέσαντ' αἰζηοὺς
τοὺς ἄλλους, μετὰ δ' υἱὸν ἐμὸν Σαρπηδόνα δῖον.
τοῦ δὲ χολωσάμενος κτενεῖ Ἕκτορα δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς.
ἐκ τοῦ δ' ἄν τοι ἔπειτα παλίωξιν παρὰ νηῶν
αἰὲν ἐγὼ τεύχοιμι διαμπερές, εἰς ὅ κ' Ἀχαιοὶ
Ἴλιον αἰπὺ ἕλοιεν Ἀθηναίης διὰ βουλάς.
τὸ πρὶν δ' οὔτ' ἄρ' ἐγὼ παύω χόλον οὔτε τιν' ἄλλον
ἀθανάτων Δαναοῖσιν ἀμυνέμεν ἐνθάδ' ἐάσω,
πρίν γε τὸ Πηλεΐδαο τελευτηθῆναι ἐέλδωρ,
ὥς οἱ ὑπέστην πρῶτον, ἐμῷ δ' ἐπένευσα κάρητι,

[1] Lines 56-77 were rejected by Aristophanes and Aristarchus.
[2] Lines 64-77 were omitted by Zenodotus.

So spake she, and the father of men and gods smiled, and made answer, and spake to her with winged words: "If in good sooth, O ox-eyed, queenly Hera, thy thought hereafter were to be one with my thought as thou sittest among the immortals, then would Poseidon, how contrary soever his wish might be, forthwith bend his mind to follow thy heart and mine. But if verily thou speakest in frankness and in truth, go thou now among the tribes of gods and call Iris to come hither, and Apollo, famed for his bow, that she may go amid the host of the brazen-coated Achaeans, and bid the lord Poseidon that he cease from war, and get him to his own house; but let Phoebus Apollo rouse Hector to the fight, and breathe strength into him again, and make him forget the pains that now distress his heart; and let him drive the Achaeans back once more, when he has roused in them craven panic; so shall they flee and fall among the many-benched ships of Achilles, son of Peleus, and he shall send forth his comrade Patroclus; howbeit him shall glorious Hector slay with the spear before the face of Ilios, after himself hath slain many other youths, and among them withal my son, goodly Sarpedon. And in wrath for Patroclus shall goodly Achilles slay Hector. Then from that time forth shall I cause a driving back of the Trojans from the ships evermore continually, until the Achaeans shall take steep Ilios through the counsels of Athene. But until that hour neither do I refrain my wrath, nor will I suffer any other of the immortals to bear aid to the Danaans here, until the desire of the son of Peleus be fulfilled, even as I promised at the first and bowed my head

ἤματι τῷ ὅτ' ἐμεῖο θεὰ Θέτις ἥψατο γούνων,
λισσομένη τιμῆσαι Ἀχιλλῆα πτολίπορθον."
Ὣς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθησε θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη,
βῆ δ' ἐξ Ἰδαίων ὀρέων ἐς μακρὸν Ὄλυμπον.
ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἂν ἀΐξῃ νόος ἀνέρος, ὅς τ' ἐπὶ πολλὴν
γαῖαν ἐληλουθὼς φρεσὶ πευκαλίμῃσι νοήσῃ,
"ἔνθ' εἴην, ἢ ἔνθα," μενοινήῃσί τε πολλά,
ὣς κραιπνῶς μεμαυῖα διέπτατο πότνια Ἥρη·
ἵκετο δ' αἰπὺν Ὄλυμπον, ὁμηγερέεσσι δ' ἐπῆλθεν
ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσι Διὸς δόμῳ· οἱ δὲ ἰδόντες
πάντες ἀνήϊξαν καὶ δεικανόωντο δέπασσιν.[1]
ἡ δ' ἄλλους μὲν ἔασε, Θέμιστι δὲ καλλιπαρῄῳ
δέκτο δέπας· πρώτη γὰρ ἐναντίη ἦλθε θέουσα,
καί μιν φωνήσασ' ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
"Ἥρη, τίπτε βέβηκας; ἀτυζομένῃ δὲ ἔοικας·
ἦ μάλα δή σε φόβησε Κρόνου πάϊς, ὅς τοι ἀκοίτης."
Τὴν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη·
"μή με, θεὰ Θέμι, ταῦτα διείρεο· οἶσθα καὶ αὐτή,
οἷος κείνου θυμὸς ὑπερφίαλος καὶ ἀπηνής.
ἀλλὰ σύ γ' ἄρχε θεοῖσι δόμοις ἔνι δαιτὸς ἐΐσης·
ταῦτα δὲ καὶ μετὰ πᾶσιν ἀκούσεαι ἀθανάτοισιν,
οἷα Ζεὺς κακὰ ἔργα πιφαύσκεται· οὐδέ τί φημι
πᾶσιν ὁμῶς θυμὸν κεχαρησέμεν, οὔτε βροτοῖσιν
οὔτε θεοῖς, εἴ πέρ τις ἔτι νῦν δαίνυται εὔφρων."
Ἡ μὲν ἄρ' ὣς εἰποῦσα καθέζετο πότνια Ἥρη,
ὄχθησαν δ' ἀνὰ δῶμα Διὸς θεοί· ἡ δὲ γέλασσε

[1] δέπασσιν: ἐπέεσσι Zenodotus.

thereto, on the day when the goddess Thetis clasped my knees, beseeching me to do honour to Achilles, sacker of cities."

So spake he, and the goddess, white-armed Hera, failed not to hearken, but went her way from the mountains of Ida unto high Olympus. And even as swiftly darteth the mind of a man who hath travelled over far lands and thinketh in the wisdom of his heart, "Would I were here, or there," and many are the wishes he conceiveth: even so swiftly sped on in her eagerness the queenly Hera; and she came to steep Olympus, and found the immortal gods gathered together in the house of Zeus, and at sight of her they all sprang up, and greeted her with cups of welcome. She on her part let be the others, but took the cup from Themis, of the fair cheeks, for she ran first to meet her, and spake, and addressed her with winged words: "Hera, wherefore art thou come? Thou art as one distraught. In good sooth the son of Cronos hath affrighted thee, he thine own husband."

Then made answer to her, the goddess, white-armed Hera: "Ask me not at large concerning this, O goddess Themis; of thyself thou knowest what manner of mood is his, how over-haughty and unbending. Nay, do thou begin for the gods the equal feast in the halls, and this shalt thou hear amid all the immortals, even what manner of evil deeds Zeus declareth. In no wise, methinks, will it delight in like manner the hearts of all, whether mortals or gods, if so be any even now still feasteth with a joyful mind."

When she had thus spoken, queenly Hera sate her down, and wroth waxed the gods throughout the hall of Zeus. And she laughed with her lips, but her

χείλεσιν, οὐδὲ μέτωπον ἐπ' ὀφρύσι κυανέῃσιν
ἰάνθη· πᾶσιν δὲ νεμεσσηθεῖσα μετηύδα·
"νήπιοι, οἳ Ζηνὶ μενεαίνομεν ἀφρονέοντες·
ἦ ἔτι μιν μέμαμεν καταπαυσέμεν ἆσσον ἰόντες
ἢ ἔπει ἠὲ βίῃ· ὁ δ' ἀφήμενος οὐκ ἀλεγίζει
οὐδ' ὄθεται· φησὶν γὰρ ἐν ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσι
κάρτεΐ τε σθένεΐ τε διακριδὸν εἶναι ἄριστος.
τῶ ἔχεθ' ὅττι κεν ὔμμι κακὸν πέμπῃσιν ἑκάστῳ.
ἤδη γὰρ νῦν ἔλπομ' Ἄρηΐ γε πῆμα τετύχθαι·
υἱὸς γάρ οἱ ὄλωλε μάχῃ ἔνι, φίλτατος ἀνδρῶν,
Ἀσκάλαφος, τόν φησιν ὃν ἔμμεναι ὄβριμος Ἄρης."
Ὣς ἔφατ', αὐτὰρ Ἄρης θαλερὼ πεπλήγετο μηρὼ
χερσὶ καταπρηνέσσ', ὀλοφυρόμενος δ' ἔπος ηὔδα·
"μὴ νῦν μοι νεμεσήσετ', Ὀλύμπια δώματ' ἔχοντες,
τίσασθαι φόνον υἷος ἰόντ' ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν,
εἴ πέρ μοι καὶ μοῖρα Διὸς πληγέντι κεραυνῷ
κεῖσθαι ὁμοῦ νεκύεσσι μεθ' αἵματι καὶ κονίῃσιν."
Ὣς φάτο, καί ῥ' ἵππους κέλετο Δεῖμόν τε Φόβον τε
ζευγνύμεν, αὐτὸς δ' ἔντε' ἐδύσετο παμφανόωντα.
ἔνθα κ' ἔτι μείζων τε καὶ ἀργαλεώτερος ἄλλος
πὰρ Διὸς ἀθανάτοισι χόλος καὶ μῆνις ἐτύχθη,
εἰ μὴ Ἀθήνη πᾶσι περιδείσασα θεοῖσιν
ὦρτο διὲκ προθύρου, λίπε δὲ θρόνον ἔνθα θάασσε,
τοῦ δ' ἀπὸ μὲν κεφαλῆς κόρυθ' εἵλετο καὶ σάκος ὤμων,
ἔγχος δ' ἔστησε στιβαρῆς ἀπὸ χειρὸς ἑλοῦσα
χάλκεον· ἡ δ' ἐπέεσσι καθάπτετο θοῦρον Ἄρηα·
"μαινόμενε, φρένας ἠλέ, διέφθορας· ἦ νύ τοι αὔτως

forehead above her dark brows relaxed not, and, moved with indignation, she spake among them all: "Fools, that in our witlessness are wroth against Zeus! In sooth we are even yet fain to draw nigh unto him and thwart him of his will by word or by constraint, but he sitteth apart and recketh not, neither giveth heed thereto; for he deemeth that among the immortal gods he is manifestly supreme in might and strength. Wherefore content ye yourselves with whatsoever evil thing he sendeth upon each. Even now I deem that sorrow hath been wrought for Ares, seeing that his son, dearest of men to him, hath perished in battle, even Ascalaphus, whom mighty Ares declareth to be his own."

So spake she, but Ares smote his sturdy thighs with the flat of his hands, and with wailing spake, and said: "Count it not blame for me now, O ye that have dwellings on Olympus, if I go to the ships of the Achaeans and avenge the slaying of my son, even though it be my fate to be smitten with the bolt of Zeus, and to lie low in blood and dust amid the dead."

So spake he and bade Terror and Rout yoke his horses, and himself did on his gleaming armour. Then would yet greater and more grievous wrath and anger have been stirred between Zeus and the immortals, had not Athene, seized with fear for all the gods, sped forth through the doorway, and left the throne whereon she sat, and taken the helm from the head of Ares and the shield from his shoulders; and she took from his strong hand the spear of bronze, and set it down, and with words rebuked furious Ares: "Thou madman, distraught of wit, thou art beside thyself! Verily it is for

οὔατ᾽ ἀκουέμεν ἐστί, νόος δ᾽ ἀπόλωλε καὶ αἰδώς.
οὐκ ἀΐεις ἅ τέ φησι θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη,
ἣ δὴ νῦν πὰρ Ζηνὸς Ὀλυμπίου εἰλήλουθεν;
ἦ ἐθέλεις αὐτὸς μὲν ἀναπλήσας κακὰ πολλὰ
ἂψ ἴμεν Οὔλυμπόνδε καὶ ἀχνύμενός περ ἀνάγκῃ,
αὐτὰρ τοῖς ἄλλοισι κακὸν μέγα πᾶσι[1] φυτεῦσαι;
αὐτίκα γὰρ Τρῶας μὲν ὑπερθύμους καὶ Ἀχαιοὺς
λείψει, ὁ δ᾽ ἡμέας εἶσι κυδοιμήσων ἐς Ὄλυμπον,
μάρψει δ᾽ ἑξείης ὅς τ᾽ αἴτιος ὅς τε καὶ οὐκί.
τῶ σ᾽ αὖ νῦν κέλομαι μεθέμεν χόλον υἷος ἑοῖο.[2]
ἤδη γάρ τις τοῦ γε βίην καὶ χεῖρας ἀμείνων
ἢ πέφατ᾽, ἢ καὶ ἔπειτα πεφήσεται· ἀργαλέον δὲ
πάντων ἀνθρώπων ῥῦσθαι γενεήν τε τόκον τε.”
Ὣς εἰποῦσ᾽ ἵδρυσε θρόνῳ ἔνι θοῦρον Ἄρηα.
Ἥρη δ᾽ Ἀπόλλωνα καλέσσατο δώματος ἐκτὸς
Ἶρίν θ᾽, ἥ τε θεοῖσι μετάγγελος ἀθανάτοισι,
καί σφεας φωνήσασ᾽ ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
“Ζεὺς σφὼ εἰς Ἴδην κέλετ᾽ ἐλθέμεν ὅττι τάχιστα·
αὐτὰρ ἐπὴν ἔλθητε, Διός τ᾽ εἰς ὦπα ἴδησθε,[3]
ἕρδειν ὅττι κε κεῖνος ἐποτρύνῃ καὶ ἀνώγῃ.”
Ἡ μὲν ἄρ᾽ ὣς εἰποῦσα πάλιν κίε πότνια Ἥρη,
ἕζετο δ᾽ εἰνὶ θρόνῳ· τὼ δ᾽ ἀΐξαντε πετέσθην.
Ἴδην δ᾽ ἵκανον πολυπίδακα, μητέρα θηρῶν,
εὗρον δ᾽ εὐρύοπα Κρονίδην ἀνὰ Γαργάρῳ ἄκρῳ
ἥμενον· ἀμφὶ δέ μιν θυόεν νέφος ἐστεφάνωτο.
τὼ δὲ πάροιθ᾽ ἐλθόντε Διὸς νεφεληγερέταο
στήτην· οὐδέ σφωε ἰδὼν ἐχολώσατο θυμῷ,

[1] κακὸν μέγα πᾶσι Aristophanes: θεοῖς μέγα πῆμα Zenodotus.

[2] ἑοῖο Zenodotus: ἑῆος.

[3] Lines 147 f. were rejected by Aristophanes and Aristarchus.

naught that thou hast ears for hearing, and thine understanding and sense of right are gone from thee. Hearest thou not what the goddess, white-armed Hera, saith, she that is but now come from Olympian Zeus? Wouldest thou thyself fulfil the measure of manifold woes, and so return to Olympus despite thy grief, perforce, and for all the rest sow the seeds of grievous woe? For he will forthwith leave the Trojans, high of heart, and the Achaeans, and will hie him to Olympus to set us all in tumult, and will lay hands upon each in turn, the guilty alike and him in whom is no guilt. Wherefore now I bid thee put away thy wrath for thine own son. For ere now many a one more excellent than he in might and strength of hand hath been slain, or will yet be slain; and a hard thing it is to preserve the lineage and offspring of men."

She spake she, and made furious Ares to sit down upon his throne. But Hera called Apollo forth from out the hall, and Iris, that is the messenger of the immortal gods; and she spake and addressed them with winged words: "Zeus biddeth you twain go to Ida with all the speed ye may; and when ye have come, and looked upon the face of Zeus, then do ye whatsoever he may order and command."

When she had thus spoken queenly Hera returned again and sate her down upon her throne; and the twain sprang up and sped forth upon their way. To many-fountained Ida they came, mother of wild beasts, and found Zeus, whose voice is borne afar, seated on topmost Gargarus; and about him a fragrant cloud was wreathed. The twain then came before the face of Zeus, the cloud-gatherer, and at sight of them his heart waxed nowise wroth,

ὅττι οἱ ὦκ' ἐπέεσσι φίλης ἀλόχοιο πιθέσθην.
Ἶριν δὲ προτέρην ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα.
"βάσκ' ἴθι, Ἶρι ταχεῖα, Ποσειδάωνι ἄνακτι
πάντα τάδ' ἀγγεῖλαι, μηδὲ ψευδάγγελος εἶναι.
παυσάμενόν μιν ἄνωχθι μάχης ἠδὲ πτολέμοιο
ἔρχεσθαι μετὰ φῦλα θεῶν ἢ εἰς ἅλα δῖαν.
εἰ δέ μοι οὐκ ἐπέεσσ' ἐπιπείσεται, ἀλλ' ἀλογήσει,
φραζέσθω δὴ ἔπειτα κατὰ φρένα καὶ κατὰ θυμόν,
μή μ' οὐδὲ κρατερός περ ἐὼν ἐπιόντα ταλάσσῃ
μεῖναι, ἐπεί ἑο φημὶ βίῃ πολὺ φέρτερος εἶναι
καὶ γενεῇ πρότερος· τοῦ δ' οὐκ ὄθεται φίλον ἦτορ[1]
ἶσον ἐμοὶ φάσθαι, τόν τε στυγέουσι καὶ ἄλλοι."
Ὣς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθησε ποδήνεμος ὠκέα Ἶρις,
βῆ δὲ κατ' Ἰδαίων ὀρέων ἐς Ἴλιον ἱρήν.
ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἂν ἐκ νεφέων πτῆται νιφὰς ἠὲ χάλαζα
ψυχρὴ ὑπὸ ῥιπῆς αἰθρηγενέος Βορέαο,
ὣς κραιπνῶς μεμαυῖα διέπτατο ὠκέα Ἶρις,
ἀγχοῦ δ' ἱσταμένη προσέφη κλυτὸν ἐννοσίγαιον·
"ἀγγελίην τινά τοι, γαιήοχε κυανοχαῖτα,
ἦλθον δεῦρο φέρουσα παραὶ Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο.
παυσάμενόν σε κέλευσε μάχης ἠδὲ πτολέμοιο
ἔρχεσθαι μετὰ φῦλα θεῶν ἢ εἰς ἅλα δῖαν.
εἰ δέ οἱ οὐκ ἐπέεσσ' ἐπιπείσεαι, ἀλλ' ἀλογήσεις,
ἠπείλει καὶ κεῖνος ἐναντίβιον πολεμίξων
ἐνθάδ' ἐλεύσεσθαι· σὲ δ' ὑπεξαλέασθαι ἄνωγε
χεῖρας, ἐπεὶ σέο φησὶ βίῃ πολὺ φέρτερος εἶναι
καὶ γενεῇ πρότερος· σὸν δ' οὐκ ὄθεται φίλον ἦτορ
ἶσόν οἱ φάσθαι, τόν τε στυγέουσι καὶ ἄλλοι."

[1] Lines 166 f. were rejected by Aristarchus.

for that they had speedily obeyed the words of his dear wife. And to Iris first he spake winged words: "Up, go, swift Iris; unto the lord Poseidon bear thou all these tidings, and see thou tell him true. Bid him cease from war and battle, and go to join the tribes of gods, or into the bright sea. And if so be he will not obey my words, but shall set them at naught, let him bethink him then in mind and heart, lest, how strong soever he be, he have no hardihood to abide my on-coming; for I avow me to be better far than he in might, and the elder born. Yet his heart counteth it but a little thing to declare himself the peer of me of whom even the other gods are adread."

So spake he, and wind-footed, swift Iris failed not to hearken, but went down from the hills of Ida to sacred Ilios. And as when from the clouds there flieth snow or chill hail, driven by the blast of the North Wind that is born in the bright heaven, even so fleetly sped in her eagerness swift Iris; and she drew nigh, and spake to the glorious Shaker of Earth, saying: "A message for thee, O Earth-Enfolder, thou dark-haired god, have I come hither to bring from Zeus, that beareth the aegis. He biddeth thee cease from war and battle, and go to join the tribes of gods, or into the bright sea. And if so be thou wilt not obey his words, but shalt set them at naught, he threateneth that he will himself come hither to set his might against thine in battle; and he biddeth thee avoid thee out of his hands; for he avoweth him to be better far than thou in might, and the elder born. Yet thy heart counteth it but a little thing to declare thyself the peer of him, of whom even the other gods are adread."

Τὴν δὲ μέγ' ὀχθήσας προσέφη κλυτὸς ἐννοσίγαιος·
"ὢ πόποι, ἦ ῥ' ἀγαθός περ ἐὼν ὑπέροπλον ἔειπεν,
εἴ μ' ὁμότιμον ἐόντα βίῃ ἀέκοντα καθέξει.
τρεῖς γάρ τ' ἐκ Κρόνου εἰμὲν ἀδελφεοί, οὓς τέκετο Ῥέα,
Ζεὺς καὶ ἐγώ, τρίτατος δ' Ἀΐδης, ἐνέροισιν ἀνάσσων.
τριχθὰ δὲ πάντα δέδασται, ἕκαστος δ' ἔμμορε τιμῆς·
ἦ τοι ἐγὼν ἔλαχον πολιὴν ἅλα ναιέμεν αἰεὶ
παλλομένων, Ἀΐδης δ' ἔλαχε ζόφον ἠερόεντα,
Ζεὺς δ' ἔλαχ' οὐρανὸν εὐρὺν[1] ἐν αἰθέρι καὶ νεφέλῃσι·
γαῖα δ' ἔτι ξυνὴ πάντων καὶ μακρὸς Ὄλυμπος.
τῶ ῥα καὶ οὔ τι Διὸς βέομαι φρεσίν, ἀλλὰ ἕκηλος
καὶ κρατερός περ ἐὼν μενέτω τριτάτῃ ἐνὶ μοίρῃ.
χερσὶ δὲ μή τί με πάγχυ κακὸν ὣς δειδισσέσθω·
θυγατέρεσσιν γάρ τε καὶ υἱάσι βέλτερον[2] εἴη
ἐκπάγλοις ἐπέεσσιν ἐνισσέμεν, οὓς τέκεν αὐτός,
οἵ ἑθεν ὀτρύνοντος ἀκούσονται καὶ ἀνάγκῃ."
Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα ποδήνεμος ὠκέα Ἶρις·
"οὕτω γὰρ δή τοι, γαιήοχε κυανοχαῖτα,
τόνδε φέρω Διὶ μῦθον ἀπηνέα τε κρατερόν τε,
ἦ τι μεταστρέψεις; στρεπταὶ μέν τε φρένες ἐσθλῶν.
οἶσθ' ὡς πρεσβυτέροισιν Ἐρινύες αἰὲν ἕπονται."
Τὴν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων·
"Ἶρι θεά, μάλα τοῦτο ἔπος κατὰ μοῖραν ἔειπες·[3]

[1] εὐρὺν: αἰπὺν Zenodotus.
[2] βέλτερον Aristarchus: κάλλιον Aristophanes.
[3] Line 206 was rejected by Zenodotus.

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[1] The Erinyes in Homer are the upholders of the moral order with especial reference to the sanctity of the family; see ix. 254; *Od.* ii. 135; xi. 280.

Then, stirred to hot anger, the glorious Shaker of Earth spake unto her: "Out upon it, verily strong though he be he hath spoken overweeningly, if in sooth by force and in mine own despite he will restrain me that am of like honour with himself. For three brethren are we, begotten of Cronos, and born of Rhea,—Zeus, and myself, and the third is Hades, that is lord of the dead below. And in threefold wise are all things divided, and unto each hath been apportioned his own domain. I verily, when the lots were shaken, won for my portion the grey sea to be my habitation for ever, and Hades won the murky darkness, while Zeus won the broad heaven amid the air and the clouds; but the earth and high Olympus remain yet common to us all. Wherefore will I not in any wise walk after the will of Zeus; nay in quiet let him abide in his third portion, how strong soever he be. And with might of hand let him not seek to affright me, as though I were some coward. His daughters and his sons were it better for him to threaten with blustering words, even them that himself begat, who perforce will hearken to whatsoever he may bid."

Then wind-footed swift Iris answered him: "Is it thus in good sooth, O Earth-Enfolder, thou dark-haired god, that I am to bear to Zeus this message, unyielding and harsh, or wilt thou anywise turn thee; for the hearts of the good may be turned? Thou knowest how the Erinyes ever follow to aid the elder-born."[1]

Then answered her again Poseidon, the Shaker of Earth: "Goddess Iris, this word of thine is right

ἐσθλὸν καὶ τὸ τέτυκται, ὅτ' ἄγγελος αἴσιμα εἰδῇ.[1]
ἀλλὰ τόδ' αἰνὸν ἄχος κραδίην καὶ θυμὸν ἱκάνει,
ὁππότ' ἂν ἰσόμορον καὶ ὁμῇ πεπρωμένον αἴσῃ
νεικείειν ἐθέλῃσι χολωτοῖσιν ἐπέεσσιν.
ἀλλ' ἦ τοι νῦν μέν κε νεμεσσηθεὶς ὑποείξω·
ἄλλο δέ τοι ἐρέω, καὶ ἀπειλήσω τό γε θυμῷ·[2]
αἴ κεν ἄνευ ἐμέθεν καὶ Ἀθηναίης ἀγελείης,
Ἥρης Ἑρμείω τε καὶ Ἡφαίστοιο ἄνακτος,
Ἰλίου αἰπεινῆς πεφιδήσεται, οὐδ' ἐθελήσει
ἐκπέρσαι, δοῦναι δὲ μέγα κράτος Ἀργείοισιν,
ἴστω τοῦθ', ὅτι νῶϊν ἀνήκεστος χόλος ἔσται."
Ὣς εἰπὼν λίπε λαὸν Ἀχαιϊκὸν ἐννοσίγαιος,
δῦνε δὲ πόντον ἰών, πόθεσαν δ' ἥρωες Ἀχαιοί.
Καὶ τότ' Ἀπόλλωνα προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεύς·
"ἔρχεο νῦν, φίλε Φοῖβε, μεθ' Ἕκτορα χαλκοκορυστήν·
ἤδη μὲν γάρ τοι γαιήοχος ἐννοσίγαιος
οἴχεται εἰς ἅλα δῖαν, ἀλευάμενος χόλον αἰπὺν
ἡμέτερον· μάλα γάρ κε μάχης ἐπύθοντο καὶ ἄλλοι,
οἵ περ ἐνέρτεροί εἰσι θεοί, Κρόνον ἀμφὶς ἐόντες.
ἀλλὰ τόδ' ἠμὲν ἐμοὶ πολὺ κέρδιον ἠδέ οἱ αὐτῷ
ἔπλετο, ὅττι πάροιθε νεμεσσηθεὶς ὑπόειξε
χεῖρας ἐμάς, ἐπεὶ οὔ κεν ἀνιδρωτί γε τελέσθη.
ἀλλὰ σύ γ' ἐν χείρεσσι λάβ' αἰγίδα θυσσανόεσσαν,
τῇ μάλ' ἐπισσείων φοβέειν ἥρωας Ἀχαιούς·
σοὶ δ' αὐτῷ μελέτω, ἑκατηβόλε, φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ·[3]
τόφρα γὰρ οὖν οἱ ἔγειρε μένος μέγα, ὄφρ' ἂν Ἀχαιοὶ
φεύγοντες νῆάς τε καὶ Ἑλλήσποντον ἵκωνται.

[1] εἰδῇ: εἴπῃ Zenodotus.
[2] Lines 212-217 were rejected by Aristarchus.
[3] Lines 231-235 were rejected by Aristophanes and Aristarchus.

fitly spoken; and a good thing verily is this, when a messenger hath an understanding heart. But herein dread grief cometh upon my heart and soul, whenso any is minded to upbraid with angry words one of like portion with himself, to whom fate hath decreed an equal share. Howbeit for this present will I yield, despite mine indignation; yet another thing will I tell thee, and make this threat in my wrath: if in despite of me, and of Athene, driver of the spoil, and of Hera, and Hermes, and lord Hephaestus, he shall spare steep Ilios, and shall be minded not to lay it waste, neither to give great might to the Argives, let him know this, that between us twain shall be wrath that naught can appease."

So saying, the Shaker of Earth left the host of the Achaeans, and fared to the sea and plunged therein; and the Achaean warriors missed him sore.

Then unto Apollo spake Zeus, the cloud-gatherer: "Go now, dear Phoebus, unto Hector, harnessed in bronze, for now is the Enfolder and Shaker of Earth gone into the bright sea, avoiding our utter wrath; else verily had others too heard of our strife, even the gods that are in the world below with Cronos. But this was better for both, for me and for his own self, that ere then he yielded to my hands despite his wrath, for not without sweat would the issue have been wrought. But do thou take in thine hands the tasselled aegis, and shake it fiercely over the Achaean warriors to affright them withal. And for thine own self, thou god that smitest afar, let glorious Hector be thy care, and for this time's space rouse in him great might, even until the Achaeans shall come in flight unto their ships and the Hellespont. From

κεῖθεν δ' αὐτὸς ἐγὼ φράσομαι ἔργον τε ἔπος τε,
ὥς κε καὶ αὖτις Ἀχαιοὶ ἀναπνεύσωσι πόνοιο."
Ὣς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἄρα πατρὸς ἀνηκούστησεν Ἀπόλλων,
βῆ δὲ κατ' Ἰδαίων ὀρέων, ἴρηκι ἐοικὼς
ὠκέϊ φασσοφόνῳ, ὅς τ' ὤκιστος πετεηνῶν.
εὗρ' υἱὸν Πριάμοιο δαΐφρονος, Ἕκτορα δῖον,
ἥμενον, οὐδ' ἔτι κεῖτο, νέον δ' ἐσαγείρετο θυμόν,
ἀμφὶ ἓ γιγνώσκων ἑτάρους· ἀτὰρ ἆσθμα καὶ ἱδρὼς
παύετ', ἐπεί μιν ἔγειρε Διὸς νόος αἰγιόχοιο.
ἀγχοῦ δ' ἱστάμενος προσέφη ἑκάεργος Ἀπόλλων·
"Ἕκτορ, υἱὲ Πριάμοιο, τίη δὲ σὺ νόσφιν ἀπ' ἄλλων
ἧσ' ὀλιγηπελέων; ἦ πού τί σε κῆδος ἱκάνει;"
Τὸν δ' ὀλιγοδρανέων προσέφη κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ·
"τίς δὲ σύ ἐσσι φέριστε θεῶν, ὅς μ' εἴρεαι ἄντην;
οὐκ ἀΐεις ὅ με νηυσὶν ἔπι πρυμνῇσιν Ἀχαιῶν
οὓς ἑτάρους ὀλέκοντα βοὴν ἀγαθὸς βάλεν Αἴας
χερμαδίῳ πρὸς στῆθος, ἔπαυσε δὲ θούριδος ἀλκῆς;
καὶ δὴ ἐγώ γ' ἐφάμην νέκυας καὶ δῶμ' Ἀΐδαο
ἤματι τῷδ' ὄψεσθαι,[1] ἐπεὶ φίλον ἄϊον ἦτορ."
Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπεν ἄναξ ἑκάεργος Ἀπόλλων·
"θάρσει νῦν· τοῖόν τοι ἀοσσητῆρα Κρονίων
ἐξ Ἴδης προέηκε παρεστάμεναι καὶ ἀμύνειν,
Φοῖβον Ἀπόλλωνα χρυσάορον, ὅς σε πάρος περ
ῥύομ', ὁμῶς αὐτόν τε καὶ αἰπεινὸν πτολίεθρον.
ἀλλ' ἄγε νῦν ἱππεῦσιν ἐπότρυνον πολέεσσι
νηυσὶν ἔπι γλαφυρῇσιν ἐλαυνέμεν ὠκέας ἵππους·

[1] ὄψεσθαι: ἵξεσθαι.

that moment will I myself contrive word and deed, to the end that yet again the Achaeans may have respite from their toil."

So spake he, nor was Apollo disobedient to his father's bidding, but went down from the hills of Ida, like a fleet falcon, the slayer of doves, that is the swiftest of winged things. He found the son of wise-hearted Priam, even goodly Hector, sitting up, for he lay no longer, and he was but newly gathering back his spirit, and knew his comrades round about him, and his gasping and his sweat had ceased, for the will of Zeus, that beareth the aegis, revived him. And Apollo, that worketh afar, drew nigh unto him, and said: "Hector, son of Priam, why is it that thou apart from the rest abidest here fainting? Is it haply that some trouble is come upon thee?"

Then, his strength all spent, spake to him Hector of the flashing helm: "Who of the gods art thou, mightiest one, that dost make question of me face to face? Knowest thou not that at the sterns of the Achaeans' ships as I made havoc of his comrades, Aias, good at the war-cry, smote me on the breast with a stone, and made me cease from my furious might? Aye, and I deemed that on this day I should behold the dead and the house of Hades, when I had gasped forth my life."

Then spake to him again the lord Apollo, that worketh afar: "Be now of good cheer, so mighty a helper hath the son of Cronos sent forth from Ida to stand by thy side and succour thee, even me, Phoebus Apollo of the golden sword, that of old ever protect thee, thyself and the steep citadel withal. But come now, bid thy many charioteers drive against the hollow ships their swift horses, and I will

αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ προπάροιθε κιὼν ἵπποισι κέλευθον
πᾶσαν λειανέω, τρέψω δ' ἥρωας Ἀχαιούς."
"Ὣς εἰπὼν ἔμπνευσε μένος μέγα ποιμένι λαῶν.
ὡς δ' ὅτε τις στατὸς ἵππος, ἀκοστήσας ἐπὶ φάτνῃ,
δεσμὸν ἀπορρήξας θείῃ πεδίοιο κροαίνων,
εἰωθὼς λούεσθαι ἐϋρρεῖος ποταμοῖο,[1]
κυδιόων· ὑψοῦ δὲ κάρη ἔχει, ἀμφὶ δὲ χαῖται
ὤμοις ἀΐσσονται· ὁ δ' ἀγλαΐηφι πεποιθώς,
ῥίμφα ἑ γοῦνα φέρει μετά τ' ἤθεα καὶ νομὸν ἵππων·
ὣς Ἕκτωρ λαιψηρὰ πόδας καὶ γούνατ' ἐνώμα
ὀτρύνων ἱππῆας, ἐπεὶ θεοῦ ἔκλυεν αὐδήν.
οἱ δ' ὥς τ' ἢ ἔλαφον κεραὸν ἢ ἄγριον αἶγα
ἐσσεύαντο κύνες τε καὶ ἀνέρες ἀγροιῶται·
τὸν μέν τ' ἠλίβατος πέτρη καὶ δάσκιος ὕλη
εἰρύσατ', οὐδ' ἄρα τέ σφι κιχήμεναι αἴσιμον ἦεν·
τῶν δέ θ' ὑπὸ ἰαχῆς ἐφάνη λὶς ἠϋγένειος
εἰς ὁδόν, αἶψα δὲ πάντας ἀπέτραπε καὶ μεμαῶτας·
ὣς Δαναοὶ ἧος μὲν ὁμιλαδὸν αἰὲν ἕποντο,
νύσσοντες ξίφεσίν τε καὶ ἔγχεσιν ἀμφιγύοισιν·
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ ἴδον Ἕκτορ' ἐποιχόμενον στίχας ἀνδρῶν,
τάρβησαν, πᾶσιν δὲ παραὶ ποσὶ κάππεσε θυμός.
Τοῖσι δ' ἔπειτ' ἀγόρευε Θόας, Ἀνδραίμονος υἱός,
Αἰτωλῶν ὄχ' ἄριστος, ἐπιστάμενος μὲν ἄκοντι,
ἐσθλὸς δ' ἐν σταδίῃ· ἀγορῇ δέ ἑ παῦροι Ἀχαιῶν
νίκων, ὁππότε κοῦροι ἐρίσσειαν περὶ μύθων·
ὅ σφιν ἐῢ φρονέων ἀγορήσατο καὶ μετέειπεν·
"ὢ πόποι, ἦ μέγα θαῦμα τόδ' ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ὁρῶμαι,
οἷον δὴ αὖτ' ἐξαῦτις ἀνέστη κῆρας ἀλύξας
Ἕκτωρ· ἦ θήν μιν μάλα ἔλπετο θυμὸς ἑκάστου

[1] Lines 265-268 (=vi. 508-511) were rejected by Aristarchus. Line 265 was omitted by Zenodotus.

go before and make smooth all the way for the chariots, and will turn in flight the Achaean warriors."

So saying, he breathed great might into the shepherd of the host. And even as when a stalled horse that has fed his fill at the manger, breaketh his halter, and runneth stamping over the plain—being wont to bathe him in the fair-flowing river—and exulteth; on high doth he hold his head and about his shoulders his mane floateth streaming, and as he glorieth in his splendour his knees nimbly bear him to the haunts and pastures of mares; even so swiftly plied Hector his feet and knees, urging on his charioteers, when he had heard the voice of the god. But as when dogs and country-folk pursue a horned stag or a wild goat, but a sheer rock or a shadowy thicket saveth him from them, nor is it their lot to find him; and then at their clamour a bearded lion showeth himself in the way, and forthwith turneth them all back despite their eagerness: even so the Danaans for a time ever followed on in throngs, thrusting with swords and two-edged spears, but when they saw Hector going up and down the ranks of men, then were they seized with fear, and the spirits of all men sank down to their feet.

Then among them spake Thoas, son of Andraemon, far the best of the Aetolians, well-skilled in throwing the javelin, but a good man too in close fight, and in the place of assembly could but few of the Achaeans surpass him, when the young men were striving in debate. He with good intent addressed their gathering, and spake among them: "Now look you, verily a great marvel is this that mine eyes behold, how that now he is risen again and hath avoided the fates, even Hector. In sooth the heart of each man

χερσὶν ὑπ' Αἴαντος θανέειν Τελαμωνιάδαο.
ἀλλά τις αὖτε θεῶν ἐρρύσατο καὶ ἐσάωσεν
Ἕκτορ', ὃ δὴ πολλῶν Δαναῶν ὑπὸ γούνατ' ἔλυσεν,
ὡς καὶ νῦν ἔσσεσθαι ὀΐομαι· οὐ γὰρ ἄτερ γε
Ζηνὸς ἐριγδούπου πρόμος ἵσταται ὧδε μενοινῶν.
ἀλλ' ἄγεθ', ὡς ἂν ἐγὼν εἴπω, πειθώμεθα πάντες.
πληθὺν μὲν ποτὶ νῆας ἀνώξομεν ἀπονέεσθαι·
αὐτοὶ δ', ὅσσοι ἄριστοι ἐνὶ στρατῷ εὐχόμεθ' εἶναι,
στήομεν, εἴ κεν πρῶτον ἐρύξομεν ἀντιάσαντες,
δούρατ' ἀνασχόμενοι· τὸν δ' οἴω καὶ μεμαῶτα
θυμῷ δείσεσθαι Δαναῶν καταδῦναι ὅμιλον."
Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα τοῦ μάλα μὲν κλύον ἠδ' ἐπίθοντο·
οἱ μὲν ἄρ' ἀμφ' Αἴαντα καὶ Ἰδομενῆα ἄνακτα,
Τεῦκρον Μηριόνην τε Μέγην τ', ἀτάλαντον Ἄρηϊ,
ὑσμίνην ἤρτυνον, ἀριστῆας καλέσαντες,
Ἕκτορι καὶ Τρώεσσιν ἐναντίον· αὐτὰρ ὀπίσσω
ἡ πληθὺς ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν ἀπονέοντο.
Τρῶες δὲ προὔτυψαν ἀολλέες, ἦρχε δ' ἄρ' Ἕκτωρ
μακρὰ βιβάς·[1] πρόσθεν δὲ κί' αὐτοῦ Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων
εἱμένος ὤμοιιν νεφέλην, ἔχε δ' αἰγίδα θοῦριν,
δεινὴν ἀμφιδάσειαν ἀριπρεπέ', ἣν ἄρα χαλκεὺς
Ἥφαιστος Διὶ δῶκε φορήμεναι ἐς φόβον ἀνδρῶν·
τὴν ἄρ' ὅ γ' ἐν χείρεσσιν ἔχων ἡγήσατο λαῶν.
Ἀργεῖοι δ' ὑπέμειναν ἀολλέες, ὦρτο δ' ἀϋτὴ
ὀξεῖ' ἀμφοτέρωθεν, ἀπὸ νευρῆφι δ' ὀϊστοὶ
θρῷσκον· πολλὰ δὲ δοῦρα θρασειάων ἀπὸ χειρῶν
ἄλλα μὲν ἐν χροῒ πήγνυτ' ἀρηϊθόων αἰζηῶν,

[1] βιβάς: βοῶν Zenodotus.

of us hoped that he had died beneath the hands of Aias, son of Telamon. But lo, some one of the gods hath again delivered and saved Hector, who verily hath loosed the knees of many Danaans, as, I deem, will befall even now, since not without the will of loud-thundering Zeus doth he stand forth thus eagerly as a champion. Nay come, even as I shall bid, let us all obey. The multitude let us bid return to the ships, but ourselves, all we that declare us to be the best in the host, let us take our stand, if so be we first may face him, and thrust him back with our outstretched spears; methinks, for all his eagerness, he will fear at heart to enter into the throng of the Danaans."

So spake he, and they readily hearkened and obeyed. They that were in the company of Aias and prince Idomeneus, and Teucer, and Meriones, and Meges, the peer of Ares, called to the chieftains, and marshalled the fight, fronting Hector and the Trojans, but behind them the multitude fared back to the ships of the Achaeans.

Then the Trojans drave forward in close throng, and Hector led them, advancing with long strides, while before him went Phoebus Apollo, his shoulders wrapped in cloud, bearing the fell aegis, girt with shaggy fringe, awful, gleaming bright, that the smith Hephaestus gave to Zeus to bear for the putting to rout of warriors; this Apollo bare in his hands as he led on the host.

And the Argives in close throng abode their coming, and the war-cry rose shrill from either side, and the arrows leapt from the bow-string, and many spears, hurled by bold hands, were some of them lodged in the flesh of youths swift in battle, and

πολλὰ δὲ καὶ μεσσηγύ, πάρος χρόα λευκὸν ἐπαυρεῖν
ἐν γαίῃ ἵσταντο λιλαιόμενα χροὸς ἆσαι.
ὄφρα μὲν αἰγίδα χερσὶν ἔχ' ἀτρέμα Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων,
τόφρα μάλ' ἀμφοτέρων βέλε' ἥπτετο, πῖπτε δὲ λαός·
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ κατ' ἐνῶπα ἰδὼν Δαναῶν ταχυπώλων
σεῖσ', ἐπὶ δ' αὐτὸς ἄϋσε μάλα μέγα, τοῖσι δὲ θυμὸν
ἐν στήθεσσιν ἔθελξε, λάθοντο δὲ θούριδος ἀλκῆς.
οἱ δ' ὥς τ' ἠὲ βοῶν ἀγέλην ἢ πῶϋ μέγ' οἰῶν
θῆρε δύω κλονέωσι μελαίνης νυκτὸς ἀμολγῷ,
ἐλθόντ' ἐξαπίνης σημάντορος οὐ παρεόντος,
ὣς ἐφόβηθεν Ἀχαιοὶ ἀνάλκιδες· ἐν γὰρ Ἀπόλλων
ἧκε φόβον, Τρωσὶν δὲ καὶ Ἕκτορι κῦδος ὄπαζεν.
Ἔνθα δ' ἀνὴρ ἕλεν ἄνδρα κεδασθείσης ὑσμίνης.
Ἕκτωρ μὲν Στιχίον τε καὶ Ἀρκεσίλαον ἔπεφνε,
τὸν μὲν Βοιωτῶν ἡγήτορα χαλκοχιτώνων,
τὸν δὲ Μενεσθῆος μεγαθύμου πιστὸν ἑταῖρον·
Αἰνείας δὲ Μέδοντα καὶ Ἴασον ἐξενάριξεν.
ἤ τοι ὁ μὲν νόθος υἱὸς Ὀϊλῆος[1] θείοιο
ἔσκε Μέδων, Αἴαντος ἀδελφεός· αὐτὰρ ἔναιεν
ἐν Φυλάκῃ γαίης ἄπο πατρίδος, ἄνδρα κατακτάς,
γνωτὸν μητρυιῆς Ἐριώπιδος, ἣν ἔχ' Ὀϊλεύς·
Ἴασος αὖτ' ἀρχὸς μὲν Ἀθηναίων ἐτέτυκτο,
υἱὸς δὲ Σφήλοιο καλέσκετο Βουκολίδαο.
Μηκιστῆ δ' ἕλε Πουλυδάμας, Ἐχίον δὲ Πολίτης
πρώτῃ ἐν ὑσμίνῃ, Κλονίον δ' ἕλε δῖος Ἀγήνωρ.
Δηΐοχον δὲ Πάρις βάλε νείατον ὦμον ὄπισθε
φεύγοντ' ἐν προμάχοισι, διαπρὸ δὲ χαλκὸν ἔλασσεν.

[1] Ὀϊλῆος: ὁ Ἰλῆος Zenodotus.

many of them, or ever they reached the white flesh, stood fixed midway in the earth, fain to glut themselves with flesh. Now so long as Phoebus Apollo held the aegis moveless in his hands, even so long the missiles of either side reached their mark and the folk kept falling; but when he looked full in the faces of the Danaans of swift horses, and shook the aegis, and himself shouted mightily withal, then made he their hearts to faint within their breasts, and they forgat their furious might. And as when two wild beasts drive in confusion a herd of kine or a great flock of sheep in the darkness of black night, when they have come upon them suddenly, and a herdsman is not by, even so were the Achaeans driven in rout with no might in them; for upon them Apollo had sent panic, and unto the Trojans and Hector was he giving glory.

Then man slew man as the fight was scattered. Hector laid low Stichius and Arcesilaus, the one a leader of the brazen-coated Boeotians, and the other a trusty comrade of great-souled Menestheus; and Aeneas slew Medon and Iasus. The one verily, Medon, was a bastard son of godlike Oïleus, and brother of Aias, but he dwelt in Phylace far from his native land, for that he had slain a man of the kin of his stepmother, Eriopis that Oïleus had to wife; and Iasus was a captain of the Athenians, and was called the son of Sphelus, son of Bucolus. And Mecisteus did Polydamas slay, and Polites slew Echius in the forefront of the fight, and Clonius was slain of goodly Agenor. And Deïochus did Paris smite from behind, as he fled amid the foremost fighters, upon the base of the shoulder, and drave the bronze clean through.

Ὄφρ' οἳ τοὺς ἐνάριζον ἀπ' ἔντεα, τόφρα δ' Ἀχαιοὶ
τάφρῳ καὶ σκολόπεσσιν ἐνιπλήξαντες ὀρυκτῇ
ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα φέβοντο, δύοντο δὲ τεῖχος ἀνάγκῃ.
Ἕκτωρ δὲ Τρώεσσιν ἐκέκλετο μακρὸν ἀΰσας·
"νηυσὶν ἐπισσεύεσθαι, ἐᾶν δ' ἔναρα βροτόεντα·
ὃν δ' ἂν ἐγὼν ἀπάνευθε νεῶν ἑτέρωθι νοήσω,
αὐτοῦ οἱ θάνατον μητίσομαι, οὐδέ νυ τόν γε
γνωτοί τε γνωταί τε πυρὸς λελάχωσι θανόντα,
ἀλλὰ κύνες ἐρύουσι πρὸ ἄστεος ἡμετέροιο."
Ὣς εἰπὼν μάστιγι κατωμαδὸν ἤλασεν ἵππους,
κεκλόμενος Τρώεσσι κατὰ στίχας· οἱ δὲ σὺν αὐτῷ
πάντες ὁμοκλήσαντες ἔχον ἐρυσάρματας ἵππους
ἠχῇ θεσπεσίῃ· προπάροιθε δὲ Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων
ῥεῖ' ὄχθας καπέτοιο βαθείης ποσσὶν[1] ἐρείπων
ἐς μέσσον κατέβαλλε, γεφύρωσεν δὲ κέλευθον
μακρὴν ἠδ' εὐρεῖαν, ὅσον τ' ἐπὶ δουρὸς ἐρωὴ
γίγνεται, ὁππότ' ἀνὴρ σθένεος πειρώμενος ᾗσι.
τῇ ῥ' οἵ γε προχέοντο φαλαγγηδόν, πρὸ δ' Ἀπόλλων
αἰγίδ' ἔχων ἐρίτιμον· ἔρειπε δὲ τεῖχος Ἀχαιῶν
ῥεῖα μάλ', ὡς ὅτε τις ψάμαθον πάϊς ἄγχι θαλάσσης,
ὅς τ' ἐπεὶ οὖν ποιήσῃ ἀθύρματα νηπιέῃσιν,
ἂψ αὖτις συνέχευε ποσὶν καὶ χερσὶν ἀθύρων.
ὥς ῥα σύ, ἤϊε Φοῖβε, πολὺν κάματον καὶ ὀϊζὺν
σύγχεας Ἀργείων, αὐτοῖσι δὲ φύζαν ἐνῶρσας.
Ὣς οἱ μὲν παρὰ νηυσὶν ἐρητύοντο μένοντες,
ἀλλήλοισί τε κεκλόμενοι καὶ πᾶσι θεοῖσι
χεῖρας ἀνίσχοντες μεγάλ' εὐχετόωντο ἕκαστος·

[1] ποσσὶν: χερσὶν Zenodotus.

[1] The word ἤϊε is of wholly unknown meaning, recurring again in xx. 152. Aristarchus took it to mean "Archer," and wrote ἤϊε (ἵημι).

While they were stripping the armour from these, meanwhile the Achaeans were flinging themselves into the digged trench and against the palisade, fleeing this way and that, and were getting them within their wall perforce. And Hector shouted aloud, and called to the Trojans: "Speed ye against the ships, and let be the blood-stained spoils. Whomsoever I shall mark holding aloof from the ships on the further side, on the very spot shall I devise his death, nor shall his kinsmen and kinswomen give him his due meed of fire in death, but the dogs shall rend him in front of our city."

So saying, with a downward sweep of his arm he smote his horses with the lash, and called aloud to the Trojans along the ranks; and they all raised a shout, and even with him drave the steeds that drew their chariots, with a wondrous din; and before them Phoebus Apollo lightly dashed down with his feet the banks of the deep trench, and cast them into the midst thereof, bridging for the men a pathway long and broad, even as far as a spear-cast, when a man hurleth, making trial of his strength. Therethrough they poured forward rank on rank, and before them went Apollo, bearing the priceless aegis. And full easily did he cast down the wall of the Achaeans, even as when a boy scattereth the sand by the sea, one that makes of it a plaything in his childishness, and then again confounds it with hands and feet as he maketh sport; so lightly didst thou, O archer [1] Phoebus, confound the long toil and labour of the Achaeans, and on themselves send rout.

So then beside their ships the Danaans halted, and were stayed, calling one upon the other, and lifting up their hands to all the gods they made

Νέστωρ αὖτε μάλιστα Γερήνιος, οὖρος Ἀχαιῶν,
εὔχετο, χεῖρ᾽ ὀρέγων εἰς οὐρανὸν ἀστερόεντα·
"Ζεῦ πάτερ, εἴ ποτέ τίς τοι ἐν Ἄργεΐ περ πολυπύρῳ
ἢ βοὸς ἢ οἰὸς κατὰ πίονα μηρία καίων
εὔχετο νοστῆσαι, σὺ δ᾽ ὑπέσχεο καὶ κατένευσας,
τῶν μνῆσαι καὶ ἄμυνον, Ὀλύμπιε, νηλεὲς ἦμαρ,
μηδ᾽ οὕτω Τρώεσσιν ἔα δάμνασθαι Ἀχαιούς."
  Ὣς ἔφατ᾽ εὐχόμενος, μέγα δ᾽ ἔκτυπε[1] μητίετα Ζεύς,
ἀράων ἀΐων Νηληϊάδαο γέροντος.
  Τρῶες δ᾽ ὡς ἐπύθοντο Διὸς κτύπον αἰγιόχοιο,
μᾶλλον ἐπ᾽ Ἀργείοισι θόρον, μνήσαντο δὲ χάρμης.
οἱ δ᾽ ὥς τε μέγα κῦμα θαλάσσης εὐρυπόροιο
νηὸς ὑπὲρ τοίχων καταβήσεται, ὁππότ᾽ ἐπείγῃ
ἲς ἀνέμου· ἡ γάρ τε μάλιστά γε κύματ᾽ ὀφέλλει·
ὣς Τρῶες μεγάλῃ ἰαχῇ κατὰ τεῖχος ἔβαινον,
ἵππους δ᾽ εἰσελάσαντες ἐπὶ πρύμνῃσι μάχοντο
ἔγχεσιν ἀμφιγύοις αὐτοσχεδόν, οἱ μὲν ἀφ᾽ ἵππων,
οἱ δ᾽ ἀπὸ νηῶν ὕψι μελαινάων ἐπιβάντες
μακροῖσι ξυστοῖσι, τά ῥά σφ᾽ ἐπὶ νηυσὶν ἔκειτο
ναύμαχα κολλήεντα, κατὰ στόμα εἱμένα χαλκῷ.
  Πάτροκλος δ᾽ ἧος μὲν Ἀχαιοί τε Τρῶές τε
τείχεος ἀμφεμάχοντο θοάων ἔκτοθι νηῶν,
τόφρ᾽ ὅ γ᾽ ἐνὶ κλισίῃ ἀγαπήνορος Εὐρυπύλοιο
ἧστό τε καὶ τὸν ἔτερπε λόγοις, ἐπὶ δ᾽ ἕλκεϊ λυγρῷ
φάρμακ᾽ ἀκέσματ᾽ ἔπασσε μελαινάων ὀδυνάων.

[1] ἔκτυπε: ἔκλυε Zenodotus.

fervent prayer, each man of them; and most of all prayed Nestor of Gerenia, the warder of the Achaeans, stretching forth his two hands to the starry heaven: "O father Zeus, if ever any man of us in wheat-bearing Argos burned to thee fat thigh-pieces of bull or of ram with the prayer that he might return, and thou didst promise and nod thy head thereto, be thou now mindful of these things, and ward from us, O Olympian god, the pitiless day of doom, nor suffer the Achaeans thus to be vanquished by the Trojans."

So he spake in prayer, and Zeus the counsellor thundered aloud, hearing the prayer of the aged son of Neleus.

But the Trojans, when they heard the thunder of Zeus that beareth the aegis, leapt yet the more upon the Argives and bethought them of battle. And as when a great billow of the broad-wayed sea sweepeth down over the bulwarks of a ship, whenso it is driven on by the might of the wind, which above all maketh the waves to swell; even so did the Trojans with a great cry rush down over the wall, and driving their chariots within, fight at the sterns of the ships with two-edged spears in close combat —they in their cars, but the Achaeans high up on the decks of their black ships to which they had climbed, fought therefrom with long pikes that lay at hand for them upon the ships for sea-fighting,—jointed pikes, shod at the tip with bronze.

And Patroclus, so long as the Achaeans and Trojans were fighting about the wall aloof from the swift ships, even so long sat in the hut of kindly Eurypylus, and was making him glad with talk, and on his grievous wound was spreading simples to

αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ δὴ τεῖχος ἐπεσσυμένους ἐνόησε
Τρῶας, ἀτὰρ Δαναῶν γένετο ἰαχή τε φόβος τε,
ᾤμωξέν τ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἔπειτα καὶ ὣ πεπλήγετο μηρὼ
χερσὶ καταπρηνέσσ᾽, ὀλοφυρόμενος δ᾽ ἔπος ηὔδα·
"Εὐρύπυλ᾽, οὐκέτι τοι δύναμαι χατέοντί περ᾽ ἔμπης
ἐνθάδε παρμενέμεν· δὴ γὰρ μέγα νεῖκος ὄρωρεν·
ἀλλὰ σὲ μὲν θεράπων ποτιτερπέτω, αὐτὰρ ἐγώ γε
σπεύσομαι εἰς Ἀχιλῆα, ἵν᾽ ὀτρύνω πολεμίζειν.
τίς δ᾽ οἶδ᾽ εἴ κέν οἱ σὺν δαίμονι θυμὸν ὀρίνω
παρειπών; ἀγαθὴ δὲ παραίφασίς ἐστιν ἑταίρου."
Τὸν μὲν ἄρ᾽ ὣς εἰπόντα πόδες φέρον· αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὶ
Τρῶας ἐπερχομένους μένον ἔμπεδον, οὐδὲ δύναντο
παυροτέρους περ ἐόντας ἀπώσασθαι παρὰ νηῶν·
οὐδέ ποτε Τρῶες Δαναῶν ἐδύναντο φάλαγγας
ῥηξάμενοι κλισίῃσι μιγήμεναι ἠδὲ νέεσσιν.
ἀλλ᾽ ὥς τε στάθμη δόρυ νήϊον ἐξιθύνει
τέκτονος ἐν παλάμῃσι δαήμονος, ὅς ῥά τε πάσης
εὖ εἰδῇ σοφίης ὑποθημοσύνῃσιν Ἀθήνης,
ὣς μὲν τῶν ἐπὶ ἶσα μάχη τέτατο πτόλεμός τε.
ἄλλοι δ᾽ ἀμφ᾽ ἄλλῃσι μάχην ἐμάχοντο νέεσσιν,
Ἕκτωρ δ᾽ ἄντ᾽ Αἴαντος ἐείσατο κυδαλίμοιο.
τὼ δὲ μιῆς περὶ νηὸς ἔχον πόνον, οὐδὲ δύναντο
οὔθ᾽ ὃ τὸν ἐξελάσαι καὶ ἐνιπρῆσαι πυρὶ νῆα
οὔθ᾽ ὃ τὸν ἂψ ὤσασθαι, ἐπεί ῥ᾽ ἐπέλασσέ γε δαίμων.
ἔνθ᾽ υἷα Κλυτίοιο Καλήτορα φαίδιμος Αἴας,
πῦρ ἐς νῆα φέροντα, κατὰ στῆθος βάλε δουρί·
δούπησεν δὲ πεσών, δαλὸς δέ οἱ ἔκπεσε χειρός.
Ἕκτωρ δ᾽ ὡς ἐνόησεν ἀνεψιὸν ὀφθαλμοῖσιν

assuage his dark pangs. But when he saw the Trojans rushing upon the wall, while the Danaans with loud cries turned in flight, then he uttered a groan, and smote his two thighs with the flat of his hands, and with wailing spake, saying : " Eurypylus, in no wise may I abide longer with thee here, albeit thy need is sore ; for lo, a mighty struggle hath arisen. Nay, as for thee, let thy squire bring thee comfort, but I will hasten to Achilles, that I may urge him on to do battle. Who knows but that, heaven helping, I may rouse his spirit with my persuading ? A good thing is the persuasion of a comrade.

When he had thus spoken his feet bare him on ; but the Achaeans firmly abode the oncoming of the Trojans, yet availed not to thrust them back from the ships, albeit they were fewer, nor ever could the Trojans break the battalions of the Danaans and make way into the midst of the huts and the ships. But as the carpenter's line maketh straight a ship's timber in the hands of a cunning workman, that is well skilled in all manner of craft by the promptings of Athene, so evenly was strained their war and battle. So fought they on, divers of them about divers ships, but Hector made straight for glorious Aias. They twain were labouring in the toil of war about the same ship, nor might the one drive back the other and burn the ship with fire, nor the other thrust him back, now that a god had brought him nigh. Then did glorious Aias cast his spear and smite upon the breast Caletor, son of Clytius, as he was bearing fire against the ship ; and he fell with a thud, and the torch dropped from out his hand. But Hector, when his eyes beheld his cousin

ἐν κονίῃσι πεσόντα νεὸς προπάροιθε μελαίνης,
Τρωσί τε καὶ Λυκίοισιν ἐκέκλετο μακρὸν ἀΰσας·
"Τρῶες καὶ Λύκιοι καὶ Δάρδανοι ἀγχιμαχηταί,
μὴ δή πω χάζεσθε μάχης ἐν στείνεϊ τῷδε,
ἀλλ' υἷα Κλυτίοιο σαώσατε, μή μιν Ἀχαιοὶ
τεύχεα συλήσωσι νεῶν ἐν ἀγῶνι πεσόντα."
Ὣς εἰπὼν Αἴαντος ἀκόντισε δουρὶ φαεινῷ.
τοῦ μὲν ἅμαρθ', ὁ δ' ἔπειτα Λυκόφρονα, Μάστορος υἱόν,
Αἴαντος θεράποντα Κυθήριον, ὅς ῥα παρ' αὐτῷ
ναῖ', ἐπεὶ ἄνδρα κατέκτα Κυθήροισι ζαθέοισι,
τόν ῥ' ἔβαλεν κεφαλὴν ὑπὲρ οὔατος ὀξέϊ χαλκῷ,
ἑσταότ' ἄγχ' Αἴαντος· ὁ δ' ὕπτιος ἐν κονίῃσι
νηὸς ἄπο πρυμνῆς χαμάδις πέσε, λύντο δὲ γυῖα.
Αἴας δὲ ῥίγησε, κασίγνητον δὲ προσηύδα·
"Τεῦκρε πέπον, δὴ νῶϊν ἀπέκτατο πιστὸς ἑταῖρος
Μαστορίδης, ὃν νῶϊ Κυθηρόθεν ἔνδον ἐόντα
ἶσα φίλοισι τοκεῦσιν ἐτίομεν ἐν μεγάροισι·
τὸν δ' Ἕκτωρ μεγάθυμος ἀπέκτανε. ποῦ νύ τοι ἰοὶ
ὠκύμοροι καὶ τόξον, ὅ τοι πόρε Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων;"
Ὣς φάθ', ὁ δὲ ξυνέηκε, θέων δέ οἱ ἄγχι παρέστη,
τόξον ἔχων ἐν χειρὶ παλίντονον ἠδὲ φαρέτρην
ἰοδόκον· μάλα δ' ὦκα βέλεα Τρώεσσιν ἐφίει.
καί ῥ' ἔβαλε Κλεῖτον, Πεισήνορος ἀγλαὸν υἱόν,
Πουλυδάμαντος ἑταῖρον, ἀγαυοῦ Πανθοΐδαο,
ἡνία χερσὶν ἔχοντα· ὁ μὲν πεπόνητο καθ' ἵππους·
τῇ γὰρ ἔχ' ᾗ ῥα πολὺ πλεῖσται κλονέοντο φάλαγγες,
Ἕκτορι καὶ Τρώεσσι χαριζόμενος· τάχα δ' αὐτῷ[1]

[1] Lines 449-451 were rejected by Aristarchus.

fallen in the dust in front of the black ship, called to the Trojans and Lycians with a loud shout: "Ye Trojans and Lycians and Dardanians that fight in close combat, in no wise give ye ground from battle in this strait: nay, save ye the son of Clytius, lest so be the Achaeans strip him of his armour, now that he is fallen amid the gathering of the ships."

So saying, he hurled at Aias with his bright spear; him he missed, but Lycophron, Mastor's son, a squire of Aias from Cythera, who dwelt with him, for that he had slain a man in sacred Cythera—him Hector smote upon the head above the ear with the sharp bronze, even as he stood near Aias, and backward in the dust he fell to the ground from off the stern of the ship, and his limbs were loosed. And Aias shuddered, and spake unto his brother: "Good Teucer, verily a true comrade of us twain hath been laid low, even the son of Mastor, whom while he abode with us, being come from Cythera, we honoured in our halls even as our own parents. Him hath great-souled Hector slain. Where now are thy arrows that bring swift death, and the bow that Phoebus Apollo gave thee?"

So spake he, and the other hearkened, and ran, and took his stand close beside him, bearing in his hand his bent-back bow and the quiver that held his arrows; and full swiftly did he let fly his shafts upon the Trojans. And he smote Cleitus, the glorious son of Peisenor, comrade of Polydamas, the lordly son of Panthous, even as he was holding the reins in his hand, and was busied with his horses; for thither was he driving them, where the most battalions were being driven in rout, thus doing pleasure unto Hector and the Trojans. But full swiftly

ἦλθε κακόν, τό οἱ οὔ τις ἐρύκακεν ἱεμένων περ.
αὐχένι γάρ οἱ ὄπισθε[1] πολύστονος ἔμπεσεν ἰός·
ἤριπε δ' ἐξ ὀχέων, ὑπερώησαν δέ οἱ ἵπποι
κείν' ὄχεα κροτέοντες. ἄναξ δ' ἐνόησε τάχιστα
Πουλυδάμας, καὶ πρῶτος ἐναντίος ἤλυθεν ἵππων.
τοὺς μὲν ὅ γ' Ἀστυνόῳ Προτιάονος υἱέϊ δῶκε,
πολλὰ δ' ἐπότρυνε σχεδὸν ἴσχειν εἰσορόωντα
ἵππους· αὐτὸς δ' αὖτις ἰὼν προμάχοισιν ἐμίχθη.
Τεῦκρος δ' ἄλλον ὀϊστὸν ἐφ' Ἕκτορι χαλκοκορυστῇ
αἴνυτο, καί κεν ἔπαυσε μάχης ἐπὶ νηυσὶν Ἀχαιῶν,
εἴ μιν ἀριστεύοντα βαλὼν ἐξείλετο θυμόν.
ἀλλ' οὐ λῆθε Διὸς πυκινὸν νόον, ὅς ῥ' ἐφύλασσεν
Ἕκτορ', ἀτὰρ Τεῦκρον Τελαμώνιον εὖχος ἀπηύρα,
ὅς οἱ ἐϋστρεφέα νευρὴν ἐν ἀμύμονι τόξῳ
ῥῆξ' ἐπὶ τῷ ἐρύοντι· παρεπλάγχθη δέ οἱ ἄλλῃ
ἰὸς χαλκοβαρής, τόξον δέ οἱ ἔκπεσε χειρός.
Τεῦκρος δ' ἐρρίγησε, κασίγνητον δὲ προσηύδα·
"ὢ πόποι, ἦ δὴ πάγχυ μάχης ἐπὶ μήδεα κείρει
δαίμων ἡμετέρης, ὅ τέ μοι βιὸν ἔκβαλε χειρός,
νευρὴν δ' ἐξέρρηξε νεόστροφον, ἣν ἐνέδησα
πρώϊον, ὄφρ' ἀνέχοιτο θαμὰ θρῴσκοντας ὀϊστούς."
Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα μέγας Τελαμώνιος Αἴας·
"ὦ πέπον, ἀλλὰ βιὸν μὲν ἔα καὶ ταρφέας ἰοὺς
κεῖσθαι, ἐπεὶ συνέχευε θεὸς Δαναοῖσι μεγήρας·
αὐτὰρ χερσὶν ἑλὼν δολιχὸν δόρυ καὶ σάκος ὤμῳ

[1] ὄπισθε: πρόσθε Aristophanes.

upon himself came evil that not one of them could ward off, how fain soever they were. For upon the back of his neck lighted the arrow fraught with groanings, and he fell from the chariot, and thereat the horses swerved aside, rattling the empty car. And the prince Polydamas swiftly marked it, and was first to stride toward the horses. These he gave to Astynous, son of Protiaon, and straitly enjoined him to hold them near at hand, watching him the while; and he himself went back and mingled with the foremost fighters.

Then Teucer drew forth another arrow for Hector, harnessed in bronze, and would have made him cease from battle by the ships of the Achaeans, had he but smitten him while he was showing his prowess and taken away his life. But he was not unmarked of the wise mind of Zeus, who guarded Hector, and took the glory from Teucer, son of Telamon. For Zeus brake the well-twisted string upon the goodly bow, even as he was drawing it against Hector, and his arrow heavy with bronze was turned aside, and the bow fell from his hand. Then Teucer shuddered, and spake to his brother: "Now look you, in good sooth a god is utterly bringing to naught the counsels of our battle, in that he hath cast the bow from my hand, and hath broken the newly-twisted string that I bound fast this morning that it might avail to bear the arrows that should leap thick and fast therefrom."

Then great Telamonian Aias answered him: "Aye, friend, but leave thou thy bow and thy many arrows to lie where they are, seeing that a god has confounded them, in malice toward the Danaans; but take thou in thy hand a long spear and a shield upon

μάρναό τε Τρώεσσι καὶ ἄλλους ὄρνυθι λαούς.
μὴ μὰν ἀσπουδί γε δαμασσάμενοί περ ἕλοιεν
νῆας ἐϋσσέλμους, ἀλλὰ μνησώμεθα χάρμης."
Ὣς φάθ', ὁ δ' αὖ τόξον μὲν ἐνὶ κλισίῃσιν ἔθηκεν,
αὐτὰρ ὅ γ' ἀμφ' ὤμοισι σάκος θέτο τετραθέλυμνον,
κρατὶ δ' ἐπ' ἰφθίμῳ κυνέην εὔτυκτον ἔθηκεν
ἵππουριν, δεινὸν δὲ λόφος καθύπερθεν ἔνευεν·[1]
εἵλετο δ' ἄλκιμον ἔγχος, ἀκαχμένον ὀξέϊ χαλκῷ,
βῆ δ' ἰέναι, μάλα δ' ὦκα θέων Αἴαντι παρέστη.
Ἕκτωρ δ' ὡς εἶδεν Τεύκρου βλαφθέντα βέλεμνα,
Τρωσί τε καὶ Λυκίοισιν ἐκέκλετο μακρὸν ἀΰσας·
"Τρῶες καὶ Λύκιοι καὶ Δάρδανοι ἀγχιμαχηταί,
ἀνέρες ἔστε, φίλοι, μνήσασθε δὲ θούριδος ἀλκῆς
νῆας ἀνὰ γλαφυράς· δὴ γὰρ ἴδον ὀφθαλμοῖσιν
ἀνδρὸς ἀριστῆος Διόθεν βλαφθέντα βέλεμνα.
ῥεῖα δ' ἀρίγνωτος Διὸς ἀνδράσι γίγνεται ἀλκή,
ἠμὲν ὁτέοισιν κῦδος ὑπέρτερον ἐγγυαλίξῃ,
ἠδ' ὅτινας μινύθῃ τε καὶ οὐκ ἐθέλῃσιν ἀμύνειν,
ὡς νῦν Ἀργείων μινύθει μένος, ἄμμι δ' ἀρήγει.
ἀλλὰ μάχεσθ' ἐπὶ νηυσὶν ἀολλέες· ὃς δέ κεν ὑμέων
βλήμενος ἠὲ τυπεὶς θάνατον καὶ πότμον ἐπίσπῃ,
τεθνάτω· οὔ οἱ ἀεικὲς ἀμυνομένῳ περὶ πάτρης
τεθνάμεν· ἀλλ' ἄλοχός τε σόη καὶ παῖδες ὀπίσσω,
καὶ οἶκος καὶ κλῆρος ἀκήρατος, εἴ κεν Ἀχαιοὶ
οἴχωνται σὺν νηυσὶ φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν."
Ὣς εἰπὼν ὤτρυνε μένος καὶ θυμὸν ἑκάστου.
Αἴας δ' αὖθ' ἑτέρωθεν ἐκέκλετο οἷς ἑτάροισιν·

[1] Line 481 is omitted in most MSS.

thy shoulder, and do battle with the Trojans, and urge on the rest of the folk. Verily not without a struggle, for all they have overpowered us, shall they take our well-benched ships; nay, let us bethink us of battle."

So spake he, and Teucer laid the bow again within the hut, but about his shoulders put a fourfold shield, and upon his mighty head set a well-wrought helmet with horse-hair crest; and terribly did the plume nod from above; and he took a valorous spear, tipped with sharp bronze, and went his way, and swiftly ran and took his stand by the side of Aias.

But when Hector saw that Teucer's shafts had been brought to naught, to Trojans and Lycians he called with a loud shout, "Ye Trojans and Lycians and Dardanians that fight in close combat, be men, my friends, and bethink you of furious valour amid the hollow ships; for verily mine eyes have seen how Zeus hath brought to naught the shafts of a man that is a chieftain. Full easy to discern is the aid Zeus giveth to men, both to whomso he vouchsafeth the glory of victory, and whomso again he minisheth, and hath no mind to aid, even as now he minisheth the might of the Argives, and beareth aid to us. Nay, fight ye at the ships in close throngs, and if so be any of you, smitten by dart or thrust, shall meet death and fate, let him lie in death. No unseemly thing is it for him to die while fighting for his country. Nay, but his wife is safe and his children after him, and his house and his portion of land are unharmed, if but the Achaeans be gone with their ships to their dear native land."

So saying, he aroused the strength and spirit of every man. And Aias again, over against him, called

"αἰδώς, Ἀργεῖοι· νῦν ἄρκιον ἢ ἀπολέσθαι
ἠὲ σαωθῆναι καὶ ἀπώσασθαι κακὰ νηῶν.
ἦ ἔλπεσθ', ἢν νῆας ἕλῃ κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ,
ἐμβαδὸν ἵξεσθαι ἣν πατρίδα γαῖαν ἕκαστος;
ἦ οὐκ ὀτρύνοντος ἀκούετε λαὸν ἅπαντα
Ἕκτορος, ὃς δὴ νῆας ἐνιπρῆσαι μενεαίνει;
οὐ μὰν ἔς γε χορὸν κέλετ' ἐλθέμεν, ἀλλὰ μάχεσθαι.
ἡμῖν δ' οὔ τις τοῦδε νόος καὶ μῆτις ἀμείνων,
ἢ αὐτοσχεδίῃ μεῖξαι χεῖράς τε μένος τε.
βέλτερον ἢ ἀπολέσθαι ἕνα χρόνον ἠὲ βιῶναι,
ἢ δηθὰ στρεύγεσθαι ἐν αἰνῇ δηϊοτῆτι
ὧδ' αὔτως παρὰ νηυσὶν ὑπ' ἀνδράσι χειροτέροισιν."
Ὣς εἰπὼν ὄτρυνε μένος καὶ θυμὸν ἑκάστου.
ἔνθ' Ἕκτωρ μὲν ἕλε Σχεδίον, Περιμήδεος υἱόν,
ἀρχὸν Φωκήων, Αἴας δ' ἕλε Λαοδάμαντα
ἡγεμόνα πρυλέων, Ἀντήνορος ἀγλαὸν υἱόν·
Πουλυδάμας δ' Ὦτον Κυλλήνιον ἐξενάριξε,
Φυλεΐδεω ἕταρον, μεγαθύμων ἀρχὸν Ἐπειῶν.
τῷ δὲ Μέγης ἐπόρουσεν ἰδών· ὁ δ' ὕπαιθα λιάσθη
Πουλυδάμας· καὶ τοῦ μὲν ἀπήμβροτεν· οὐ γὰρ Ἀπόλλων
εἴα Πάνθου υἱὸν ἐνὶ προμάχοισι δαμῆναι·
αὐτὰρ ὅ γε Κροίσμου στῆθος μέσον οὔτασε δουρί.
δούπησεν δὲ πεσών· ὁ δ' ἀπ' ὤμων τεύχε' ἐσύλα.
τόφρα δὲ τῷ ἐπόρουσε Δόλοψ, αἰχμῆς ἐῢ εἰδώς,
Λαμπετίδης, ὃν Λάμπος ἐγείνατο φέρτατον υἱόν,[1]
Λαομεδοντιάδης, ἐῢ εἰδότα θούριδος ἀλκῆς,
ὃς τότε Φυλεΐδαο μέσον σάκος οὔτασε δουρὶ
ἐγγύθεν ὁρμηθείς· πυκινὸς δέ οἱ ἤρκεσε θώρηξ,

[1] φέρτατον υἱόν: φέρτατον ἀνδρῶν, φέρτατος ἀνδρῶν.

to his comrades : " Shame on you, Argives, now is it sure that we must either perish utterly or find deliverance by thrusting back the peril from the ships. Think ye haply that if Hector of the flashing helm take the ships, ye shall come afoot each man of you to his own native land ? Hear ye not Hector urging on all his host in his fury to burn the ships ? Verily it is not to the dance that he biddeth them come, but to battle. And for us there is no counsel or device better than this, that in close combat we bring our hands and our might against theirs. Better is it once for all either to die or live, than long to be straitened in dread conflict thus bootlessly beside the ships at the hands of men that be meaner."

So saying, he aroused the strength and spirit of every man. Then Hector slew Schedius, son of Perimedes, a leader of the Phocians, and Aias slew Laodamas, the leader of the footmen, the glorious son of Antenor; and Polydamas laid low Otus of Cyllene, comrade of Phyleus' son, captain of the great-souled Epeians. And Meges saw, and leapt upon him, but Polydamas swerved from beneath him, and him Meges missed; for Apollo would not suffer the son of Panthous to be vanquished amid the foremost fighters ; but with a spear-thrust he smote Croesmus full upon the breast. And he fell with a thud, and the other set him to strip the armour from his shoulders. Meanwhile upon him leapt Dolops, well skilled with the spear, the son of Lampus, whom Lampus, son of Laomedon, begat, even his bravest son, well skilled in furious might ; he it was that then thrust with his spear full upon the shield of Phyleus' son, setting upon him from nigh at hand. But his cunningly-wrought corselet saved him, the

τόν ῥ' ἐφόρει γυάλοισιν ἀρηρότα· τόν ποτε Φυλεὺς
ἤγαγεν ἐξ Ἐφύρης, ποταμοῦ ἄπο Σελλήεντος.
ξεῖνος γάρ οἱ ἔδωκεν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Εὐφήτης
ἐς πόλεμον φορέειν, δηΐων ἀνδρῶν ἀλεωρήν·
ὅς οἱ καὶ τότε παιδὸς ἀπὸ χροὸς ἤρκεσ' ὄλεθρον.
τοῦ δὲ Μέγης κόρυθος χαλκήρεος ἱπποδασείης
κύμβαχον ἀκρότατον νύξ' ἔγχεϊ ὀξυόεντι,
ῥῆξε δ' ἀφ' ἵππειον λόφον αὐτοῦ· πᾶς δὲ χαμᾶζε
κάππεσεν ἐν κονίῃσι, νέον φοίνικι φαεινός.
ἧος ὁ τῷ πολέμιζε μένων, ἔτι δ' ἔλπετο νίκην,
τόφρα δέ οἱ Μενέλαος ἀρήϊος ἦλθεν ἀμύντωρ,
στῆ δ' εὐρὰξ σὺν δουρὶ λαθών, βάλε δ' ὦμον ὄπισθεν·
αἰχμὴ δὲ στέρνοιο διέσσυτο μαιμώωσα,
πρόσσω ἱεμένη· ὁ δ' ἄρα πρηνὴς ἐλιάσθη·
τὼ μὲν ἐεισάσθην χαλκήρεα τεύχε' ἀπ' ὤμων
συλήσειν. Ἕκτωρ δὲ κασιγνήτοισι κέλευσε
πᾶσι μάλα, πρῶτον δ' Ἱκεταονίδην ἐνένιπεν,
ἴφθιμον Μελάνιππον. ὁ δ' ὄφρα μὲν εἰλίποδας βοῦς
βόσκ' ἐν Περκώτῃ, δηΐων ἀπονόσφιν ἐόντων·
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ Δαναῶν νέες ἤλυθον ἀμφιέλισσαι,
ἂψ εἰς Ἴλιον ἦλθε, μετέπρεπε δὲ Τρώεσσι,
ναῖε δὲ πὰρ Πριάμῳ, ὁ δέ μιν τίεν ἶσα τέκεσσι·
τόν ῥ' Ἕκτωρ ἐνένιπεν ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἔκ τ' ὀνόμαζεν·
"οὕτω δή, Μελάνιππε, μεθήσομεν; οὐδέ νυ σοί περ
ἐντρέπεται φίλον ἦτορ ἀνεψιοῦ κταμένοιο;
οὐχ ὁράᾳς οἷον Δόλοπος περὶ τεύχε' ἕπουσιν;
ἀλλ' ἕπευ· οὐ γὰρ ἔτ' ἔστιν ἀποσταδὸν Ἀργείοισι

corselet that he was wont to wear, fitted with plates of mail. This Phyleus had brought from out of Ephyre, from the river Selleïs. For a guest-friend of his, the king of men Euphetes, had given it him that he might wear it in war, a defence against foemen; and this now warded death from the body of his son. Then Meges thrust with his sharp spear upon the topmost socket of the helm of bronze with horse-hair plume which Dolops wore, and shore therefrom the plume of horse-hair, and all the plume, bright with its new scarlet dye, fell in the dust. Now while Meges abode and fought with Dolops, and yet hoped for victory, meanwhile warlike Menelaus came to bear him aid, and he took his stand on one side with his spear, unmarked of Dolops, and cast and smote him on the shoulder from behind; and the spear in its fury sped through his breast, darting eagerly onward, and he fell upon his face; and the twain made for him to strip from his shoulders his armour wrought of bronze. But Hector called to his kinsmen, one and all, and first did he chide Hicetaon's son, strong Melanippus. He until this time had been wont to feed his kine of shambling gait in Percote, while the foemen were yet afar, but when the curved ships of the Danaans came, he returned back to Ilios, and was pre-eminent among the Trojans; and he dwelt in the house of Priam, who held him in like honour with his own children. Him did Hector chide, and spake and addressed him, saying: "In good sooth, Melanippus, are we to be thus slack? Hath thine own heart no regard for thy kinsman that is slain? Seest thou not in what wise they are busied about the armour of Dolops? Nay, come thou on; for no longer may we fight with the Argives from afar,

μάρνασθαι, πρίν γ' ἠὲ κατακτάμεν ἠὲ κατ' ἄκρης
Ἴλιον αἰπεινὴν ἑλέειν κτάσθαι τε πολίτας."
Ὣς εἰπὼν ὁ μὲν ἦρχ', ὁ δ' ἅμ' ἕσπετο ἰσόθεος
φώς·
Ἀργείους δ' ὄτρυνε μέγας Τελαμώνιος Αἴας·
"ὦ φίλοι, ἀνέρες ἔστε, καὶ αἰδῶ θέσθ' ἐνὶ θυμῷ,
ἀλλήλους τ' αἰδεῖσθε κατὰ κρατερὰς ὑσμίνας.[1]
αἰδομένων δ' ἀνδρῶν πλέονες σόοι ἠὲ πέφανται·
φευγόντων δ' οὔτ' ἂρ κλέος ὄρνυται οὔτε τις ἀλκή."
Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἳ δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ ἀλέξασθαι μενέαινον,
ἐν θυμῷ δ' ἐβάλοντο ἔπος, φράξαντο δὲ νῆας
ἕρκεϊ[2] χαλκείῳ· ἐπὶ δὲ Ζεὺς Τρῶας ἔγειρεν.
Ἀντίλοχον δ' ὄτρυνε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Μενέλαος·
"Ἀντίλοχ', οὔ τις σεῖο νεώτερος ἄλλος Ἀχαιῶν,
οὔτε ποσὶν θάσσων οὔτ' ἄλκιμος ὡς σὺ μάχεσθαι·
εἴ τινά που Τρώων ἐξάλμενος ἄνδρα βάλοισθα."
Ὣς εἰπὼν ὁ μὲν αὖτις ἀπέσσυτο, τὸν δ' ὀρόθυνεν·
ἐκ δ' ἔθορε προμάχων, καὶ ἀκόντισε δουρὶ φαεινῷ
ἀμφὶ ἕ παπτήνας· ὑπὸ δὲ Τρῶες κεκάδοντο
ἀνδρὸς ἀκοντίσσαντος· ὁ δ' οὐχ ἅλιον βέλος ἧκεν,
ἀλλ' Ἱκετάονος υἱόν, ὑπέρθυμον Μελάνιππον,
νισόμενον πόλεμόνδε βάλε στῆθος παρὰ μαζόν.
δούπησεν δὲ πεσών, τὸν δὲ σκότος ὄσσε κάλυψεν.[3]
Ἀντίλοχος δ' ἐπόρουσε κύων ὥς, ὅς τ' ἐπὶ νεβρῷ
βλημένῳ ἀΐξῃ, τόν τ' ἐξ εὐνῆφι θορόντα
θηρητὴρ ἐτύχησε βαλών, ὑπέλυσε δὲ γυῖα·
ὣς ἐπὶ σοί, Μελάνιππε, θόρ' Ἀντίλοχος μενεχάρμης

[1] Line 562 is omitted in some MSS.
[2] ἕρκεϊ: ἔγχεϊ.
[3] Line 578 is omitted in some MSS.

till either we slay them, or they utterly take steep Ilios, and slay her people."

So saying, he led the way, and the other followed with him, a godlike man. And the Argives did great Telamonian Aias urge on, saying: "My friends, be men, and take ye shame in your hearts, and have shame each of the other in the fierce conflict. Of men that have shame more are saved than are slain; but from them that flee springeth neither glory nor any avail."

So spake he, and they even of themselves were eager to ward off the foe, but they laid up his word in their hearts, and fenced in the ships with a hedge of bronze; and against them Zeus urged on the Trojans. Then Menelaus, good at the war-cry, exhorted Antilochus: "Antilochus, none other of the Achaeans is younger than thou, nor swifter of foot, nor valiant as thou art in fight; I would thou mightest leap forth, and smite some man of the Trojans."

He spake, and hasted back again himself, but aroused the other, and Antilochus leapt forth from amid the foremost fighters and, glancing warily about him, hurled with his bright spear, and back did the Trojans shrink from the warrior as he cast. Not in vain did he let fly his spear, but smote Hicetaon's son, Melanippus, high of heart, as he was coming to the battle, upon the breast beside the nipple; and he fell with a thud, and darkness enfolded his eyes. And Antilochus sprang upon him, as a hound that darteth upon a wounded fawn, that a hunter with sure aim hath smitten as it leapt from its lair, and hath loosed its limbs; even in such wise upon thee, O Melanippus, leapt Antilochus staunch in fight, to

τεύχεα συλήσων. ἀλλ᾽ οὐ λάθεν Ἕκτορα δῖον,
ὅς ῥά οἱ ἀντίος ἦλθε θέων ἀνὰ δηϊοτῆτα.
Ἀντίλοχος δ᾽ οὐ μεῖνε θοός περ ἐὼν πολεμιστής,
ἀλλ᾽ ὅ γ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἔτρεσε θηρὶ κακὸν ῥέξαντι ἐοικώς,
ὅς τε κύνα κτείνας ἢ βουκόλον ἀμφὶ βόεσσι[1]
φεύγει πρίν περ ὅμιλον ἀολλισθήμεναι ἀνδρῶν·
ὣς τρέσε Νεστορίδης, ἐπὶ δὲ Τρῶές τε καὶ Ἕκτωρ
ἠχῇ θεσπεσίῃ βέλεα στονόεντα χέοντο·
στῆ δὲ μεταστρεφθείς, ἐπεὶ ἵκετο ἔθνος ἑταίρων.
Τρῶες δὲ λείουσιν ἐοικότες ὠμοφάγοισι
νηυσὶν ἐπεσσεύοντο, Διὸς δὲ τέλειον ἐφετμάς,
ὅ σφισιν αἰὲν ἔγειρε μένος μέγα, θέλγε δὲ θυμὸν
Ἀργείων καὶ κῦδος ἀπαίνυτο, τοὺς δ᾽ ὀρόθυνεν.
Ἕκτορι γάρ οἱ θυμὸς ἐβούλετο κῦδος ὀρέξαι
Πριαμίδῃ, ἵνα νηυσὶ κορωνίσι θεσπιδαὲς πῦρ
ἐμβάλοι ἀκάματον, Θέτιδος δ᾽ ἐξαίσιον ἀρὴν
πᾶσαν ἐπικρήνειε· τὸ γὰρ μένε μητίετα Ζεύς,
νηὸς καιομένης σέλας ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἰδέσθαι.
ἐκ γὰρ δὴ τοῦ μέλλε παλίωξιν παρὰ νηῶν
θησέμεναι Τρώων, Δαναοῖσι δὲ κῦδος ὀρέξειν.
τὰ φρονέων νήεσσιν ἔπι γλαφυρῇσιν ἔγειρεν
Ἕκτορα Πριαμίδην, μάλα περ μεμαῶτα καὶ αὐτόν.
μαίνετο δ᾽ ὡς ὅτ᾽ Ἄρης ἐγχέσπαλος ἢ ὀλοὸν πῦρ
οὔρεσι μαίνηται, βαθέης ἐν τάρφεσιν ὕλης·
ἀφλοισμὸς δὲ περὶ στόμα γίγνετο, τὼ δέ οἱ ὄσσε
λαμπέσθην βλοσυρῇσιν ὑπ᾽ ὀφρύσιν, ἀμφὶ δὲ πήληξ
σμερδαλέον κροτάφοισι τινάσσετο μαρναμένοιο
Ἕκτορος· αὐτὸς γάρ οἱ ἀπ᾽ αἰθέρος ἦεν ἀμύντωρ[2]

[1] βόεσσι: οἱ αὐτῷ Zenodotus.
[2] Lines 610-614 were rejected by Zenodotus and Aristarchus.

strip from thee thine armour. Howbeit he was not unseen of goodly Hector, who came running to meet him amid the battle; and Antilochus abode not, swift warrior though he was, but fled like a wild beast that hath wrought some mischief—one that hath slain a hound or a herdsman beside his kine, and fleeth before the throng of men be gathered together; even so fled the son of Nestor; and the Trojans and Hector with wondrous shouting poured forth upon him their darts fraught with groanings; but he turned and stood, when he had reached the host of his comrades.

But the Trojans, like ravening lions, rushed upon the ships, and were fulfilling the behests of Zeus, who ever roused great might in them, but made the hearts of the Argives to melt, and took away their glory, while he spurred on the others. For his heart was set on giving glory to Hector, son of Priam, to the end that he might cast upon the beaked ships unwearied, wondrous-blazing fire, and so fulfil to the uttermost the presumptuous prayer of Thetis. Even for this was Zeus the counsellor waiting, that his eyes might behold the glare of a burning ship; for from that time forth was he to ordain a driving-back of the Trojans from the ships, and to grant glory to the Danaans. With this intent he was rousing against the hollow ships Hector son of Priam, that was himself full eager. And he was raging like Ares, wielder of the spear, or as when consuming fire rageth among the mountains in the thickets of a deep wood; and foam came forth about his mouth, and his two eyes blazed beneath his dreadful brows, and round about his temples terribly shook the helm of Hector as he fought; for Zeus out of heaven was

Ζεύς, ὅς μιν πλεόνεσσι μετ' ἀνδράσι μοῦνον ἐόντα
τίμα καὶ κύδαινε. μινυνθάδιος γὰρ ἔμελλεν
ἔσσεσθ'· ἤδη γάρ οἱ ἐπόρνυε μόρσιμον ἦμαρ
Παλλὰς Ἀθηναίη ὑπὸ Πηλεΐδαο βίηφιν.
καί ῥ' ἔθελεν ῥῆξαι στίχας ἀνδρῶν πειρητίζων,
ᾗ δὴ πλεῖστον ὅμιλον ὅρα καὶ τεύχε' ἄριστα·
ἀλλ' οὐδ' ὧς δύνατο ῥῆξαι μάλα περ μενεαίνων·
ἴσχον γὰρ πυργηδὸν ἀρηρότες, ἠΰτε πέτρη
ἠλίβατος μεγάλη, πολιῆς ἁλὸς ἐγγὺς ἐοῦσα,
ἥ τε μένει λιγέων ἀνέμων λαιψηρὰ κέλευθα
κύματά τε τροφόεντα, τά τε προσερεύγεται αὐτήν·
ὣς Δαναοὶ Τρῶας μένον ἔμπεδον οὐδὲ φέβοντο.
αὐτὰρ ὁ λαμπόμενος πυρὶ πάντοθεν ἔνθορ' ὁμίλῳ,
ἐν δ' ἔπεσ' ὡς ὅτε κῦμα θοῇ ἐν νηῒ πέσῃσι
λάβρον ὑπαὶ νεφέων ἀνεμοτρεφές· ἡ δέ τε πᾶσα
ἄχνῃ ὑπεκρύφθη, ἀνέμοιο δὲ δεινὸς ἀήτης
ἱστίῳ ἐμβρέμεται, τρομέουσι δέ τε φρένα ναῦται
δειδιότες· τυτθὸν γὰρ ὑπὲκ θανάτοιο φέρονται·
ὣς ἐδαΐζετο θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν Ἀχαιῶν.
αὐτὰρ ὅ γ' ὥς τε λέων ὀλοόφρων βουσὶν ἐπελθών,
αἵ ῥά τ' ἐν εἱαμενῇ ἕλεος μεγάλοιο νέμονται
μυρίαι, ἐν δέ τε τῇσι νομεὺς οὔ πω σάφα εἰδὼς
θηρὶ μαχέσσασθαι ἕλικος βοὸς ἀμφὶ φονῇσιν·
ἤ τοι ὁ μὲν πρώτῃσι καὶ ὑστατίῃσι βόεσσιν
αἰὲν ὁμοστιχάει, ὁ δέ τ' ἐν μέσσῃσιν ὀρούσας
βοῦν ἔδει, αἱ δέ τε πᾶσαι ὑπέτρεσαν· ὣς τότ' Ἀχαιοὶ
θεσπεσίως ἐφόβηθεν ὑφ' Ἕκτορι καὶ Διὶ πατρὶ

himself his defender, and vouchsafed him honour and glory, alone as he was amid so many warriors. For brief was his span of life to be, since even now Pallas Athene was hastening on the day of his doom beneath the might of the son of Peleus. But fain was he to break the ranks of men, making trial of them wheresoever he saw the greatest throng and the goodliest arms. Yet not even so did he avail to break them, for all he was so eager; for they abode firm-fixed as it were a wall, like a crag, sheer and great, hard by the grey sea, that abideth the swift paths of the shrill winds, and the swelling waves that belch forth against it; even so the Danaans withstood the Trojans steadfastly, and fled not. But Hector shining all about as with fire leapt among the throng, and fell upon them; even as when beneath the clouds a fierce-rushing wave, swollen by the winds, falleth upon a swift ship, and she is all hidden by the foam thereof, and the dread blast of the wind roareth against the sail, and the hearts of the sailors shudder in their fear, for that by little are they borne forth from death; even so were the hearts of the Achaeans rent within their breasts. But he fell upon them like a lion of baneful mind coming against kine, that are grazing in the bottom-land of a great marsh, and there is no counting them, and among them is a herdsman that is as yet unskilled to fight with a wild beast over the carcase of a sleek heifer that hath been slain: he verily walketh ever by their side, now abreast of the foremost of the kine, and now of the hindmost, but the lion leapeth upon the midmost, and devoureth a heifer, and thereat they all flee in terror; even so in wondrous wise were the Achaeans one and all then driven in wondrous rout by Hector and father

πάντες, ὁ δ' οἷον ἔπεφνε Μυκηναῖον Περιφήτην,
Κοπρῆος φίλον υἱόν, ὃς Εὐρυσθῆος ἄνακτος
ἀγγελίης οἴχνεσκε βίῃ Ἡρακληείῃ.
τοῦ γένετ' ἐκ πατρὸς πολὺ χείρονος υἱὸς ἀμείνων
παντοίας ἀρετάς, ἠμὲν πόδας ἠδὲ μάχεσθαι,
καὶ νόον ἐν πρώτοισι Μυκηναίων ἐτέτυκτο.
ὅς ῥα τόθ' Ἕκτορι κῦδος ὑπέρτερον ἐγγυάλιξε.
στρεφθεὶς γὰρ μετόπισθεν ἐν ἀσπίδος ἄντυγι πάλτο,
τὴν αὐτὸς φορέεσκε ποδηνεκέ', ἕρκος ἀκόντων·
τῇ ὅ γ' ἐνὶ βλαφθεὶς πέσεν ὕπτιος, ἀμφὶ δὲ πήληξ
σμερδαλέον κονάβησε περὶ κροτάφοισι πεσόντος.
Ἕκτωρ δ' ὀξὺ νόησε, θέων δέ οἱ ἄγχι παρέστη,
στήθεϊ δ' ἐν δόρυ πῆξε, φίλων δέ μιν ἐγγὺς ἑταίρων
κτεῖν'· οἱ δ' οὐκ ἐδύναντο καὶ ἀχνύμενοί περ ἑταίρου
χραισμεῖν· αὐτοὶ γὰρ μάλα δείδισαν Ἕκτορα δῖον.
Εἴσωποὶ δ' ἐγένοντο νεῶν, περὶ δ' ἔσχεθον ἄκραι
νῆες, ὅσαι πρῶται εἰρύατο· τοὶ δ' ἐπέχυντο.
Ἀργεῖοι δὲ νεῶν μὲν ἐχώρησαν καὶ ἀνάγκῃ
τῶν πρωτέων, αὐτοῦ δὲ παρὰ κλισίῃσιν ἔμειναν
ἀθρόοι, οὐδ' ἐκέδασθεν ἀνὰ στρατόν· ἴσχε γὰρ αἰδὼς
καὶ δέος· ἀζηχὲς γὰρ ὁμόκλεον ἀλλήλοισι.
Νέστωρ αὖτε μάλιστα Γερήνιος, οὖρος Ἀχαιῶν,
λίσσεθ' ὑπὲρ τοκέων γουνούμενος ἄνδρα ἕκαστον·
"ὦ φίλοι, ἀνέρες ἔστε, καὶ αἰδῶ θέσθ' ἐνὶ θυμῷ
ἄλλων ἀνθρώπων, ἐπὶ δὲ μνήσασθε ἕκαστος
παίδων ἠδ' ἀλόχων καὶ κτήσιος ἠδὲ τοκήων,[1]

[1] τοκήων: τεκέων.

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[1] The phrase εἴσωποὶ δ' ἐγένοντο cannot here mean "they came in sight of," and it is extremely forced to explain it on the assumption that the Greeks have until now been facing

Zeus, albeit Hector slew one only man, Periphetes of Mycenae, the dear son of Copreus, that had been wont to go on messages from king Eurystheus to the mighty Heracles. Of him, a father baser by far, was begotten a son goodlier in all manner of excellence, both in fleetness of foot and in fight, and in mind he was among the first of the men of Mycenae; he it was who then yielded to Hector the glory of victory. For, as he turned back, he tripped upon the rim of the shield that himself bare, a shield that reached to the feet, a defence against javelins: thereon he stumbled and fell backward, and about his temples his helm rang wondrously as he fell. And Hector was quick to mark it, and ran, and stood close beside him, and fixed his spear in his breast, and slew him hard by his dear comrades; and they availed not to aid him, albeit they sorrowed for their comrade; for themselves were sore adread of goodly Hector.

Now were they got among the ships,[1] and the outermost ships encircled them, even they that had been drawn up in the first line; but their foes rushed on. And the Argives gave way perforce from the outermost ships, but abode there beside their huts, all in one body, and scattered not throughout the camp; for shame withheld them and fear; and unceasingly they called aloud one to the other. And above all others Nestor of Gerenia, the warder of the Achaeans, besought each man, adjuring him by them that begat him, saying: "My friends, play the man, and take in your hearts shame of other men, and be ye mindful, each man of you, of children and wife, of possessions

the Trojans, but at this point turn, and so have their faces toward the ships (Ameis). The context demands the meaning given above, whether or not we assume connexion with ὀπή.

ἠμὲν ὅτεῳ ζώουσι καὶ ᾧ κατατεθνήκασι·
τῶν ὕπερ ἐνθάδ' ἐγὼ γουνάζομαι οὐ παρεόντων
ἑστάμεναι κρατερῶς, μηδὲ τρωπᾶσθε φόβονδε."
"Ὣς εἰπὼν ὄτρυνε μένος καὶ θυμὸν ἑκάστου.
τοῖσι δ' ἀπ' ὀφθαλμῶν νέφος ἀχλύος ὦσεν Ἀθήνη[1]
θεσπέσιον· μάλα δέ σφι φόως γένετ' ἀμφοτέρωθεν,
ἠμὲν πρὸς νηῶν καὶ ὁμοιΐου πολέμοιο.
Ἕκτορα δὲ φράσσαντο βοὴν ἀγαθὸν καὶ ἑταίρους,
ἠμὲν ὅσοι μετόπισθεν ἀφέστασαν οὐδὲ μάχοντο,
ἠδ' ὅσσοι παρὰ νηυσὶ μάχην ἐμάχοντο θοῇσιν.
Οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔτ' Αἴαντι μεγαλήτορι ἥνδανε θυμῷ
ἑστάμεν ἔνθα περ ἄλλοι ἀφέστασαν υἷες Ἀχαιῶν·
ἀλλ' ὅ γε νηῶν ἴκρι' ἐπῴχετο μακρὰ βιβάσθων,
νώμα δὲ ξυστὸν μέγα ναύμαχον ἐν παλάμῃσι,
κολλητὸν βλήτροισι, δυωκαιεικοσίπηχυ.
ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἀνὴρ ἵπποισι κελητίζειν ἐῢ εἰδώς,
ὅς τ' ἐπεὶ ἐκ πολέων πίσυρας συναείρεται ἵππους,
σεύας ἐκ πεδίοιο μέγα προτὶ ἄστυ δίηται[2]
λαοφόρον καθ' ὁδόν· πολέες τέ ἑ θηήσαντο
ἀνέρες ἠδὲ γυναῖκες· ὁ δ' ἔμπεδον ἀσφαλὲς αἰεὶ
θρῴσκων ἄλλοτ' ἐπ' ἄλλον ἀμείβεται, οἱ δὲ πέτονται·
ὣς Αἴας ἐπὶ πολλὰ θοάων ἴκρια νηῶν
φοίτα μακρὰ βιβάς, φωνὴ δέ οἱ αἰθέρ' ἵκανεν,
αἰεὶ δὲ σμερδνὸν βοόων Δαναοῖσι κέλευε
νηυσί τε καὶ κλισίῃσιν ἀμυνέμεν. οὐδὲ μὲν Ἕκτωρ
μίμνεν ἐνὶ Τρώων ὁμάδῳ πύκα θωρηκτάων.
ἀλλ' ὥς τ' ὀρνίθων πετεηνῶν αἰετὸς αἴθων
ἔθνος ἐφορμᾶται ποταμὸν πάρα βοσκομενάων,
χηνῶν ἢ γεράνων ἢ κύκνων δουλιχοδείρων,

[1] Lines 668-673 were rejected by Aristarchus.
[2] δίηται: διώκῃ.

and of his parents, whether in the case of any they be living or be dead. For the sake of them that are not here with us do I now beseech you to stand firm, and turn not back in flight."

So saying, he aroused the strength and spirit of every man, and from their eyes Athene thrust away the wondrous cloud of mist, and mightily did light come to them from either hand, both from the side of the ships and from that of evil war. And all beheld Hector, good at the war-cry, and his comrades, alike they that stood in the rear and fought not, and all they that did battle by the swift ships.

Now was it no more pleasing to the soul of great-hearted Aias to stand in the place where the rest of the sons of the Achaeans stood aloof, but he kept faring with long strides up and down the decks of the ships, and he wielded in his hands a long pike for sea-fighting, a pike jointed with rings, of a length of two and twenty cubits. And as a man well-skilled in horsemanship harnesseth together four horses chosen out of many, and driveth them in swift course from the plain toward a great city along a highway, while many marvel at him, both men-folk and women, and ever with sure step he leapeth, and passeth from horse to horse, while they speed on; even so Aias kept ranging with long strides over the many decks of the swift ships, and his voice went up to heaven, as ever with terrible cries he called to the Danaans to defend their ships and huts. Nor did Hector abide amid the throng of the mail-clad Trojans, but as a tawny eagle darteth upon a flock of winged fowl that are feeding by a river's bank—a flock of wild geese, or cranes, or long-necked swans, even so

ὣς Ἕκτωρ ἴθυσε νεὸς κυανοπρῴροιο
ἀντίος ἀΐξας· τὸν δὲ Ζεὺς ὦσεν[1] ὄπισθε
χειρὶ μάλα μεγάλῃ, ὤτρυνε δὲ λαὸν ἅμ' αὐτῷ.
  Αὖτις δὲ δριμεῖα μάχη παρὰ νηυσὶν ἐτύχθη·
φαίης κ' ἀκμῆτας καὶ ἀτειρέας ἀλλήλοισιν
ἄντεσθ' ἐν πολέμῳ, ὡς ἐσσυμένως ἐμάχοντο.
τοῖσι δὲ μαρναμένοισιν ὅδ' ἦν νόος· ἤ τοι Ἀχαιοὶ
οὐκ ἔφασαν φεύξεσθαι ὑπὲκ κακοῦ, ἀλλ' ὀλέεσθαι,
Τρωσὶν δ' ἔλπετο θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ἑκάστου
νῆας ἐνιπρήσειν κτενέειν θ' ἥρωας Ἀχαιούς.
οἱ μὲν τὰ φρονέοντες ἐφέστασαν ἀλλήλοισιν.
Ἕκτωρ δὲ πρύμνης νεὸς ἥψατο ποντοπόροιο,
καλῆς ὠκυάλου, ἣ Πρωτεσίλαον ἔνεικεν
ἐς Τροίην, οὐδ' αὖτις ἀπήγαγε πατρίδα γαῖαν.
τοῦ περ δὴ περὶ νηὸς Ἀχαιοί τε Τρῶές τε
δῄουν ἀλλήλους αὐτοσχεδόν· οὐδ' ἄρα τοί γε
τόξων ἀϊκὰς ἀμφὶς μένον οὐδ' ἔτ' ἀκόντων,
ἀλλ' οἵ γ' ἐγγύθεν ἱστάμενοι, ἕνα θυμὸν ἔχοντες,
ὀξέσι δὴ πελέκεσσι καὶ ἀξίνῃσι μάχοντο
καὶ ξίφεσιν μεγάλοισι καὶ ἔγχεσιν ἀμφιγύοισι.[2]
πολλὰ δὲ φάσγανα καλὰ μελάνδετα κωπήεντα
ἄλλα μὲν ἐκ χειρῶν χαμάδις πέσον, ἄλλα δ' ἀπ' ὤμων
ἀνδρῶν μαρναμένων· ῥέε δ' αἵματι γαῖα μέλαινα.
Ἕκτωρ δὲ πρύμνηθεν ἐπεὶ λάβεν οὐχὶ μεθίει,
ἄφλαστον μετὰ χερσὶν ἔχων, Τρωσὶν δὲ κέλευεν·
"οἴσετε πῦρ, ἅμα δ' αὐτοὶ ἀολλέες ὄρνυτ' ἀϋτήν·

[1] ὦσεν Aristarchus: ὦρσεν.
[2] Line 712 was rejected by Aristarchus.

[1] The ἄφλαστον seems to be identical with the κόρυμβα of

Hector made for a dark-prowed ship, rushing straight thereon; and from behind Zeus thrust him on with exceeding mighty hand, and aroused the host together with him.

Then again keen battle was set afoot beside the ships. Thou wouldst have deemed that all unwearied and unworn they faced one another in war, so furiously did they fight. And in their fighting they were minded thus: the Achaeans verily deemed that they should never escape from out the peril, but should perish, while for the Trojans, the heart in each man's breast hoped that they should fire the ships and slay the Achaean warriors. Such were their thoughts as they stood, each host against the other. But Hector laid hold of the stern of a seafaring ship, a fair ship, swift upon the brine, that had borne Protesilaus to Troy, but brought him not back again to his native land. About his ship Achaeans and Trojans were slaying one another in close combat, nor did they longer hold aloof and thus endure the flight of arrows and of darts, but standing man against man in oneness of heart, they fought with sharp battle-axes and hatchets, and with great swords and two-edged spears. And many goodly blades, bound with dark thongs at the hilt, fell to the ground, some from the hands and some from the shoulders of the warriors as they fought; and the black earth flowed with blood. But Hector, when he had grasped the ship by the stern, would not loose his hold, but kept the ensign[1] in his hands, and called to the Trojans: "Bring fire, and therewithal raise

ix. 241,—a "tall ornamental projection in which the stern of the ship ran up" (Leaf).

νῦν ἡμῖν πάντων Ζεὺς ἄξιον ἦμαρ ἔδωκε,
νῆας ἑλεῖν, αἳ δεῦρο θεῶν ἀέκητι μολοῦσαι
ἡμῖν πήματα πολλὰ θέσαν, κακότητι γερόντων,
οἵ μ' ἐθέλοντα μάχεσθαι ἐπὶ πρυμνῇσιν νέεσσιν
αὐτόν τ' ἰσχανάασκον ἐρητύοντό τε λαόν·
ἀλλ' εἰ δή ῥα τότε βλάπτε φρένας εὐρύοπα Ζεὺς
ἡμετέρας, νῦν αὐτὸς ἐποτρύνει καὶ ἀνώγει."
Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα μᾶλλον ἐπ' Ἀργείοισιν ὄρουσαν.
Αἴας δ' οὐκέτ' ἔμιμνε· βιάζετο γὰρ βελέεσσιν·
ἀλλ' ἀνεχάζετο τυτθόν, ὀϊόμενος θανέεσθαι,
θρῆνυν[1] ἐφ' ἑπταπόδην, λίπε δ' ἴκρια νηὸς ἐΐσης.
ἔνθ' ἄρ' ὅ γ' ἑστήκει δεδοκημένος, ἔγχεϊ δ' αἰεὶ
Τρῶας ἄμυνε νεῶν, ὅς τις φέροι ἀκάματον πῦρ·
αἰεὶ δὲ σμερδνὸν βοόων Δαναοῖσι κέλευε·
"ὦ φίλοι ἥρωες Δαναοί, θεράποντες Ἄρηος,
ἀνέρες ἔστε, φίλοι, μνήσασθε δὲ θούριδος ἀλκῆς.
ἠέ τινάς φαμεν εἶναι ἀοσσητῆρας ὀπίσσω,
ἦέ τι τεῖχος ἄρειον, ὅ κ' ἀνδράσι λοιγὸν ἀμύναι;
οὐ μέν τι σχεδόν ἐστι πόλις πύργοις ἀραρυῖα,
ᾗ κ' ἀπαμυναίμεσθ' ἑτεραλκέα δῆμον ἔχοντες·
ἀλλ' ἐν γὰρ Τρώων πεδίῳ πύκα θωρηκτάων
πόντῳ κεκλιμένοι ἑκὰς ἥμεθα πατρίδος αἴης·
τῶ ἐν χερσὶ φόως, οὐ μειλιχίῃ πολέμοιο."

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[1] The word *θρῆνυς* (commonly "footstool") has here a meaning not easy to determine. The scholiasts and lexicographers explain it, now as a thwart, or rowers' bench, now

ye the war-cry all with one voice; now hath Zeus vouchsafed us a day that is recompense for all—to take the ships that came hither in despite of the gods, and brought us many woes, by reason of the cowardice of the elders, who, when I was eager to fight at the sterns of the ships, kept me back, and withheld the host. But if Zeus, whose voice is borne afar, then dulled our wits, now of himself he urgeth us on and giveth command."

So spake he, and they leapt the more upon the Argives. But Aias no longer abode, for he was sore beset with darts, but, ever foreboding death, gave ground a little along the bridge[1] of seven feet in height, and left the deck of the shapely ship. There stood he on the watch, and with his spear he ever warded from the ship whosoever of the Trojans sought to bring unwearied fire; and ever with terrible cries he called to the Danaans: "Friends, Danaan warriors, squires of Ares, be men, my friends, and bethink you of furious might. Do we haply deem that there are other helpers at our backs, or some stronger wall to ward off ruin from men? In no wise is there hard at hand a city fenced with walls, whereby we might defend ourselves, having a host to turn the tide of battle; nay, it is in the plain of the mail-clad Trojans that we are set, with naught to support us but the sea, and far from our native land. Therefore in the might of our hands is the light of deliverance, and not in slackness in fight."

as a platform upon which the helmsman stood. I follow Leaf in assuming that it means a bridge connecting the after deck, from which Aias is driven, with the forward deck. That this should have been seven feet in height above the hold is entirely natural; it would thus allow the rowers to move about freely beneath it.

Ἦ, καὶ μαιμώων ἔφεπ' ἔγχεϊ ὀξυόεντι.
ὅς τις δὲ Τρώων κοίλης ἐπὶ νηυσὶ φέροιτο
σὺν πυρὶ κηλείῳ, χάριν Ἕκτορος ὀτρύναντος,
τὸν δ' Αἴας οὔτασκε δεδεγμένος ἔγχεϊ μακρῷ·
δώδεκα δὲ προπάροιθε νεῶν αὐτοσχεδὸν οὖτα.

He spake, and kept driving furiously at the foe with his sharp spear. And whoso of the Trojans would rush upon the hollow ships with blazing fire, doing pleasure to Hector at his bidding, for him would Aias wait, and wound him with a thrust of his long spear; and twelve men did he wound in close fight in front of the ships.

ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Π

Ὣς οἱ μὲν περὶ νηὸς ἐϋσσέλμοιο μάχοντο·
Πάτροκλος δ' Ἀχιλῆϊ παρίστατο, ποιμένι λαῶν,
δάκρυα θερμὰ χέων ὥς τε κρήνη μελάνυδρος,
ἥ τε κατ' αἰγίλιπος πέτρης δνοφερὸν χέει ὕδωρ.
τὸν δὲ ἰδὼν ᾤκτειρε[1] ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς,
καί μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
"τίπτε δεδάκρυσαι, Πατρόκλεες, ἠΰτε κούρη
νηπίη, ἥ θ' ἅμα μητρὶ θέουσ' ἀνελέσθαι ἀνώγει,
εἱανοῦ ἁπτομένη, καί τ' ἐσσυμένην κατερύκει,
δακρυόεσσα δέ μιν ποτιδέρκεται, ὄφρ' ἀνέληται·
τῇ ἴκελος, Πάτροκλε, τέρεν κατὰ δάκρυον εἴβεις.
ἠέ τι Μυρμιδόνεσσι πιφαύσκεαι, ἢ ἐμοὶ αὐτῷ,
ἠέ τιν' ἀγγελίην Φθίης ἐξ ἔκλυες οἶος;
ζώειν μὰν ἔτι φασὶ Μενοίτιον, Ἄκτορος υἱόν,
ζώει δ' Αἰακίδης Πηλεὺς μετὰ Μυρμιδόνεσσι,
τῶν κε μάλ' ἀμφοτέρων ἀκαχοίμεθα τεθνηώτων.
ἦε σύ γ' Ἀργείων ὀλοφύρεαι, ὡς ὀλέκονται
νηυσὶν ἔπι γλαφυρῇσιν ὑπερβασίης ἕνεκα σφῆς;
ἐξαύδα, μὴ κεῦθε νόῳ, ἵνα εἴδομεν ἄμφω."
Τὸν δὲ βαρὺ στενάχων προσέφης, Πατρόκλεες ἱππεῦ·
"ὦ Ἀχιλεῦ, Πηλῆος υἱέ, μέγα φέρτατ' Ἀχαιῶν,
μὴ νεμέσα· τοῖον γὰρ ἄχος βεβίηκεν Ἀχαιούς.

[1] ᾤκτειρε: θάμβησε Aristarchus.

BOOK XVI

Thus then they were warring around the well-benched ship, but Patroclus drew nigh to Achilles, shepherd of the host, shedding hot tears, even as a fountain of dark water that down over the face of a beetling cliff poureth its dusky stream; and swift-footed goodly Achilles had pity when he saw him, and spake and addressed him with winged words: "Why, Patroclus, art thou bathed in tears, like a girl, a mere babe, that runneth by her mother's side and biddeth her take her up, and clutcheth at her gown, and hindereth her in her going, and tearfully looketh up at her, till the mother take her up? Even like her, Patroclus, dost thou let fall round tears. Hast thou haply somewhat to declare to the Myrmidons or to mine own self, or is it some tidings out of Phthia that thyself alone hast heard? Still lives Menoetius, men tell us, Actor's son, and still lives Peleus, son of Aeacus, amid the Myrmidons, for which twain would we grieve right sore, were they dead. Or art thou sorrowing for the Argives, how they are being slain beside the hollow ships by reason of their own presumptuous act? Speak out; hide it not in thy mind; that we both may know."

Then with a heavy groan, didst thou make answer, O knight Patroclus: "O Achilles, son of Peleus, far the mightiest of the Achaeans, be not wroth; so great

οἱ μὲν γὰρ δὴ πάντες, ὅσοι πάρος ἦσαν ἄριστοι,
ἐν νηυσὶν κέαται βεβλημένοι οὐτάμενοί τε.
βέβληται μὲν ὁ Τυδεΐδης κρατερὸς Διομήδης,
οὔτασται δ' Ὀδυσεὺς δουρικλυτὸς ἠδ' Ἀγαμέμνων,
βέβληται δὲ καὶ Εὐρύπυλος κατὰ μηρὸν ὀϊστῷ.
τοὺς μέν τ' ἰητροὶ πολυφάρμακοι ἀμφιπένονται,
ἕλκε' ἀκειόμενοι· σὺ δ' ἀμήχανος ἔπλευ, Ἀχιλλεῦ.
μὴ ἐμέ γ' οὖν οὗτός γε λάβοι χόλος, ὃν σὺ φυλάσσεις,
αἰναρέτη· τί σευ ἄλλος ὀνήσεται ὀψίγονός περ,
αἴ κε μὴ Ἀργείοισιν ἀεικέα λοιγὸν ἀμύνῃς;
νηλεές, οὐκ ἄρα σοί γε πατὴρ ἦν ἱππότα Πηλεύς,
οὐδὲ Θέτις μήτηρ· γλαυκὴ δέ σε τίκτε θάλασσα
πέτραι τ' ἠλίβατοι, ὅτι τοι νόος ἐστὶν ἀπηνής.
εἰ δέ τινα φρεσὶ σῇσι θεοπροπίην ἀλεείνεις
καί τινά τοι πὰρ Ζηνὸς ἐπέφραδε πότνια μήτηρ,
ἀλλ' ἐμέ περ πρόες ὦχ', ἅμα δ' ἄλλον λαὸν ὄπασσον
Μυρμιδόνων, ἤν πού τι φόως Δαναοῖσι γένωμαι.
δὸς δέ μοι ὤμοιιν τὰ σὰ τεύχεα θωρηχθῆναι,
αἴ κ' ἐμὲ σοὶ ἴσκοντες ἀπόσχωνται πολέμοιο
Τρῶες, ἀναπνεύσωσι δ' ἀρήϊοι υἷες Ἀχαιῶν
τειρόμενοι· ὀλίγη δέ τ' ἀνάπνευσις πολέμοιο.
ῥεῖα δέ κ' ἀκμῆτες κεκμηότας ἄνδρας ἀϋτῇ
ὤσαιμεν προτὶ ἄστυ νεῶν ἄπο καὶ κλισιάων."
Ὣς φάτο λισσόμενος μέγα νήπιος· ἦ γὰρ ἔμελλεν
οἷ αὐτῷ θάνατόν τε κακὸν καὶ κῆρα λιτέσθαι.
τὸν δὲ μέγ' ὀχθήσας προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·

a sorrow hath overmastered the Achaeans. For verily all they that aforetime were bravest, lie among the ships smitten by darts or wounded with spear-thrusts. Smitten is the son of Tydeus, mighty Diomedes, wounded with spear-thrust is Odysseus, famed for his spear, and Agamemnon, and smitten, too, is Eurypylus with an arrow in the thigh. About these the leeches, skilled in many simples, are busied, seeking to heal their wounds; but with thee may no man deal, Achilles. Never upon me let such wrath lay hold, as that thou dost cherish, O thou whose valour is but a bane! Wherein shall any other even yet to be born have profit of thee, if thou ward not off shameful ruin from the Argives? Pitiless one, thy father, meseems, was not the knight Peleus, nor was Thetis thy mother, but the grey sea bare thee, and the beetling cliffs, for that thy heart is unbending. But if in thy mind thou art shunning some oracle, and thy queenly mother hath declared to thee aught from Zeus, yet me at least send thou forth speedily, and with me let the rest of the host of the Myrmidons follow, if so be I may prove a light of deliverance to the Danaans. And grant me to buckle upon my shoulders that armour of thine, in hope that the Trojans may take me for thee, and so desist from war, and the warlike sons of the Achaeans may take breath, wearied as they are; for scant is the breathing-space in battle. And lightly might we that are unwearied drive men that are wearied with the battle back to the city from the ships and the huts."

So spake he in prayer, fool that he was, for in sooth it was to be his own evil death and fate for which he prayed. Then, his heart deeply stirred, spake

“ὤ μοι, διογενὲς Πατρόκλεες, οἷον ἔειπες·
οὔτε θεοπροπίης ἐμπάζομαι, ἥν[1] τινα οἶδα,
οὔτε τί μοι πὰρ Ζηνὸς ἐπέφραδε πότνια μήτηρ·
ἀλλὰ τόδ' αἰνὸν ἄχος κραδίην καὶ θυμὸν ἱκάνει,
ὁππότε δὴ[2] τὸν ὁμοῖον ἀνὴρ ἐθέλῃσιν ἀμέρσαι
καὶ γέρας ἂψ ἀφελέσθαι, ὅ τε κράτεϊ προβεβήκῃ·
αἰνὸν ἄχος τό μοί ἐστιν, ἐπεὶ πάθον ἄλγεα θυμῷ.
κούρην ἣν ἄρα μοι γέρας ἔξελον υἷες Ἀχαιῶν,
δουρὶ δ' ἐμῷ κτεάτισσα, πόλιν εὐτείχεα πέρσας,
τὴν ἂψ ἐκ χειρῶν ἕλετο κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων
Ἀτρεΐδης ὡς εἴ τιν' ἀτίμητον μετανάστην.
ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν προτετύχθαι ἐάσομεν· οὐδ' ἄρα πως ἦν
ἀσπερχὲς κεχολῶσθαι ἐνὶ φρεσίν· ἦ τοι ἔφην γε
οὐ πρὶν μηνιθμὸν καταπαυσέμεν, ἀλλ' ὁπότ' ἂν δὴ
νῆας ἐμὰς ἀφίκηται ἀϋτή τε πτόλεμός τε.
τύνη δ' ὤμοιιν μὲν ἐμὰ κλυτὰ τεύχεα δῦθι,
ἄρχε δὲ Μυρμιδόνεσσι φιλοπτολέμοισι μάχεσθαι,
εἰ δὴ κυάνεον Τρώων νέφος ἀμφιβέβηκε
νηυσὶν ἐπικρατέως, οἱ δὲ ῥηγμῖνι θαλάσσης
κεκλίαται, χώρης ὀλίγην ἔτι μοῖραν ἔχοντες,
Ἀργεῖοι· Τρώων δὲ πόλις ἐπὶ πᾶσα βέβηκε
θάρσυνος· οὐ γὰρ ἐμῆς κόρυθος λεύσσουσι μέτωπον
ἐγγύθι λαμπομένης· τάχα κεν φεύγοντες ἐναύλους
πλήσειαν νεκύων, εἴ μοι κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων
ἤπια εἰδείη· νῦν δὲ στρατὸν ἀμφιμάχονται.
οὐ γὰρ Τυδεΐδεω Διομήδεος ἐν παλάμῃσι
μαίνεται ἐγχείη Δαναῶν ἀπὸ λοιγὸν ἀμῦναι·

[1] ἥν: εἴ Aristarchus. [2] δὴ: τις Aristarchus.

to him swift-footed Achilles: "Ah me, Zeus-born Patroclus, what a thing hast thou said! Neither reck I of any oracle, that I wot of, nor has my queenly mother declared to me aught from Zeus; but herein dread grief cometh upon heart and soul, whenso a man is minded to rob one that is his equal, and take from him his prize, for that he surpasseth him in power. Dread grief is this to me, seeing I have suffered woes at heart. The girl that the sons of the Achaeans chose out for me as a prize, and that I won with my spear, when I had laid waste a well-walled city, her hath lord Agamemnon taken back from my arms, this son of Atreus, as though I were some alien that had no rights. Howbeit these things will we let be, as past and done. In no wise, meseems, was I to be filled with ceaseless wrath at heart; yet verily I deemed that I should not make an end of mine anger, until the hour when unto mine own ships should come the war-cry and the battle. But come, do thou put upon thy shoulders my glorious armour, and lead forth the war-loving Myrmidons to the fight, if in good sooth the dark cloud of the Trojans hath encompassed the ships mightily, and those others abide with naught to support them but the shore of the sea, having but scant space of land still left them, even the Argives; while the whole city of the Trojans hath come forth against them fearlessly, for they see not the front of my helm shining hard at hand; full soon in their flight would they fill the water-courses with their dead, were but lord Agamemnon of kindly mind toward me, whereas now they are warring around the camp. For not in the hands of Diomedes, son of Tydeus, doth the spear rage, to ward off ruin from the Danaans,

οὐδέ πω Ἀτρεΐδεω ὀπὸς ἔκλυον αὐδήσαντος
ἐχθρῆς ἐκ κεφαλῆς· ἀλλ᾽ Ἕκτορος ἀνδροφόνοιο
Τρωσὶ κελεύοντος περιάγνυται, οἱ δ᾽ ἀλαλητῷ
πᾶν πεδίον κατέχουσι, μάχῃ νικῶντες Ἀχαιούς.
ἀλλὰ καὶ ὥς, Πάτροκλε, νεῶν ἀπὸ λοιγὸν ἀμύνων
ἔμπεσ᾽ ἐπικρατέως, μὴ δὴ πυρὸς αἰθομένοιο
νῆας ἐνιπρήσωσι, φίλον δ᾽ ἀπὸ νόστον ἕλωνται.
πείθεο δ᾽ ὥς τοι ἐγὼ μύθου τέλος ἐν φρεσὶ θείω,
ὡς ἄν μοι τιμὴν μεγάλην καὶ κῦδος ἄρηαι
πρὸς πάντων Δαναῶν, ἀτὰρ οἱ περικαλλέα κούρην
ἂψ ἀπονάσσωσιν, ποτὶ δ᾽ ἀγλαὰ δῶρα πόρωσιν.
ἐκ νηῶν ἐλάσας ἰέναι πάλιν· εἰ δέ κεν αὖ τοι
δώῃ κῦδος ἀρέσθαι ἐρίγδουπος πόσις Ἥρης,
μὴ σύ γ᾽ ἄνευθεν ἐμεῖο λιλαίεσθαι πολεμίζειν[1]
Τρωσὶ φιλοπτολέμοισιν· ἀτιμότερον δέ με θήσεις·
μηδ᾽ ἐπαγαλλόμενος πολέμῳ καὶ δηϊοτῆτι,
Τρῶας ἐναιρόμενος, προτὶ Ἴλιον ἡγεμονεύειν,[2]
μή τις ἀπ᾽ Οὐλύμποιο θεῶν αἰειγενετάων[3]
ἐμβήῃ· μάλα τούς γε φιλεῖ ἑκάεργος Ἀπόλλων·
ἀλλὰ πάλιν τρωπᾶσθαι, ἐπὴν φάος ἐν νήεσσι
θήῃς, τοὺς δ᾽ ἔτ᾽ ἐᾶν πεδίον κάτα δηριάασθαι.
αἲ γάρ, Ζεῦ τε πάτερ καὶ Ἀθηναίη καὶ Ἄπολλον,[4]
μήτε τις οὖν Τρώων θάνατον φύγοι, ὅσσοι ἔασι,
μήτε τις Ἀργείων, νῶϊ δ᾽ ἐκδῦμεν ὄλεθρον,
ὄφρ᾽ οἶοι Τροίης ἱερὰ κρήδεμνα λύωμεν."
Ὣς οἱ μὲν τοιαῦτα πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἀγόρευον,

[1] Lines 89 f. were omitted by Zenodotus, who in 91 reads μὴ σύ γ᾽ ἀγαλλόμενος.
[2] ἡγεμονεύειν: αἰπὺ δίεσθαι Zenodotus.
[3] In the place of lines 93-96 Zenodotus read μή σ᾽ ἀπογυμνωθέντα λάβῃ κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ.
[4] Lines 97-100 were rejected by Zenodotus and Aristarchus.

neither as yet have I heard the voice of the son of Atreus, shouting from his hated head; nay, it is the voice of man-slaying Hector that breaketh about me, as he calleth to the Trojans, and they with their din possess all the plain, and vanquish the Achaeans in battle. Yet even so, Patroclus, in warding destruction from the ships fall thou upon them mightily, lest verily they burn the ships with blazing fire and rob the Greeks of their desired return. Howbeit do thou hearken, that I may put in thy mind the sum of my counsel, to the end that thou mayest win me great recompense and glory at the hands of all the Danaans, and that they send back that beauteous girl, and therewithal give glorious gifts. When thou hast driven them from the ships, come back, and if the loud-thundering lord of Hera grant thee to win glory, be not thou fain apart from me to war against the war-loving Trojans: thou wilt lessen mine honour. Nor yet do thou, as thou exultest in war and conflict, and slayest the Trojans, lead on unto Ilios, lest one of the gods that are for ever shall come down from Olympus and enter the fray; right dearly doth Apollo, that worketh afar, love them. Nay, return thou back, when once thou hast set a light of deliverance amid the ships, and suffer the rest to battle over the plain. For I would, O father Zeus, and Athene, and Apollo, that no man of the Trojans might escape death, of all that there are, neither any of the Argives, but that we twain might escape destruction, that alone we might loose the sacred diadem of Troy."

On this wise spake they one to the other, but

Αἴας δ' οὐκέτ' ἔμιμνε· βιάζετο γὰρ βελέεσσι·
δάμνα μιν Ζηνός τε νόος καὶ Τρῶες ἀγαυοὶ
βάλλοντες· δεινὴν δὲ περὶ κροτάφοισι φαεινὴ
πήληξ βαλλομένη καναχὴν ἔχε, βάλλετο δ' αἰεὶ
κὰπ φάλαρ' εὐποίηθ'· ὁ δ' ἀριστερὸν ὦμον ἔκαμνεν,
ἔμπεδον αἰὲν ἔχων σάκος αἰόλον· οὐδ' ἐδύναντο
ἀμφ' αὐτῷ πελεμίξαι ἐρείδοντες βελέεσσιν.
αἰεὶ δ' ἀργαλέῳ ἔχετ' ἄσθματι, κὰδ δέ οἱ ἱδρὼς
πάντοθεν ἐκ μελέων πολὺς ἔρρεεν, οὐδέ πῃ εἶχεν
ἀμπνεῦσαι· πάντῃ δὲ κακὸν κακῷ ἐστήρικτο.
Ἔσπετε νῦν μοι, Μοῦσαι Ὀλύμπια δώματ' ἔχουσαι,
ὅππως δὴ πρῶτον πῦρ ἔμπεσε νηυσὶν Ἀχαιῶν.
Ἕκτωρ Αἴαντος δόρυ μείλινον ἄγχι παραστὰς
πλῆξ' ἄορι μεγάλῳ, αἰχμῆς παρὰ καυλὸν ὄπισθεν,
ἀντικρὺ δ' ἀπάραξε· τὸ μὲν Τελαμώνιος Αἴας
πῆλ' αὔτως ἐν χειρὶ κόλον δόρυ, τῆλε δ' ἀπ' αὐτοῦ
αἰχμὴ χαλκείη χαμάδις βόμβησε πεσοῦσα.
γνῶ δ' Αἴας κατὰ θυμὸν ἀμύμονα, ῥίγησέν τε,
ἔργα θεῶν, ὅ ῥα πάγχυ μάχης ἐπὶ μήδεα κεῖρε
Ζεὺς ὑψιβρεμέτης, Τρώεσσι δὲ βούλετο νίκην·
χάζετο δ' ἐκ βελέων. τοὶ δ' ἔμβαλον ἀκάματον πῦρ
νηῒ θοῇ· τῆς δ' αἶψα κατ' ἀσβέστη κέχυτο φλόξ.
Ὣς τὴν μὲν πρύμνην πῦρ ἄμφεπεν· αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς
μηρὼ πληξάμενος Πατροκλῆα προσέειπεν·
"ὄρσεο, διογενὲς Πατρόκλεες, ἱπποκέλευθε·
λεύσσω δὴ παρὰ νηυσὶ πυρὸς δηΐοιο ἰωήν·[1]

[1] ἰωήν: ἐρωήν.

Aias no longer abode, for he was sore beset with darts; the will of Zeus was overmastering him, and the lordly Trojans with their missiles; and terribly did the bright helm about his temples ring continually, as it was smitten, for smitten it ever was upon the well-wrought cheek-pieces, and his left shoulder grew weary as he ever firmly held his flashing shield; nor might they beat it back about him, for all they pressed him hard with darts. And evermore was he distressed by laboured breathing, and down from his limbs on every side abundant sweat kept streaming, nor had he any wise respite to get his breath withal, but every way evil was heaped upon evil.

Tell me now, ye Muses, that have dwellings on Olympus, how fire was first flung upon the ships of the Achaeans.

It was Hector that drew nigh to Aias and smote his ashen spear with his great sword hard by the socket, at the base of the point, and shore it clean away, so that Telamonian Aias brandished all vainly a pointless spear, and far from him the head of bronze fell ringing to the ground. And Aias knew in his noble heart, and shuddered at the deeds of the gods, how that Zeus, who thundereth on high, brought utterly to naught the counsels of his battle, and would have victory for the Trojans. Then he gave ground from out the darts; and the Trojans cast upon the swift ship unwearied fire, and over her forthwith streamed a flame that might not be quenched.

So then was the ship's stern wreathed about with fire, but Achilles smote both his thighs and spake to Patroclus: "Up now, Zeus-born Patroclus, master of horsemen. Lo, I see by the ships the rush of

μὴ δὴ νῆας ἕλωσι καὶ οὐκέτι φυκτὰ πέλωνται·
δύσεο τεύχεα θᾶσσον, ἐγὼ δέ κε λαὸν ἀγείρω."
Ὣς φάτο, Πάτροκλος δὲ κορύσσετο νώροπι χαλκῷ.
κνημῖδας μὲν πρῶτα περὶ κνήμῃσιν ἔθηκε
καλάς, ἀργυρέοισιν ἐπισφυρίοις ἀραρυίας·
δεύτερον αὖ θώρηκα περὶ στήθεσσιν ἔδυνε
ποικίλον ἀστερόεντα ποδώκεος Αἰακίδαο.
ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' ὤμοισιν βάλετο ξίφος ἀργυρόηλον
χάλκεον, αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα σάκος μέγα τε στιβαρόν τε·
κρατὶ δ' ἐπ' ἰφθίμῳ κυνέην εὔτυκτον ἔθηκεν
ἵππουριν· δεινὸν δὲ λόφος καθύπερθεν ἔνευεν·
εἵλετο δ' ἄλκιμα δοῦρε, τά οἱ παλάμηφιν ἀρήρει.
ἔγχος δ' οὐχ ἕλετ' οἶον ἀμύμονος Αἰακίδαο,[1]
βριθὺ μέγα στιβαρόν· τὸ μὲν οὐ δύνατ' ἄλλος Ἀχαιῶν
πάλλειν, ἀλλά μιν οἶος ἐπίστατο πῆλαι Ἀχιλλεύς,
Πηλιάδα μελίην, τὴν πατρὶ φίλῳ πόρε[2] Χείρων
Πηλίου ἐκ κορυφῆς, φόνον ἔμμεναι ἡρώεσσιν.
ἵππους δ' Αὐτομέδοντα θοῶς ζευγνῦμεν ἄνωγε,
τὸν μετ' Ἀχιλλῆα ῥηξήνορα τῖε μάλιστα,
πιστότατος δέ οἱ ἔσκε μάχῃ ἔνι μεῖναι ὁμοκλήν.
τῷ δὲ καὶ Αὐτομέδων ὕπαγε ζυγὸν ὠκέας ἵππους,
Ξάνθον καὶ Βαλίον, τὼ ἅμα πνοιῇσι πετέσθην,
τοὺς ἔτεκε Ζεφύρῳ ἀνέμῳ Ἅρπυια Ποδάργη,
βοσκομένη λειμῶνι παρὰ ῥόον Ὠκεανοῖο.
ἐν δὲ παρηορίῃσιν ἀμύμονα Πήδασον ἵει,
τόν ῥά ποτ' Ἠετίωνος ἑλὼν πόλιν ἤγαγ' Ἀχιλλεύς,
ὃς καὶ θνητὸς ἐὼν ἕπεθ' ἵπποις ἀθανάτοισι.
Μυρμιδόνας δ' ἄρ' ἐποιχόμενος θώρηξεν Ἀχιλλεὺς

[1] Lines 140-144 were rejected by Zenodotus.
[2] πόρε: τάμε.

consuming fire. Let it not be that they take the ships and there be no more escaping! Do on my armour with all haste, and I will gather the host."

So spake he, and Patroclus arrayed him in gleaming bronze. The greaves first he set about his legs; beautiful they were, and fitted with silver ankle-pieces; next he did on about his chest the corselet of the swift-footed son of Aeacus, richly-wrought, and spangled with stars. And about his shoulders he cast the silver-studded sword of bronze, and thereafter the shield, great and sturdy; and upon his mighty head he set the well-wrought helmet with horse-hair crest, and terribly did the plume nod from above; and he took two valorous spears, that fitted his grasp. Only the spear of the peerless son of Aeacus he took not, the spear heavy and huge and strong; this none other of the Achaeans could wield, but Achilles alone was skilled to wield it, even the Pelian spear of ash, that Cheiron had given to his dear father from the peak of Pelion, to be for the slaying of warriors. And the horses he bade Automedon yoke speedily, even him that he honoured most after Achilles, breaker of the ranks of men, and that in his eyes was faithful above all to abide his call in battle. At his bidding then Automedon led beneath the yoke the fleet horses, Xanthus and Balius, that flew swift as the winds, horses that the Harpy Podarge conceived to the West Wind, as she grazed on the meadow beside the stream of Oceanus. And in the side-traces he set the goodly Pedasus that on a time Achilles had brought away, when he took the city of Eëtion; and he, being but mortal, kept pace with immortal steeds.

But Achilles went to and fro throughout the huts

πάντας ἀνὰ κλισίας σὺν τεύχεσιν· οἱ δὲ λύκοι ὣς
ὠμοφάγοι, τοῖσίν τε περὶ φρεσὶν ἄσπετος ἀλκή,
οἵ τ' ἔλαφον κεραὸν μέγαν οὔρεσι δηώσαντες
δάπτουσιν· πᾶσιν δὲ παρήϊον αἵματι φοινόν·
καί τ' ἀγεληδὸν ἴασιν ἀπὸ κρήνης μελανύδρου
λάψοντες γλώσσῃσιν ἀραιῇσιν μέλαν ὕδωρ
ἄκρον, ἐρευγόμενοι φόνον αἵματος· ἐν δέ τε θυμὸς
στήθεσιν ἄτρομός ἐστι, περιστένεται δέ τε γαστήρ·
τοῖοι Μυρμιδόνων ἡγήτορες ἠδὲ μέδοντες
ἀμφ' ἀγαθὸν θεράποντα ποδώκεος Αἰακίδαο
ῥώοντ'· ἐν δ' ἄρα τοῖσιν ἀρήϊος ἵστατ' Ἀχιλλεύς,
ὀτρύνων ἵππους τε καὶ ἀνέρας ἀσπιδιώτας.

Πεντήκοντ' ἦσαν νῆες θοαί, ᾗσιν Ἀχιλλεὺς
ἐς Τροίην ἡγεῖτο διΐφιλος· ἐν δὲ ἑκάστῃ
πεντήκοντ' ἔσαν ἄνδρες ἐπὶ κληῗσιν ἑταῖροι·
πέντε δ' ἄρ' ἡγεμόνας ποιήσατο τοῖς ἐπεποίθει
σημαίνειν· αὐτὸς δὲ μέγα κρατέων ἤνασσε.
τῆς μὲν ἰῆς στιχὸς ἦρχε Μενέσθιος αἰολοθώρηξ,
υἱὸς Σπερχειοῖο, διιπετέος ποταμοῖο,
ὃν τέκε Πηλῆος θυγάτηρ, καλὴ Πολυδώρη,
Σπερχειῷ ἀκάμαντι, γυνὴ θεῷ εὐνηθεῖσα,
αὐτὰρ ἐπίκλησιν Βώρῳ, Περιήρεος υἷι,
ὅς ῥ' ἀναφανδὸν ὄπυιε, πορὼν ἀπερείσια ἕδνα.
τῆς δ' ἑτέρης Εὔδωρος ἀρήϊος ἡγεμόνευε,
παρθένιος, τὸν τίκτε χορῷ καλὴ Πολυμήλη,
Φύλαντος θυγάτηρ· τῆς δὲ κρατὺς Ἀργεϊφόντης
ἠράσατ', ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἰδὼν μετὰ μελπομένῃσιν
ἐν χορῷ Ἀρτέμιδος χρυσηλακάτου κελαδεινῆς.[1]
αὐτίκα δ' εἰς ὑπερῷ' ἀναβὰς παρελέξατο λάθρῃ

[1] Line 183 was rejected by Aristarchus.

and let harness in their armour all the Myrmidons, and they rushed forth like ravening wolves in whose hearts is fury unspeakable—wolves that have slain in the hills a great horned stag, and rend him, and the jaws of all are red with gore; and in a pack they go to lap with their slender tongues the surface of the black water from a dusky spring, belching forth the while blood and gore, the heart in their breasts unflinching, and their bellies gorged full; even in such wise the leaders and rulers of the Myrmidons sped forth round about the valiant squire of the swift-footed son of Aeacus. And among them all stood warlike Achilles, urging on both horses and men that bear the shield.

Fifty were the swift ships which Achilles, dear to Zeus, led to Troy, and in each ship at the thole-pins were fifty men, his comrades; and five leaders had he appointed in whom he trusted to give command, and himself in his great might was king over all. The one rank was led by Menesthius of the flashing corselet, son of Spercheius, the heaven-fed river. Him did fair Polydora, daughter of Peleus, bear to tireless Spercheius, a woman couched with a god, but in name she bare him to Borus, son of Perieres, who openly wedded her, when he had given gifts of wooing past counting. And of the next company warlike Eudorus was captain, the son of a girl unwed, and him did Polymele, fair in the dance, daughter of Phylas, bear. Of her the strong Argeïphontes became enamoured, when his eyes had sight of her amid the singing maidens, in the dancing-floor of Artemis, huntress of the golden arrows and the echoing chase. Forthwith then he went up into her upper chamber, and lay with her secretly, even

Ἑρμείας ἀκάκητα, πόρεν δέ οἱ ἀγλαὸν υἱὸν
Εὔδωρον, πέρι μὲν θείειν ταχὺν ἠδὲ μαχητήν.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ δὴ τόν γε μογοστόκος Εἰλείθυια
ἐξάγαγε πρὸ φόωσδε καὶ ἠελίου ἴδεν αὐγάς,
τὸν μὲν Ἐχεκλῆος κρατερὸν μένος Ἀκτορίδαο
ἠγάγετο πρὸς δώματ᾽, ἐπεὶ πόρε μυρία ἕδνα,
τὸν δ᾽ ὁ γέρων Φύλας εὖ ἔτρεφεν ἠδ᾽ ἀτίταλλεν,
ἀμφαγαπαζόμενος ὡς εἴ θ᾽ ἑὸν υἱὸν ἐόντα.
τῆς δὲ τρίτης Πείσανδρος ἀρήϊος ἡγεμόνευε
Μαιμαλίδης, ὃς πᾶσι μετέπρεπε Μυρμιδόνεσσιν
ἔγχεϊ μάρνασθαι μετὰ Πηλεΐωνος ἑταῖρον.
τῆς δὲ τετάρτης ἦρχε γέρων ἱππηλάτα Φοῖνιξ,
πέμπτης δ᾽ Ἀλκιμέδων, Λαέρκεος υἱὸς ἀμύμων.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ δὴ πάντας ἅμ᾽ ἡγεμόνεσσιν Ἀχιλλεὺς
στῆσεν ἐὺ κρίνας, κρατερὸν δ᾽ ἐπὶ μῦθον ἔτελλε·
"Μυρμιδόνες, μή τίς μοι ἀπειλάων λελαθέσθω,
ἃς ἐπὶ νηυσὶ θοῇσιν ἀπειλεῖτε Τρώεσσι
πάνθ᾽ ὑπὸ μηνιθμόν, καί μ᾽ ἠτιάασθε[1] ἕκαστος·
'σχέτλιε Πηλέος υἱέ, χόλῳ ἄρα σ᾽ ἔτρεφε μήτηρ,
νηλεές, ὃς παρὰ νηυσὶν ἔχεις ἀέκοντας ἑταίρους·
οἴκαδέ περ σὺν νηυσὶ νεώμεθα ποντοπόροισιν
αὖτις, ἐπεί ῥά τοι ὧδε κακὸς χόλος ἔμπεσε θυμῷ.'
ταῦτά μ᾽ ἀγειρόμενοι θάμ᾽ ἐβάζετε· νῦν δὲ πέφανται
φυλόπιδος μέγα ἔργον, ἕης τὸ πρίν γ᾽ ἐράασθε.
ἔνθα τις ἄλκιμον ἦτορ ἔχων Τρώεσσι μαχέσθω."
Ὣς εἰπὼν ὄτρυνε μένος καὶ θυμὸν ἑκάστου.

[1] μ᾽ ἠτιάασθε: μητιάασθε Zenodotus.

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[1] In ἀκάκητα we have again, as so often in epithets applied to the gods, a word of wholly unknown meaning. The later Greeks regarded it as connected either with ἄκακος or with ἀκεῖσθαι.

Hermes the helper,[1] and she gave him a goodly son, Eudorus, pre-eminent in speed of foot and as a warrior. But when at length Eileithyia, goddess of child-birth, had brought him to the light, and he saw the rays of the sun, then her did the stalwart and mighty Echecles, son of Actor, lead to his home, when he had given countless gifts of wooing, and Eudorus did old Phylas nurse and cherish tenderly, loving him dearly, as he had been his own son. And of the third company warlike Peisander was captain, son of Maemalus, a man pre-eminent among all the Myrmidons in fighting with the spear, after the comrade of the son of Peleus. And the fourth company did the old knight Phoenix lead, and the fifth Alcimedon, the peerless son of Laërces. But when at length Achilles had set them all in array with their leaders, duly parting company from company, he laid upon them a stern command:

"Myrmidons, let no man, I bid you, be forgetful of the threats, wherewith beside the swift ships ye threatened the Trojans throughout all the time of my wrath, and upbraided me, each man of you, saying: 'Cruel son of Peleus, surely it was on gall that thy mother reared thee, thou pitiless one, seeing that in their own despite thou holdest back thy comrades beside the ships. Nay, homeward let us return again with our seafaring ships, since in this wise evil wrath hath fallen upon thy heart.' With such words would ye ofttimes gather together and prate at me, but now is set before you a great work of war, whereof in time past ye were enamoured. Therefore let it be with valiant heart that each man fights with the Trojans."

So saying, he aroused the strength and spirit of

μᾶλλον δὲ στίχες ἄρθεν, ἐπεὶ βασιλῆος ἄκουσαν.
ὡς δ᾿ ὅτε τοῖχον ἀνὴρ ἀράρῃ πυκινοῖσι λίθοισι
δώματος ὑψηλοῖο, βίας ἀνέμων ἀλεείνων,
ὣς ἄραρον κόρυθές τε καὶ ἀσπίδες ὀμφαλόεσσαι.
ἀσπὶς ἄρ᾿ ἀσπίδ᾿ ἔρειδε, κόρυς κόρυν, ἀνέρα δ᾿ ἀνήρ·
ψαῦον δ᾿ ἱππόκομοι κόρυθες λαμπροῖσι φάλοισι
νευόντων, ὡς πυκνοὶ ἐφέστασαν ἀλλήλοισι.
πάντων δὲ προπάροιθε δύ᾿ ἀνέρε θωρήσσοντο,
Πάτροκλός τε καὶ Αὐτομέδων, ἕνα θυμὸν ἔχοντες,
πρόσθεν Μυρμιδόνων πολεμιζέμεν. αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς
βῆ ῥ᾿ ἴμεν ἐς κλισίην, χηλοῦ δ᾿ ἀπὸ πῶμ᾿ ἀνέῳγε
καλῆς δαιδαλέης, τήν οἱ Θέτις ἀργυρόπεζα
θῆκ᾿ ἐπὶ νηὸς ἄγεσθαι,[1] ἐῢ πλήσασα χιτώνων
χλαινάων τ᾿ ἀνεμοσκεπέων οὔλων τε ταπήτων.
ἔνθα δέ οἱ δέπας ἔσκε τετυγμένον, οὐδέ τις ἄλλος
οὔτ᾿ ἀνδρῶν πίνεσκεν ἀπ᾿ αὐτοῦ αἴθοπα οἶνον,
οὔτε τεῳ σπένδεσκε θεῶν, ὅτε μὴ Διὶ πατρί.
τό ῥα τότ᾿ ἐκ χηλοῖο λαβὼν ἐκάθηρε θεείῳ
πρῶτον, ἔπειτα δ᾿ ἔνιψ᾿ ὕδατος καλῇσι ῥοῇσι,
νίψατο δ᾿ αὐτὸς χεῖρας, ἀφύσσατο δ᾿ αἴθοπα οἶνον.
εὔχετ᾿ ἔπειτα στὰς μέσῳ ἕρκεϊ, λεῖβε δὲ οἶνον
οὐρανὸν εἰσανιδών· Δία δ᾿ οὐ λάθε τερπικέραυνον.
"Ζεῦ ἄνα, Δωδωναῖε,[2] Πελασγικέ, τηλόθι ναίων,
Δωδώνης μεδέων δυσχειμέρου·[3] ἀμφὶ δὲ Σελλοὶ[4]
σοὶ ναιουσ᾿ ὑποφῆται ἀνιπτόποδες χαμαιεῦναι.
ἠμὲν δή ποτ᾿ ἐμὸν ἔπος ἔκλυες εὐξαμένοιο,

[1] ἄγεσθαι: ἰόντι Zenodotus and Aristophanes.
[2] Δωδωναῖε: Φηγωναῖε Zenodotus.
[3] δυσχειμέρου: πολυπίδακος Zenodotus.
[4] Σελλοί: σ᾿ Ἑλλοί.

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[1] These phrases are to be understood as indicating that a special sanctity attached to the Selli, religious conservatism

every man, and yet closer were their ranks serried when they heard their king. And as when a man buildeth the wall of a high house with close-set stones, to avoid the might of the winds, even so close were arrayed their helms and bossed shields; buckler pressed on buckler, helm upon helm, and man on man. The horse-hair crests on the bright helmet-ridges touched each other, as the men moved their heads, in such close array stood they one by another. And in the front of all two warriors arrayed themselves for war, even Patroclus and Automedon, both of one mind, to war in the forefront of the Myrmidons. But Achilles went into his hut, and opened the lid of a chest, fair and richly-dight, that silver-footed Thetis had set on his ship for him to carry with him, when she had filled it well with tunics, and cloaks to keep off the wind, and woollen rugs. Therein had he a fair-fashioned cup, wherefrom neither was any other man wont to drink the flaming wine, nor was he wont to pour drink offerings to any other of the gods save only to father Zeus. This cup he then took from the chest and cleansed it first with sulphur, and thereafter washed it in fair streams of water; and himself he washed his hands, and drew flaming wine. Then he made prayer, standing in the midst of the court, and poured forth the wine, looking up to heaven; and not unmarked was he of Zeus, that hurleth the thunderbolt: "Zeus, thou king, Dodonaean, Pelasgian, thou that dwellest afar, ruling over wintry Dodona,—and about thee dwell the Selli, thine interpreters, men with unwashen feet that couch on the ground.[1] Aforetime verily thou didst

perpetuating in their case the habits of a far-off barbarous past.

τίμησας μὲν ἐμέ, μέγα δ' ἴψαο λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν,[1]
ἠδ' ἔτι καὶ νῦν μοι τόδ' ἐπικρήηνον ἐέλδωρ·
αὐτὸς μὲν γὰρ ἐγὼ μενέω νηῶν ἐν ἀγῶνι,
ἀλλ' ἕταρον πέμπω πολέσιν μετὰ Μυρμιδόνεσσι
μάρνασθαι· τῷ κῦδος ἅμα πρόες, εὐρύοπα Ζεῦ,
θάρσυνον δέ οἱ ἦτορ ἐνὶ φρεσίν, ὄφρα καὶ Ἕκτωρ
εἴσεται ἤ ῥα καὶ οἶος ἐπίστηται πολεμίζειν
ἡμέτερος θεράπων, ἦ οἱ τότε χεῖρες ἄαπτοι
μαίνονθ', ὁππότ' ἐγώ περ ἴω μετὰ μῶλον Ἄρηος.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεί κ' ἀπὸ ναῦφι μάχην ἐνοπήν τε δίηται,
ἀσκηθής μοι ἔπειτα θοὰς ἐπὶ νῆας ἵκοιτο
τεύχεσί τε ξὺν πᾶσι καὶ ἀγχεμάχοις ἑτάροισιν."
Ὣς ἔφατ' εὐχόμενος, τοῦ δ' ἔκλυε μητίετα Ζεύς.
τῷ δ' ἕτερον μὲν δῶκε πατήρ, ἕτερον δ' ἀνένευσε·
νηῶν μέν οἱ ἀπώσασθαι πόλεμόν τε μάχην τε
δῶκε, σόον δ' ἀνένευσε μάχης ἒξ ἀπονέεσθαι.
Ἦ τοι ὁ μὲν σπείσας τε καὶ εὐξάμενος Διὶ πατρὶ
ἂψ κλισίην εἰσῆλθε, δέπας δ' ἀπέθηκ' ἐνὶ χηλῷ,
στῆ δὲ πάροιθ' ἐλθὼν κλισίης, ἔτι δ' ἤθελε θυμῷ
εἰσιδέειν Τρώων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν φύλοπιν αἰνήν.
Οἱ δ' ἅμα Πατρόκλῳ μεγαλήτορι θωρηχθέντες
ἔστιχον, ὄφρ' ἐν Τρωσὶ μέγα φρονέοντες ὄρουσαν.
αὐτίκα δὲ σφήκεσσιν ἐοικότες ἐξεχέοντο
εἰνοδίοις, οὓς παῖδες ἐριδμαίνωσιν ἔθοντες,
αἰεὶ κερτομέοντες, ὁδῷ ἔπι οἰκί' ἔχοντας,[2]
νηπίαχοι· ξυνὸν δὲ κακὸν πολέεσσι τιθεῖσι.

[1] Line 237 was rejected by Zenodotus, Aristophanes, and Aristarchus.
[2] Line 261 was rejected by Aristophanes and Aristarchus.

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[1] Or ἔθοντες may be taken as ἔθων in ix. 570, "beset and stir to wrath."

hear my word, when I prayed: me thou didst honour, and didst mightily smite the host of the Achaeans; even so now also fulfil thou for me this my desire. Myself verily will I abide in the gathering of the ships, but my comrade am I sending forth amid the host of the Myrmidons to war: with him do thou send forth glory, O Zeus, whose voice is borne afar, and make bold the heart in his breast, to the end that Hector, too, may know whether even alone my squire hath skill to fight, or whether his hands then only rage invincible, whenso I enter the turmoil of Ares. But when away from the ships he hath driven war and the din of war, then all-unscathed let him come back to the swift ships with all his arms, and his comrades that fight in close combat."

So spake he in prayer, and Zeus, the counsellor, heard him, and a part the Father granted him, and a part denied. That Patroclus should thrust back the war and battle from the ships he granted; but that he should return safe from out the battle he denied.

Achilles then, when he had poured libation and made prayer to father Zeus, went again into his tent, and laid the cup away in the chest, and came forth and stood in front of the hut; for still his heart was fain to look upon the dread conflict of Trojans and Achaeans.

But they that were arrayed together with great-hearted Patroclus marched forth, until with high spirits they leapt upon the Trojans. Straightway they poured forth like wasps of the wayside, that boys are wont to stir[1] to wrath, ever tormenting them in their nests beside the way, foolish that they are; and a common evil they make for many. And the

τοὺς δ' εἴ περ παρά τίς τε κιὼν ἄνθρωπος ὁδίτης
κινήσῃ ἀέκων, οἱ δ' ἄλκιμον ἦτορ ἔχοντες
πρόσσω πᾶς πέτεται καὶ ἀμύνει οἷσι τέκεσσι.
τῶν τότε Μυρμιδόνες κραδίην καὶ θυμὸν ἔχοντες
ἐκ νηῶν ἐχέοντο· βοὴ δ' ἄσβεστος ὀρώρει.
Πάτροκλος δ' ἑτάροισιν ἐκέκλετο μακρὸν ἀΰσας·
"Μυρμιδόνες, ἕταροι Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλῆος,
ἀνέρες ἔστε, φίλοι, μνήσασθε δὲ θούριδος ἀλκῆς,
ὡς ἂν Πηλεΐδην τιμήσομεν, ὃς μέγ' ἄριστος
Ἀργείων παρὰ νηυσὶ καὶ ἀγχέμαχοι θεράποντες,
γνῷ δὲ καὶ Ἀτρεΐδης εὐρὺ κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων
ἣν ἄτην, ὅ τ' ἄριστον Ἀχαιῶν οὐδὲν ἔτισεν."
Ὣς εἰπὼν ὄτρυνε μένος καὶ θυμὸν ἑκάστου,
ἐν δὲ πέσον Τρώεσσιν ἀολλέες· ἀμφὶ δὲ νῆες
σμερδαλέον κονάβησαν ἀϋσάντων ὑπ' Ἀχαιῶν.
Τρῶες δ' ὡς εἴδοντο Μενοιτίου ἄλκιμον υἱόν,
αὐτὸν καὶ θεράποντα, σὺν ἔντεσι μαρμαίροντας,
πᾶσιν ὀρίνθη θυμός, ἐκίνηθεν δὲ φάλαγγες,
ἐλπόμενοι παρὰ ναῦφι ποδώκεα Πηλεΐωνα
μηνιθμὸν μὲν ἀπορρῖψαι, φιλότητα δ' ἑλέσθαι·
πάπτηνεν δὲ ἕκαστος ὅπῃ φύγοι αἰπὺν ὄλεθρον.
Πάτροκλος δὲ πρῶτος ἀκόντισε δουρὶ φαεινῷ
ἀντικρὺ κατὰ μέσσον, ὅθι πλεῖστοι κλονέοντο,
νηῒ πάρα πρυμνῇ μεγαθύμου Πρωτεσιλάου,
καὶ βάλε Πυραίχμην, ὃς Παίονας ἱπποκορυστὰς
ἤγαγεν ἐξ Ἀμυδῶνος ἀπ' Ἀξιοῦ εὐρὺ ῥέοντος·
τὸν βάλε δεξιὸν ὦμον· ὁ δ' ὕπτιος ἐν κονίῃσι
κάππεσεν οἰμώξας, ἕταροι δέ μιν ἀμφὶ φόβηθεν

wasps, if so be some wayfaring man as he passeth by rouse them unwittingly, fly forth one and all in the valour of their hearts, and fight each in defence of his young; having a heart and spirit like theirs the Myrmidons then poured forth from the ships, and a cry unquenchable arose. But Patroclus called to his comrades with a loud shout: "Myrmidons, ye comrades of Achilles, son of Peleus, be men, my friends, and bethink you of furious valour, to the end that we may win honour for the son of Peleus, that is far the best of the Argives by the ships, himself and his squires that fight in close combat; and that the son of Atreus, wide-ruling Agamemnon, may know his blindness in that he honoured not at all the best of the Achaeans."

So saying, he roused the strength and spirit of every man, and on the Trojans they fell all in a throng, and round about them the ships echoed wondrously beneath the shouting of the Achaeans. But when the Trojans saw the valiant son of Menoetius, himself and his squire, shining in their armour, the heart of each man was stirred, and their battalions were shaken, for they deemed that by the ships the swift-footed son of Peleus had cast aside his wrath and had chosen friendliness; and each man gazed about to see how he might escape utter destruction.

Then Patroclus was first to cast with his bright spear straight into the midst where men thronged the thickest, even by the stern of the ship of great-souled Protesilaus, and smote Pyraechmes, that had led the Paeonians, lords of chariots, out of Amydon, from the wide-flowing Axius. Him he smote on the right shoulder, and backward in the dust he fell with a groan, and about him his comrades were driven in

Παίονες· ἐν γὰρ Πάτροκλος φόβον ἧκεν ἅπασιν
ἡγεμόνα κτείνας, ὃς ἀριστεύεσκε μάχεσθαι.
ἐκ νηῶν δ' ἔλασεν, κατὰ δ' ἔσβεσεν αἰθόμενον πῦρ.
ἡμιδαὴς δ' ἄρα νηῦς λίπετ' αὐτόθι· τοὶ δὲ φόβηθεν
Τρῶες θεσπεσίῳ ὁμάδῳ· Δαναοὶ δ' ἐπέχυντο
νῆας ἀνὰ γλαφυράς· ὅμαδος δ' ἀλίαστος ἐτύχθη.
ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἀφ' ὑψηλῆς κορυφῆς ὄρεος μεγάλοιο
κινήσῃ πυκινὴν νεφέλην στεροπηγερέτα Ζεύς,
ἔκ τ' ἔφανεν πᾶσαι σκοπιαὶ καὶ πρώονες ἄκροι
καὶ νάπαι, οὐρανόθεν δ' ἄρ' ὑπερράγη ἄσπετος αἰθήρ,
ὣς Δαναοὶ νηῶν μὲν ἀπωσάμενοι δήϊον πῦρ
τυτθὸν ἀνέπνευσαν, πολέμου δ' οὐ γίγνετ' ἐρωή·
οὐ γάρ πώ τι Τρῶες ἀρηϊφίλων ὑπ' Ἀχαιῶν
προτροπάδην φοβέοντο μελαινάων ἀπὸ νηῶν,
ἀλλ' ἔτ' ἄρ' ἀνθίσταντο, νεῶν δ' ὑπόεικον ἀνάγκῃ.
 Ἔνθα δ' ἀνὴρ ἕλεν ἄνδρα κεδασθείσης ὑσμίνης
ἡγεμόνων. πρῶτος δὲ Μενοιτίου ἄλκιμος υἱὸς
αὐτίκ' ἄρα στρεφθέντος Ἀρηϊλύκου βάλε μηρὸν
ἔγχεϊ ὀξυόεντι, διαπρὸ δὲ χαλκὸν ἔλασσε·
ῥῆξεν δ' ὀστέον ἔγχος, ὁ δὲ πρηνὴς ἐπὶ γαίῃ
κάππεσ'. ἀτὰρ Μενέλαος ἀρήϊος οὖτα Θόαντα
στέρνον γυμνωθέντα παρ' ἀσπίδα, λῦσε δὲ γυῖα.
Φυλεΐδης δ' Ἄμφικλον ἐφορμηθέντα δοκεύσας
ἔφθη ὀρεξάμενος πρυμνὸν σκέλος, ἔνθα πάχιστος
μυὼν ἀνθρώπου πέλεται· περὶ δ' ἔγχεος αἰχμῇ
νεῦρα διεσχίσθη· τὸν δὲ σκότος ὄσσε κάλυψε.
Νεστορίδαι δ' ὁ μὲν οὔτασ' Ἀτύμνιον ὀξέϊ δουρὶ

rout, even the Paeonians, for upon them all had Patroclus sent panic, when he slew their leader that was pre-eminent in fight. From out the ships then he drave them, and quenched the blazing fire. And half-burnt the ship was left there, but the Trojans were driven in rout with a wondrous din, and the Danaans poured in among the hollow ships, and a ceaseless din arose. And as when from the high crest of a great mountain Zeus, that gathereth the lightnings, moveth a dense cloud away, and forth to view appear all mountain peaks, and high headlands, and glades, and from heaven breaketh open the infinite air; even so the Danaans, when they had thrust back from the ships consuming fire, had respite for a little time; howbeit there was no ceasing from war. For not yet were the Trojans driven in headlong rout by the Achaeans, dear to Ares, from the black ships, but still they sought to withstand them, and gave ground from the ships perforce.

Then man slew man of the chieftains as the fight was scattered. First the valiant son of Menoetius smote the thigh of Areïlycus with a cast of his sharp spear at the moment when he turned to flee, and drave the bronze clean through; and the spear brake the bone, and he fell on his face on the ground. And warlike Menelaus thrust and smote Thoas on the breast, where it was left bare beside the shield, and loosed his limbs. And the son of Phyleus as he watched Amphiclus that was rushing upon him, proved quicker than his foe, and smote him upon the base of the leg, where a man's muscle is thickest; and round about the spear-point the sinews were rent apart; and darkness enfolded his eyes. Then of the sons of Nestor, the one, Antilochus, thrust at

Ἀντίλοχος, λαπάρης δὲ διήλασε χάλκεον ἔγχος·
ἤριπε δὲ προπάροιθε. Μάρις δ' αὐτοσχεδὰ δουρὶ
Ἀντιλόχῳ ἐπόρουσε κασιγνήτοιο χολωθείς,
στὰς πρόσθεν νέκυος· τοῦ δ' ἀντίθεος Θρασυμήδης
ἔφθη ὀρεξάμενος πρὶν οὐτάσαι, οὐδ' ἀφάμαρτεν,
ὦμον ἄφαρ· πρυμνὸν δὲ βραχίονα δουρὸς ἀκωκὴ
δρύψ' ἀπὸ μυώνων, ἀπὸ δ' ὀστέον ἄχρις ἄραξε·
δούπησεν δὲ πεσών, κατὰ δὲ σκότος ὄσσε κάλυψεν.
ὣς τὼ μὲν δοιοῖσι κασιγνήτοισι δαμέντε
βήτην εἰς Ἔρεβος, Σαρπηδόνος ἐσθλοὶ ἑταῖροι,
υἷες ἀκοντισταὶ Ἀμισωδάρου, ὅς ῥα Χίμαιραν
θρέψεν ἀμαιμακέτην, πολέσιν κακὸν ἀνθρώποισιν.
Αἴας δὲ Κλεόβουλον Ὀϊλιάδης ἐπορούσας
ζωὸν ἕλε, βλαφθέντα κατὰ κλόνον· ἀλλά οἱ αὖθι
λῦσε μένος, πλήξας ξίφει αὐχένα κωπήεντι.
πᾶν δ' ὑπεθερμάνθη ξίφος αἵματι· τὸν δὲ κατ' ὄσσε
ἔλλαβε πορφύρεος θάνατος καὶ μοῖρα κραταιή.
Πηνέλεως δὲ Λύκων τε συνέδραμον· ἔγχεσι μὲν γὰρ
ἤμβροτον ἀλλήλων, μέλεον δ' ἠκόντισαν ἄμφω·
τὼ δ' αὖτις ξιφέεσσι συνέδραμον. ἔνθα Λύκων μὲν
ἱπποκόμου κόρυθος φάλον ἤλασεν, ἀμφὶ δὲ καυλὸν[1]
φάσγανον ἐρραίσθη· ὁ δ' ὑπ' οὔατος αὐχένα θεῖνε
Πηνέλεως, πᾶν δ' εἴσω ἔδυ ξίφος, ἔσχεθε δ' οἶον
δέρμα, παρηέρθη δὲ κάρη, ὑπέλυντο δὲ γυῖα.
Μηριόνης δ' Ἀκάμαντα κιχεὶς ποσὶ καρπαλίμοισι
νύξ' ἵππων ἐπιβησόμενον κατὰ δεξιὸν ὦμον·
ἤριπε δ' ἐξ ὀχέων, κατὰ δ' ὀφθαλμῶν κέχυτ' ἀχλύς.

[1] καυλὸν: καλὸν.

Atymnius with his sharp spear, and drave the spear of bronze through his flank; and he fell forward. But Maris, hard at hand, rushed upon Antilochus with his spear, wroth for his brother's sake, and took his stand before the dead; howbeit godlike Thrasymedes was too quick for him, and forthwith ere his foe could thrust, smote upon his shoulder, and missed not; but the point of the spear shore the base of the arm away from the muscles, and utterly brake asunder the bone; and he fell with a thud, and darkness enfolded his eyes. So these twain, overcome by twain brethren, went their way to Erebus, goodly comrades of Sarpedon, spearmen sons of Amisodarus, him that reared the raging Chimaera, a bane to many men. And Aias, son of Oïleus, leapt upon Cleobulus, and caught him alive, entangled in the throng; but even there he loosed his might, smiting him upon the neck with his hilted sword. Thereat all the blade grew warm with his blood, and down over his eyes came dark death and mighty fate. Then Peneleos and Lyco rushed together, for with their spears either had missed the other, and both had cast in vain; but again they rushed together with their swords. Then Lyco let drive upon the horn of the helm with horse-hair crest, and the sword was shattered at the hilt; but Peneleos smote him upon the neck beneath the ear, and all the blade sank in, so that naught but the skin held fast, and the head hung to one side, and his limbs were loosed. And Meriones with swift strides overtook Acamas, and thrust and smote him, even as he was mounting his car, upon the right shoulder; and he fell from his car and down over his eyes a mist was shed. Then Idomeneus smote

Ἰδομενεὺς δ' Ἐρύμαντα κατὰ στόμα νηλέϊ χαλκῷ
νύξε· τὸ δ' ἀντικρὺ δόρυ χάλκεον ἐξεπέρησε
νέρθεν ὑπ' ἐγκεφάλοιο, κέασσε δ' ἄρ' ὀστέα λευκά·
ἐκ δὲ τίναχθεν ὀδόντες, ἐνέπλησθεν δέ οἱ ἄμφω
αἵματος ὀφθαλμοί· τὸ δ' ἀνὰ στόμα καὶ κατὰ ῥῖνας
πρῆσε χανών· θανάτου δὲ μέλαν νέφος ἀμφεκάλυψεν.
  Οὗτοι ἄρ' ἡγεμόνες Δαναῶν ἕλον ἄνδρα ἕκαστος.
ὡς δὲ λύκοι ἄρνεσσιν ἐπέχραον ἢ ἐρίφοισι
σίνται, ὑπὲκ μήλων αἱρεύμενοι, αἵ τ' ἐν ὄρεσσι
ποιμένος ἀφραδίῃσι διέτμαγεν· οἱ δὲ ἰδόντες
αἶψα διαρπάζουσιν ἀνάλκιδα θυμὸν ἐχούσας·
ὣς Δαναοὶ Τρώεσσιν ἐπέχραον· οἱ δὲ φόβοιο
δυσκελάδου μνήσαντο, λάθοντο δὲ θούριδος ἀλκῆς.
  Αἴας δ' ὁ μέγας αἰὲν ἐφ' Ἕκτορι χαλκοκορυστῇ
ἵετ' ἀκοντίσσαι· ὁ δὲ ἰδρείῃ πολέμοιο,
ἀσπίδι ταυρείῃ κεκαλυμμένος εὐρέας ὤμους,
σκέπτετ' ὀϊστῶν τε ῥοῖζον καὶ δοῦπον ἀκόντων.
ἦ μὲν δὴ γίγνωσκε μάχης ἑτεραλκέα νίκην·
ἀλλὰ καὶ ὣς ἀνέμιμνε, σάω δ' ἐρίηρας ἑταίρους.
  Ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἀπ' Οὐλύμπου νέφος ἔρχεται οὐρανὸν εἴσω
αἰθέρος ἐκ δίης, ὅτε τε Ζεὺς λαίλαπα τείνῃ,
ὣς τῶν ἐκ νηῶν γένετο ἰαχή τε φόβος τε,
οὐδὲ κατὰ μοῖραν πέραον πάλιν. Ἕκτορα δ' ἵπποι
ἔκφερον ὠκύποδες σὺν τεύχεσι, λεῖπε δὲ λαὸν
Τρωϊκόν, οὓς ἀέκοντας ὀρυκτὴ τάφρος ἔρυκε.
πολλοὶ δ' ἐν τάφρῳ ἐρυσάρματες ὠκέες ἵπποι
ἄξαντ' ἐν πρώτῳ ῥυμῷ λίπον ἅρματ' ἀνάκτων.

Erymas upon the mouth with a thrust of the pitiless bronze, and clean through passed the spear of bronze beneath the brain, and clave asunder the white bones; and his teeth were shaken out, and both his eyes were filled with blood; and up through mouth and nostrils he spurted blood as he gaped, and a black cloud of death enfolded him.

These, then, leaders of the Danaans, slew each his man. And as murderous wolves fall upon lambs or kids, choosing them from out the flocks, when through the witlessness of the shepherd they are scattered among the mountains, and the wolves seeing it, forthwith harry the young whose hearts know naught of valour; even so the Danaans fell upon the Trojans, and they bethought them of ill-sounding flight, and forgat their furious valour.

And the great Aias was ever fain to cast his spear at Hector, harnessed in bronze, but he in his cunning of war, his broad shoulders covered with shield of bull's-hide, ever watched the whirring of arrows and the hurtling of spears. In sooth he knew the tide of victory was turning, but even so he abode, and sought to save his trusty comrades.

And as when from Olympus a cloud fareth toward heaven out of the bright air, when Zeus spreadeth forth the tempest, even so from the ships came the shouting and the rout of these; nor was it in good order that they crossed the trench again. Hector verily did his swift-footed horses bear forth with his battle-gear, and he left the hosts of Troy, whom the digged trench held back against their will. And in the trench many pairs of swift horses, drawers of chariots, brake the pole at the end, and left the chariots of their lords. But Patroclus followed after,

Πάτροκλος δ' ἕπετο σφεδανὸν Δαναοῖσι κελεύων,
Τρωσὶ κακὰ φρονέων· οἱ δὲ ἰαχῇ τε φόβῳ τε
πάσας πλῆσαν ὁδούς, ἐπεὶ ἂρ τμάγεν· ὕψι δ' ἀέλλη
σκίδναθ' ὑπὸ νεφέων, τανύοντο δὲ μώνυχες ἵπποι
ἄψορρον προτὶ ἄστυ νεῶν ἄπο καὶ κλισιάων.
Πάτροκλος δ' ᾗ πλεῖστον ὀρινόμενον ἴδε λαόν,
τῇ ῥ' ἔχ' ὁμοκλήσας· ὑπὸ δ' ἄξοσι φῶτες ἔπιπτον
πρηνέες ἐξ ὀχέων, δίφροι δ' ἀνακυμβαλίαζον.
ἀντικρὺ δ' ἄρα τάφρον ὑπέρθορον ὠκέες ἵπποι
ἄμβροτοι, οὓς Πηλῆϊ θεοὶ δόσαν ἀγλαὰ δῶρα,[1]
πρόσσω ἱέμενοι, ἐπὶ δ' Ἕκτορι κέκλετο θυμός·
ἵετο γὰρ βαλέειν· τὸν δ' ἔκφερον ὠκέες ἵπποι.
ὡς δ' ὑπὸ λαίλαπι πᾶσα κελαινὴ βέβριθε χθὼν
ἤματ' ὀπωρινῷ, ὅτε λαβρότατον χέει ὕδωρ
Ζεύς, ὅτε δή ῥ' ἄνδρεσσι κοτεσσάμενος χαλεπήνῃ,
οἳ βίῃ εἰν ἀγορῇ σκολιὰς κρίνωσι θέμιστας,
ἐκ δὲ δίκην ἐλάσωσι, θεῶν ὄπιν οὐκ ἀλέγοντες·
τῶν δέ τε πάντες μὲν ποταμοὶ πλήθουσι ῥέοντες,
πολλὰς δὲ κλιτῦς τότ' ἀποτμήγουσι χαράδραι,
ἐς δ' ἅλα πορφυρέην μεγάλα στενάχουσι ῥέουσαι
ἐξ ὀρέων ἐπὶ κάρ, μινύθει δέ τε ἔργ' ἀνθρώπων·
ὣς ἵπποι Τρῳαὶ μεγάλα στενάχοντο θέουσαι.

Πάτροκλος δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν πρώτας ἐπέκερσε φάλαγγας,
ἂψ ἐπὶ νῆας ἔεργε παλιμπετές, οὐδὲ πόληος
εἴα ἱεμένους ἐπιβαινέμεν, ἀλλὰ μεσηγὺ
νηῶν καὶ ποταμοῦ καὶ τείχεος ὑψηλοῖο

[1] Line 381 is omitted in most MSS.

calling fiercely to the Danaans, with purpose of evil toward the Trojans, while they with shouting and in flight filled all the ways, now that their ranks were broken; and on high a cloud of dust was spread up beneath the clouds, and the single-hoofed horses strained back toward the city from the ships and the huts. And Patroclus, wheresoever he saw the greatest throng huddled in rout, thither would he drive with shouting; and beneath his axle-trees men kept falling headlong from their cars, and the chariots were overturned. And straight over the trench leapt the swift horses—the immortal horses that the gods gave as glorious gifts to Peleus—in their onward flight, and against Hector did the heart of Patroclus urge him on, for he was fain to smite him; but his swift horses ever bare Hector forth. And even as beneath a tempest the whole black earth is oppressed, on a day in harvest-time, when Zeus poureth forth rain most violently, whenso in anger he waxeth wroth against men that by violence give crooked judgments in the place of gathering, and drive justice out, recking not of the vengeance of the gods; and all their rivers flow in flood, and many a hillside do the torrents furrow deeply, and down to the dark sea they rush headlong from the mountains with a mighty roar, and the tilled fields of men are wasted; even so mighty was the roar of the mares of Troy as they sped on.

But when Patroclus had cut off the foremost battalions, he hemmed them back again towards the ships and would not suffer them for all their eagerness to set foot in the city, but in the mid space between the ships and the river and the high wall he rushed among them and slew them, and got him

κτεῖνε μεταΐσσων, πολέων δ' ἀπετίνυτο ποινήν.
ἔνθ' ἦ τοι Πρόνοον πρῶτον βάλε δουρὶ φαεινῷ,
στέρνον γυμνωθέντα παρ' ἀσπίδα, λῦσε δὲ γυῖα·
δούπησεν δὲ πεσών· ὁ δὲ Θέστορα, Ἤνοπος υἱόν,
δεύτερον ὁρμηθείς· ὁ μὲν εὐξέστῳ ἐνὶ δίφρῳ
ἧστο ἀλείς· ἐκ γὰρ πλήγη φρένας, ἐκ δ' ἄρα χειρῶν
ἡνία ἠΐχθησαν—ὁ δ' ἔγχεϊ νύξε παραστὰς
γναθμὸν δεξιτερόν, διὰ δ' αὐτοῦ πεῖρεν ὀδόντων,
ἕλκε δὲ δουρὸς ἑλὼν ὑπὲρ ἄντυγος, ὡς ὅτε τις φὼς
πέτρῃ ἔπι προβλῆτι καθήμενος ἱερὸν ἰχθὺν
ἐκ πόντοιο θύραζε λίνῳ καὶ ἤνοπι χαλκῷ·
ὣς ἕλκ' ἐκ δίφροιο κεχηνότα δουρὶ φαεινῷ,
κὰδ δ' ἄρ' ἐπὶ στόμ' ἔωσε· πεσόντα δέ μιν λίπε θυμός.
αὐτὰρ ἔπειτ' Ἐρύλαον ἐπεσσύμενον βάλε πέτρῳ
μέσσην κὰκ κεφαλήν· ἡ δ' ἄνδιχα πᾶσα κεάσθη
ἐν κόρυθι βριαρῇ· ὁ δ' ἄρα πρηνὴς ἐπὶ γαίῃ
κάππεσεν, ἀμφὶ δέ μιν θάνατος χύτο θυμοραϊστής.
αὐτὰρ ἔπειτ' Ἐρύμαντα καὶ Ἀμφοτερὸν καὶ Ἐπάλτην,
Τληπόλεμόν τε Δαμαστορίδην Ἐχίον τε Πύριν τε,
Ἰφέα τ' Εὔιππόν τε καὶ Ἀργεάδην Πολύμηλον,
πάντας ἐπασσυτέρους πέλασε χθονὶ πουλυβοτείρῃ.
Σαρπηδὼν δ' ὡς οὖν ἴδ' ἀμιτροχίτωνας ἑταίρους
χέρσ' ὕπο Πατρόκλοιο Μενοιτιάδαο δαμέντας,
κέκλετ' ἄρ' ἀντιθέοισι καθαπτόμενος Λυκίοισιν·
"αἰδώς, ὦ Λύκιοι· πόσε φεύγετε; νῦν θοοὶ ἔστε·
ἀντήσω γὰρ ἐγὼ τοῦδ' ἀνέρος, ὄφρα δαείω

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[1] The fish was regarded as sacred, perhaps as living in an element in which men cannot live. Reference may be made to Frazer, *Pausanias* iv. 153 f.

[2] Possibly we should take the verb as indicative, and read

vengeance for many a slain comrade. There verily he first smote Pronous with a cast of his bright spear, upon the breast where it was left bare beside the shield, and loosed his limbs; and he fell with a thud. Next upon Thestor, son of Enops, he rushed. Crouching he sat in his polished car, for his wits were distraught with terror, and the reins had slipped from his hands, but Patroclus drew nigh to him, and smote him upon the right jaw with his spear, and drave it through his teeth; and he laid hold of the spear and dragged him over the chariot-rim, as when a man sitting upon a jutting rock draggeth to land a sacred[1] fish from out the sea, with line and gleaming hook of bronze; even so on the bright spear dragged he him agape from out the car, and cast him down upon his face; and life left him as he fell. Then as Erylaus rushed upon him, he smote him full upon the head with a stone, and his head was wholly cloven asunder within the heavy helmet; and he fell headlong upon the earth, and death, that slayeth the spirit, was shed about him. Thereafter Erymas and Amphoterus, and Epaltes, and Tlepolemus, son of Damastor, and Echius and Pyris, and Ipheus and Evippus, and Polymelus, son of Argeas, all these one after another he brought down to the bounteous earth.

But when Sarpedon saw his comrades, that wear the tunic ungirt, being laid low beneath the hands of Patroclus, son of Menoetius, he called aloud, upbraiding the godlike Lycians: "Shame, ye Lycians, whither do ye flee? Now be ye swift to fight[2]; for I myself will meet this man, that I may

the sentence as an indignant question, "Now are ye swift?" *i.e.*, in flight. Yet *cf.* 494.

ὅς τις ὅδε κρατέει καὶ δὴ κακὰ πολλὰ ἔοργε
Τρῶας, ἐπεὶ πολλῶν τε καὶ ἐσθλῶν γούνατ᾽ ἔλυσεν."
Ἦ ῥα, καὶ ἐξ ὀχέων σὺν τεύχεσιν ἆλτο χαμᾶζε.
Πάτροκλος δ᾽ ἑτέρωθεν, ἐπεὶ ἴδεν, ἔκθορε δίφρου.
οἱ δ᾽ ὥς τ᾽ αἰγυπιοὶ γαμψώνυχες ἀγκυλοχεῖλαι
πέτρῃ ἐφ᾽ ὑψηλῇ μεγάλα κλάζοντε μάχωνται,
ὣς οἱ κεκλήγοντες ἐπ᾽ ἀλλήλοισιν ὄρουσαν.
τοὺς δὲ ἰδὼν ἐλέησε Κρόνου πάϊς ἀγκυλομήτεω,
Ἥρην δὲ προσέειπε κασιγνήτην ἄλοχόν τε·[1]
"ὤ μοι ἐγών, ὅ τέ μοι Σαρπηδόνα, φίλτατον ἀνδρῶν,
μοῖρ᾽ ὑπὸ Πατρόκλοιο Μενοιτιάδαο δαμῆναι.
διχθὰ δέ μοι κραδίη μέμονε φρεσὶν ὁρμαίνοντι,
ἤ μιν ζωὸν ἐόντα μάχης ἄπο δακρυοέσσης
θείω ἀναρπάξας Λυκίης ἐν πίονι δήμῳ,
ἦ ἤδη ὑπὸ χερσὶ Μενοιτιάδαο δαμάσσω."
Τὸν δ᾽ ἠμείβετ᾽ ἔπειτα βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη·
"αἰνότατε Κρονίδη, ποῖον τὸν μῦθον ἔειπες.
ἄνδρα θνητὸν ἐόντα, πάλαι πεπρωμένον αἴσῃ,
ἂψ ἐθέλεις θανάτοιο δυσηχέος ἐξαναλῦσαι;
ἕρδ᾽· ἀτὰρ οὔ τοι πάντες ἐπαινέομεν θεοὶ ἄλλοι.
ἄλλο δέ τοι ἐρέω, σὺ δ᾽ ἐνὶ φρεσὶ βάλλεο σῇσιν·
αἴ κε ζὼν πέμψῃς Σαρπηδόνα ὅνδε δόμονδε,
φράζεο μή τις ἔπειτα θεῶν ἐθέλῃσι καὶ ἄλλος
πέμπειν ὃν φίλον υἱὸν ἀπὸ κρατερῆς ὑσμίνης·
πολλοὶ γὰρ περὶ ἄστυ μέγα Πριάμοιο μάχονται
υἱέες ἀθανάτων, τοῖσιν κότον αἰνὸν ἐνήσεις.
ἀλλ᾽ εἴ τοι φίλος ἐστί, τεὸν δ᾽ ὀλοφύρεται ἦτορ,
ἦ τοι μέν μιν ἔασον ἐνὶ κρατερῇ ὑσμίνῃ

[1] Lines 432-458 were omitted by Zenodotus.

know who he is that prevaileth here, and verily hath wrought the Trojans much mischief, seeing he hath loosed the knees of many men and goodly."

He spake, and leapt in his armour from his chariot to the ground. And Patroclus, over against him, when he beheld him, sprang from his chariot. And as vultures crooked of talon and curved of beak fight with loud cries upon a high rock, even so with cries rushed they one against the other. And the son of crooked-counselling Cronos took pity when he saw them, and spake to Hera, his sister and his wife: "Ah, woe is me, for that it is fated that Sarpedon, dearest of men to me, be slain by Patroclus, son of Menoetius! And in twofold wise is my heart divided in counsel as I ponder in my thought whether I shall snatch him up while yet he liveth and set him afar from the tearful war in the rich land of Lycia, or whether I shall slay him now beneath the hands of the son of Menoetius."

Then ox-eyed queenly Hera answered him: "Most dread son of Cronos, what a word hast thou said! A man that is mortal, doomed long since by fate, art thou minded to deliver again from dolorous death? Do as thou wilt; but be sure that we other gods assent not all thereto. And another thing will I tell thee, and do thou lay it to heart: if thou send Sarpedon living to his house, bethink thee lest hereafter some other god also be minded to send his own dear son away from the fierce conflict; for many there be fighting around the great city of Priam that are sons of the immortals, and among the gods wilt thou send dread wrath. But and if he be dear to thee, and thine heart be grieved, suffer thou him verily to be slain in the fierce conflict beneath the hands

χέρσ' ὕπο Πατρόκλοιο Μενοιτιάδαο δαμῆναι·
αὐτὰρ ἐπὴν δὴ τόν γε λίπῃ ψυχή τε καὶ αἰών,
πέμπειν μιν Θάνατόν τε φέρειν καὶ νήδυμον Ὕπνον,
εἰς ὅ κε δὴ Λυκίης εὐρείης δῆμον ἵκωνται·
ἔνθα ἑ ταρχύσουσι κασίγνητοί τε ἔται τε
τύμβῳ τε στήλῃ τε· τὸ γὰρ γέρας ἐστὶ θανόντων."
Ὣς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθησε πατὴρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε·
αἱματοέσσας δὲ ψιάδας κατέχευεν ἔραζε
παῖδα φίλον τιμῶν, τόν οἱ Πάτροκλος ἔμελλε
φθίσειν ἐν Τροίῃ ἐριβώλακι, τηλόθι πάτρης.
Οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ σχεδὸν ἦσαν ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισιν ἰόντες,
ἔνθ' ἦ τοι Πάτροκλος ἀγακλειτὸν Θρασύμηλον,[1]
ὅς ῥ' ἠῢς θεράπων Σαρπηδόνος ἦεν ἄνακτος,
τὸν βάλε νείαιραν κατὰ γαστέρα, λῦσε δὲ γυῖα.
Σαρπηδὼν δ' αὐτοῦ μὲν ἀπήμβροτε δουρὶ φαεινῷ
δεύτερος ὁρμηθείς, ὁ δὲ Πήδασον οὔτασεν ἵππον
ἔγχεϊ δεξιὸν ὦμον· ὁ δ' ἔβραχε θυμὸν ἀΐσθων,
κὰδ δὲ πέσ' ἐν κονίῃσι μακών, ἀπὸ δ' ἔπτατο θυμός.
τὼ δὲ διαστήτην, κρίκε δε ζυγόν, ἡνία δέ σφι
σύγχυτ', ἐπεὶ δὴ κεῖτο παρήορος ἐν κονίῃσι.
τοῖο μὲν Αὐτομέδων δουρικλυτὸς εὕρετο τέκμωρ·
σπασσάμενος τανύηκες ἄορ παχέος παρὰ μηροῦ,
ἀΐξας ἀπέκοψε παρήορον οὐδὲ μάτησε,
τὼ δ' ἰθυνθήτην, ἐν δὲ ῥυτῆρσι τάνυσθεν·
τὼ δ' αὖτις συνίτην ἔριδος πέρι θυμοβόροιο.
Ἔνθ' αὖ Σαρπηδὼν μὲν ἀπήμβροτε δουρὶ φαεινῷ,
Πατρόκλου δ' ὑπὲρ ὦμον ἀριστερὸν ἤλυθ' ἀκωκὴ
ἔγχεος, οὐδ' ἔβαλ' αὐτόν· ὁ δ' ὕστερος ὄρνυτο χαλκῷ
Πάτροκλος· τοῦ δ' οὐχ ἅλιον βέλος ἔκφυγε χειρός,

[1] Θρασύμηλον: Θρασύδημον.

of Patroclus, son of Menoetius; but when his soul and life have left him, then send thou Death and sweet Sleep to bear him away until they come to the land of wide Lycia; and there shall his brethren and his kinsfolk give him burial with mound and pillar; for this is the due of the dead."

So spake she, and the father of men and gods failed not to hearken. Howbeit he shed bloody rain-drops on the earth, shewing honour to his dear son—his own son whom Patroclus was about to slay in the deep-soiled land of Troy, far from his native land.

Now when they were come near, as they advanced one against the other, then verily did Patroclus smite glorious Thrasymelus, that was the valiant squire of the prince Sarpedon; him he smote on the lower belly, and loosed his limbs. But Sarpedon missed him with his bright spear, as in turn he set upon him, but smote with his spear the horse Pedasus on the right shoulder; and the horse shrieked aloud as he gasped forth his life, and down he fell in the dust with a moan, and his spirit flew from him. But the other twain reared this way and that, and the yoke creaked, and above them the reins were entangled, when the trace-horse lay low in the dust. Howbeit for this did Automedon, famed for his spear, find him a remedy; drawing his long sword from beside his stout thigh, he sprang forth and cut loose the trace-horse, and faltered not, and the other two were righted, and strained at the reins; and the two warriors came together again in soul-devouring strife.

Then again Sarpedon missed with his bright spear, and over the left shoulder of Patroclus went the point of the spear and smote him not. But Patroclus in turn rushed on with the bronze, and not in vain

ἀλλ' ἔβαλ' ἔνθ' ἄρα τε φρένες ἔρχαται ἀμφ' ἁδινὸν
κῆρ.
ἤριπε δ' ὡς ὅτε τις δρῦς ἤριπεν ἢ ἀχερωΐς,
ἠὲ πίτυς βλωθρή, τήν τ' οὔρεσι τέκτονες ἄνδρες
ἐξέταμον πελέκεσσι νεήκεσι νήϊον εἶναι·
ὣς ὁ πρόσθ' ἵππων καὶ δίφρου κεῖτο τανυσθείς,
βεβρυχώς, κόνιος δεδραγμένος αἱματοέσσης.
ἠΰτε ταῦρον ἔπεφνε λέων ἀγέληφι μετελθών,
αἴθωνα μεγάθυμον, ἐν εἰλιπόδεσσι βόεσσι,
ὤλετό τε στενάχων ὑπὸ γαμφηλῇσι λέοντος,
ὣς ὑπὸ Πατρόκλῳ Λυκίων ἀγὸς ἀσπιστάων
κτεινόμενος μενέαινε, φίλον δ' ὀνόμηνεν ἑταῖρον·
"Γλαῦκε πέπον, πολεμιστὰ μετ' ἀνδράσι, νῦν σε
μάλα χρὴ
αἰχμητήν τ' ἔμεναι καὶ θαρσαλέον πολεμιστήν·
νῦν τοι ἐελδέσθω πόλεμος κακός, εἰ θοός ἐσσι.
πρῶτα μὲν ὄτρυνον Λυκίων ἡγήτορας ἄνδρας,
πάντῃ ἐποιχόμενος, Σαρπηδόνος ἀμφιμάχεσθαι·
αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα καὶ αὐτὸς ἐμεῦ πέρι μάρναο χαλκῷ.
σοὶ γὰρ ἐγὼ καὶ ἔπειτα κατηφείη καὶ ὄνειδος
ἔσσομαι ἤματα πάντα διαμπερές, εἴ κέ μ' Ἀχαιοὶ
τεύχεα συλήσωσι νεῶν ἐν ἀγῶνι πεσόντα.
ἀλλ' ἔχεο κρατερῶς, ὄτρυνε δὲ λαὸν ἅπαντα."
Ὣς ἄρα μιν εἰπόντα τέλος θανάτοιο κάλυψεν
ὀφθαλμοὺς ῥῖνάς θ'· ὁ δὲ λὰξ ἐν στήθεσι βαίνων
ἐκ χροὸς ἕλκε δόρυ, προτὶ δὲ φρένες αὐτῷ ἕποντο.[1]
τοῖο δ' ἅμα ψυχήν τε καὶ ἔγχεος ἐξέρυσ' αἰχμήν.
Μυρμιδόνες δ' αὐτοῦ σχέθον ἵππους φυσιόωντας,
ἱεμένους φοβέεσθαι, ἐπεὶ λίπον ἅρματ' ἀνάκτων.

[1] ἕποντο: ἔχοντο Aristarchus.

did the shaft speed from his hand, but smote his foe where the midriff is set close about the throbbing heart. And he fell as an oak falls, or a poplar, or a tall pine, that among the mountains shipwrights fell with whetted axes to be a ship's timber; even so before his horses and chariot he lay outstretched, moaning aloud and clutching at the bloody dust. And as a lion cometh into the midst of a herd and slayeth a bull, tawny and high of heart amid the kine of trailing gait, and with a groan he perisheth beneath the jaws of the lion; even so beneath Patroclus did the leader of the Lycian shieldmen struggle in death; and he called by name his dear comrade: "Dear Glaucus, warrior amid men of war, now in good sooth it behoveth thee to quit thee as a spearman and a dauntless warrior; now be evil war thy heart's desire, if indeed thou art swift to fight. First fare thou up and down everywhere, and urge on the leaders of the Lycians to fight for Sarpedon, and thereafter thyself do battle with the bronze in my defence. For to thee even in time to come shall I be a reproach and a hanging of the head, all thy days continually, if so be the Achaeans shall spoil me of my armour, now that I am fallen amid the gathering of the ships. Nay, hold thy ground valiantly, and urge on all the host."

Even as he thus spake the end of death enfolded him, his eyes alike and his nostrils; and Patroclus, setting his foot upon his breast, drew the spear from out the flesh, and the midriff followed therewith; and at the one moment he drew forth the spear-point and the soul of Sarpedon. And the Myrmidons stayed there the snorting horses, that were fain to flee now that they had left the chariot of their lords.

Γλαύκῳ δ' αἰνὸν ἄχος γένετο φθογγῆς ἀΐοντι·
ὠρίνθη δέ οἱ ἦτορ, ὅ τ' οὐ δύνατο προσαμῦναι.
χειρὶ δ' ἑλὼν ἐπίεζε βραχίονα· τεῖρε γὰρ αὐτὸν
ἕλκος, ὃ δή μιν Τεῦκρος ἐπεσσύμενον βάλεν ἰῷ
τείχεος ὑψηλοῖο, ἀρὴν ἑτάροισιν ἀμύνων.
εὐχόμενος δ' ἄρα εἶπεν ἑκηβόλῳ Ἀπόλλωνι·
"κλῦθι, ἄναξ, ὅς που Λυκίης ἐν πίονι δήμῳ
εἲς ἢ ἐνὶ Τροίῃ· δύνασαι δὲ σὺ πάντοσ' ἀκούειν
ἀνέρι κηδομένῳ, ὡς νῦν ἐμὲ κῆδος ἱκάνει.
ἕλκος μὲν γὰρ ἔχω τόδε καρτερόν, ἀμφὶ δέ μοι χεὶρ
ὀξείῃς ὀδύνῃσιν ἐλήλαται, οὐδέ μοι αἷμα
τερσῆναι δύναται, βαρύθει δέ μοι ὦμος ὑπ' αὐτοῦ·
ἔγχος δ' οὐ δύναμαι σχεῖν ἔμπεδον, οὐδὲ μάχεσθαι
ἐλθὼν δυσμενέεσσιν. ἀνὴρ δ' ὥριστος ὄλωλε,
Σαρπηδών, Διὸς υἱός· ὁ δ' οὐδ' οὗ παιδὸς ἀμύνει.
ἀλλὰ σύ πέρ μοι, ἄναξ, τόδε καρτερὸν ἕλκος ἄκεσσαι,
κοίμησον δ' ὀδύνας, δὸς δὲ κράτος, ὄφρ' ἑτάροισι
κεκλόμενος Λυκίοισιν ἐποτρύνω πολεμίζειν,
αὐτός τ' ἀμφὶ νέκυι κατατεθνηῶτι μάχωμαι."
  Ὣς ἔφατ' εὐχόμενος, τοῦ δ' ἔκλυε Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων.
αὐτίκα παῦσ' ὀδύνας, ἀπὸ δ' ἕλκεος ἀργαλέοιο
αἷμα μέλαν τέρσηνε, μένος δέ οἱ ἔμβαλε θυμῷ.
Γλαῦκος δ' ἔγνω ᾗσιν ἐνὶ φρεσὶ γήθησέν τε,
ὅττι οἱ ὦκ' ἤκουσε μέγας θεὸς εὐξαμένοιο.
πρῶτα μὲν ὄτρυνεν Λυκίων ἡγήτορας ἄνδρας,
πάντῃ ἐποιχόμενος, Σαρπηδόνος ἀμφιμάχεσθαι·
αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα μετὰ Τρῶας κίε μακρὰ βιβάσθων,
Πουλυδάμαντ' ἔπι Πανθοΐδην καὶ Ἀγήνορα δῖον,

But upon Glaucus came dread grief as he heard the voice of Sarpedon, and his heart was stirred, for that he availed not to succour him. And with his hand he caught and pressed his arm, for his wound tormented him, the wound that Teucer, while warding off destruction from his comrades, had dealt him with his arrow as he rushed upon the high wall. Then in prayer he spake to Apollo, that smiteth afar: "Hear me, O king that art haply in the rich land of Lycia or haply in Troy, but everywhere hast power to hearken unto a man that is in sorrow, even as now sorrow is come upon me. For I have this grievous wound and mine arm on this side and on that is shot through with sharp pangs, nor can the blood be staunched; and my shoulder is made heavy with the wound, and I avail not to grasp my spear firmly, neither to go and fight with the foemen. And a man far the noblest hath perished, even Sarpedon, the son of Zeus; and he succoureth not his own child. Howbeit, do thou, O king, heal me of this grievous wound, and lull my pains, and give me might, that I may call to my comrades, the Lycians, and urge them on to fight, and myself do battle about the body of him that is fallen in death."

So spake he in prayer, and Phoebus Apollo heard him. Forthwith he made his pains to cease, and staunched the black blood that flowed from his grievous wound, and put might into his heart. And Glaucus knew in his mind, and was glad that the great god had quickly heard his prayer. First fared he up and down everywhere and urged on the leaders of the Lycians to fight for Sarpedon, and thereafter went with long strides into the midst of the Trojans, unto Polydamas, son of Panthous, and goodly Agenor,

βῆ δὲ μετ' Αἰνείαν τε καὶ Ἕκτορα χαλκοκορυστήν,
ἀγχοῦ δ' ἱστάμενος ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
"Ἕκτορ, νῦν δὴ πάγχυ λελασμένος εἰς ἐπικούρων,
οἳ σέθεν εἵνεκα τῆλε φίλων καὶ πατρίδος αἴης
θυμὸν ἀποφθινύθουσι· σὺ δ' οὐκ ἐθέλεις ἐπαμύνειν.
κεῖται Σαρπηδών, Λυκίων ἀγὸς ἀσπιστάων,
ὃς Λυκίην εἴρυτο δίκῃσί τε καὶ σθένεϊ ᾧ·
τὸν δ' ὑπὸ Πατρόκλῳ δάμασ' ἔγχεϊ χάλκεος Ἄρης.
ἀλλά, φίλοι, πάρστητε, νεμεσσήθητε δὲ θυμῷ,
μὴ ἀπὸ τεύχε' ἕλωνται, ἀεικίσσωσι δὲ νεκρὸν
Μυρμιδόνες, Δαναῶν κεχολωμένοι ὅσσοι ὄλοντο,
τοὺς ἐπὶ νηυσὶ θοῇσιν ἐπέφνομεν ἐγχείῃσιν."
Ὣς ἔφατο, Τρῶας δὲ κατὰ κρῆθεν λάβε πένθος
ἄσχετον, οὐκ ἐπιεικτόν, ἐπεί σφισιν ἕρμα πόληος
ἔσκε καὶ ἀλλοδαπός περ ἐών· πολέες γὰρ ἅμ' αὐτῷ
λαοὶ ἕποντ', ἐν δ' αὐτὸς ἀριστεύεσκε μάχεσθαι·
βὰν δ' ἰθὺς Δαναῶν λελιημένοι· ἦρχε δ' ἄρα σφιν
Ἕκτωρ χωόμενος Σαρπηδόνος. αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὺς
ὦρσε Μενοιτιάδεω Πατροκλῆος λάσιον κῆρ·
Αἴαντε πρώτω προσέφη, μεμαῶτε καὶ αὐτώ·
"Αἴαντε, νῦν σφῶϊν ἀμύνεσθαι φίλον ἔστω,
οἷοί περ πάρος ἦτε μετ' ἀνδράσιν, ἢ καὶ ἀρείους.
κεῖται ἀνὴρ ὃς πρῶτος ἐσήλατο τεῖχος Ἀχαιῶν,
Σαρπηδών· ἀλλ' εἴ μιν ἀεικισσαίμεθ' ἑλόντες,
τεύχεά τ' ὤμοιιν ἀφελοίμεθα, καί τιν' ἑταίρων
αὐτοῦ ἀμυνομένων δαμασαίμεθα νηλέϊ χαλκῷ."

and he went after Aeneas, and after Hector, harnessed in bronze. And he came up to him and spake winged words, saying: "Hector, now in good sooth art thou utterly forgetful of the allies, that for thy sake far from their friends and their native land are wasting their lives away, yet thou carest not to aid them. Low lies Sarpedon, leader of the Lycian shieldmen, he that guarded Lycia by his judgments and his might. Him hath brazen Ares laid low beneath the spear of Patroclus. Nay, friends, take your stand beside him, and have indignation in heart, lest the Myrmidons strip him of his armour and work shame upon his corpse, being wroth for the sake of all the Danaans that have perished, whom we slew with our spears at the swift ships."

So spake he, and the Trojans were utterly seized with grief, unbearable, overpowering; for Sarpedon was ever the stay of their city, albeit he was a stranger from afar; for much people followed with him, and among them he was himself pre-eminent in fight. And they made straight for the Danaans full eagerly, and Hector led them, in wrath for Sarpedon's sake. But the Achaeans were urged on by Patroclus, of the shaggy heart, son of Menoetius. To the twain Aiantes spake he first, that were of themselves full eager: "Ye twain Aiantes, now be it your will to ward off the foe, being of such valour as of old ye were amid warriors, or even braver. Low lies the man that was first to leap within the wall of the Achaeans, even Sarpedon. Nay, let us seek to take him, and work shame upon his body, and strip the armour from his shoulders, and many a one of his comrades that seek to defend his body let us slay with the pitiless bronze."

Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἳ δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ ἀλέξασθαι μενέαινον.
οἳ δ' ἐπεὶ ἀμφοτέρωθεν ἐκαρτύναντο φάλαγγας,
Τρῶες καὶ Λύκιοι καὶ Μυρμιδόνες καὶ Ἀχαιοί,
σύμβαλον ἀμφὶ νέκυι κατατεθνηῶτι μάχεσθαι
δεινὸν ἀΰσαντες· μέγα δ' ἔβραχε τεύχεα φωτῶν.
Ζεὺς δ' ἐπὶ νύκτ' ὀλοὴν τάνυσε κρατερῇ ὑσμίνῃ,
ὄφρα φίλῳ περὶ παιδὶ μάχης ὀλοὸς πόνος εἴη.
Ὦσαν δὲ πρότεροι Τρῶες ἑλίκωπας Ἀχαιούς·
βλῆτο γὰρ οὔ τι κάκιστος ἀνὴρ μετὰ Μυρμιδόνεσσιν·
υἱὸς Ἀγακλῆος μεγαθύμου, δῖος Ἐπειγεύς,
ὅς ῥ' ἐν Βουδείῳ εὖ ναιομένῳ ἤνασσε
τὸ πρίν· ἀτὰρ τότε γ' ἐσθλὸν ἀνεψιὸν ἐξεναρίξας
ἐς Πηλῆ' ἱκέτευσε καὶ ἐς Θέτιν ἀργυρόπεζαν·
οἳ δ' ἅμ' Ἀχιλλῆϊ ῥηξήνορι πέμπον ἕπεσθαι
Ἴλιον εἰς εὔπωλον, ἵνα Τρώεσσι μάχοιτο.
τόν ῥα τόθ' ἁπτόμενον νέκυος βάλε φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ
χερμαδίῳ κεφαλήν· ἡ δ' ἄνδιχα πᾶσα κεάσθη
ἐν κόρυθι βριαρῇ· ὁ δ' ἄρα πρηνὴς ἐπὶ νεκρῷ
κάππεσεν, ἀμφὶ δέ μιν θάνατος χύτο θυμοραϊστής.
Πατρόκλῳ δ' ἄρ' ἄχος γένετο φθιμένου ἑτάροιο,
ἴθυσεν δὲ διὰ προμάχων ἴρηκι ἐοικὼς
ὠκέϊ, ὅς τ' ἐφόβησε κολοιούς τε ψῆράς τε·
ὣς ἰθὺς Λυκίων, Πατρόκλεες ἱπποκέλευθε,
ἔσσυο καὶ Τρώων, κεχόλωσο δὲ κῆρ ἑτάροιο.
καί ῥ' ἔβαλε Σθενέλαον, Ἰθαιμένεος φίλον υἱόν,
αὐχένα χερμαδίῳ, ῥῆξεν δ' ἀπὸ τοῖο τένοντας.
χώρησαν δ' ὑπό τε πρόμαχοι καὶ φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ.
ὅσση δ' αἰγανέης ῥιπὴ ταναοῖο τέτυκται,

So spake he, and they even of themselves were eager to ward off the foe. Then when on both sides they had made strong their battalions, the Trojans and Lycians, and the Myrmidons and Achaeans, they joined battle to fight for the body of him that was fallen in death, with terrible shouting; and loud rang the harness of men. And Zeus drew baneful night over the mighty conflict, that around his dear son might be waged the baneful toil of war.

And first the Trojans drave back the bright-eyed Achaeans, for smitten was a man in no wise the worst among the Myrmidons, even the son of great-souled Agacles, goodly Epeigeus, that was king in well-peopled Budeum of old, but when he had slain a goodly man of his kin, to Peleus he came as a suppliant, and to silver-footed Thetis; and they sent him to follow with Achilles, breaker of the ranks of men, to Ilios, famed for its horses, that he might fight with the Trojans. Him, as he was laying hold of the corpse, glorious Hector smote upon the head with a stone; and his head was wholly cloven asunder within the heavy helmet, and he fell headlong upon the corpse, and death, that slayeth the spirit, was shed about him. Then over Patroclus came grief for his slain comrade, and he charged through the foremost fighters like a fleet falcon that driveth in flight daws and starlings; even so straight against the Lycians, O Patroclus, master of horsemen, and against the Trojans didst thou charge, and thy heart was full of wrath for thy comrade. And he smote Sthenelaus, the dear son of Ithaemenes, on the neck with a stone, and brake away therefrom the sinews; and the foremost fighters and glorious Hector gave ground. Far as is the flight of a long javelin, that

ἥν ῥά τ' ἀνὴρ ἀφέῃ πειρώμενος ἢ ἐν ἀέθλῳ
ἠὲ καὶ ἐν πολέμῳ, δηΐων ὕπο θυμοραϊστέων,
τόσσον ἐχώρησαν Τρῶες, ὤσαντο δ' Ἀχαιοί.
Γλαῦκος δὲ πρῶτος, Λυκίων ἀγὸς ἀσπιστάων,
ἐτράπετ', ἔκτεινεν δὲ Βαθυκλῆα μεγάθυμον,
Χάλκωνος φίλον υἱόν, ὃς Ἑλλάδι οἰκία ναίων
ὄλβῳ τε πλούτῳ τε μετέπρεπε Μυρμιδόνεσσι.
τὸν μὲν ἄρα Γλαῦκος στῆθος μέσον οὔτασε δουρὶ
στρεφθεὶς ἐξαπίνης, ὅτε μιν κατέμαρπτε διώκων·
δούπησεν δὲ πεσών· πυκινὸν δ' ἄχος ἔλλαβ' Ἀχαιούς,
ὡς ἔπεσ' ἐσθλὸς ἀνήρ· μέγα δὲ Τρῶες κεχάροντο,
στὰν δ' ἀμφ' αὐτὸν ἰόντες ἀολλέες· οὐδ' ἄρ' Ἀχαιοὶ
ἀλκῆς ἐξελάθοντο, μένος δ' ἰθὺς φέρον αὐτῶν.
ἔνθ' αὖ Μηριόνης Τρώων ἕλεν ἄνδρα κορυστήν,
Λαόγονον, θρασὺν υἱὸν Ὀνήτορος, ὃς Διὸς ἱρεὺς
Ἰδαίου ἐτέτυκτο, θεὸς δ' ὣς τίετο δήμῳ.
τὸν βάλ' ὑπὸ γναθμοῖο καὶ οὔατος· ὦκα δὲ θυμὸς
ᾤχετ' ἀπὸ μελέων, στυγερὸς δ' ἄρα μιν σκότος εἷλεν.
Αἰνείας δ' ἐπὶ Μηριόνῃ δόρυ χάλκεον ἧκεν·
ἔλπετο γὰρ τεύξεσθαι ὑπασπίδια προβιβῶντος.
ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ἄντα ἰδὼν ἠλεύατο χάλκεον ἔγχος·
πρόσσω γὰρ κατέκυψε, τὸ δ' ἐξόπιθεν δόρυ μακρὸν
οὔδει ἐνισκίμφθη, ἐπὶ δ' οὐρίαχος πελεμίχθη
ἔγχεος· ἔνθα δ' ἔπειτ' ἀφίει μένος ὄβριμος Ἄρης.[1]
[αἰχμὴ δ' Αἰνείαο κραδαινομένη κατὰ γαίης[2]
ᾤχετ', ἐπεί ῥ' ἅλιον στιβαρῆς ἀπὸ χειρὸς ὄρουσεν.]
Αἰνείας δ' ἄρα θυμὸν ἐχώσατο φώνησέν τε·

[1] Line 613 was rejected by Aristarchus.

[2] Lines 614 f. are omitted in most MSS. They are enclosed in brackets, since they but repeat the content of the preceding lines.

a man casteth, making trial of his strength, in a contest, haply, or in war beneath the press of murderous foemen, even so far did the Trojans draw back, and the Achaeans drave them. And Glaucus first, the leader of the Lycian shieldmen, turned him about, and slew great-souled Bathycles, the dear son of Chalcon, him that had his abode in Hellas, and for wealth and substance was pre-eminent among the Myrmidons. Him did Glaucus smite full upon the breast with a thrust of his spear, turning suddenly upon him, when the other was about to overtake him in pursuit. And he fell with a thud, and sore grief gat hold of the Achaeans, for that a good man was fallen; but mightily did the Trojans rejoice. And they came in throngs and took their stand about him, nor did the Achaeans forget their valour, but bare their might straight toward the foe. Then Meriones slew a warrior of the Trojans, in full armour, Laogonus, the bold son of Onetor, one that was priest of Idaean Zeus, and was honoured of the folk even as a god: him he smote beneath the jaw under the ear, and forthwith his spirit departed from his limbs, and hateful darkness gat hold of him. And Aeneas cast at Meriones his spear of bronze, for he hoped to smite him as he advanced under cover of his shield. But Meriones, looking steadily at him, avoided the spear of bronze; for he stooped forward, and the long spear fixed itself in the ground behind him, and the butt of the spear quivered; howbeit there at length did mighty Ares stay its fury. [And the lance of Aeneas sank quivering down into the earth, for that it sped in vain from his mighty hand.] Then Aeneas waxed wroth at heart, and spake, saying: "Meriones, full soon, for

“Μηριόνη, τάχα κέν σε καὶ ὀρχηστήν περ ἐόντα
ἔγχος ἐμὸν κατέπαυσε διαμπερές, εἴ σ᾽ ἔβαλόν περ.”
Τὸν δ᾽ αὖ Μηριόνης δουρικλυτὸς ἀντίον ηὔδα·
“Αἰνεία, χαλεπόν σε καὶ ἴφθιμόν περ ἐόντα
πάντων ἀνθρώπων σβέσσαι μένος, ὅς κέ σευ ἄντα
ἔλθῃ ἀμυνόμενος· θνητὸς δέ νυ καὶ σὺ τέτυξαι.
εἰ καὶ ἐγώ σε βάλοιμι τυχὼν μέσον ὀξέϊ χαλκῷ,
αἶψά κε καὶ κρατερός περ ἐὼν καὶ χερσὶ πεποιθὼς
εὖχος ἐμοὶ δοίης, ψυχὴν δ᾽ Ἄϊδι κλυτοπώλῳ.”
Ὣς φάτο, τὸν δ᾽ ἐνένιπε Μενοιτίου ἄλκιμος υἱός·
“Μηριόνη, τί σὺ ταῦτα καὶ ἐσθλὸς ἐὼν ἀγορεύεις;
ὦ πέπον, οὔ τοι Τρῶες ὀνειδείοις ἐπέεσσι
νεκροῦ χωρήσουσι· πάρος τινὰ γαῖα καθέξει.
ἐν γὰρ χερσὶ τέλος πολέμου, ἐπέων δ᾽ ἐνὶ βουλῇ·
τῶ οὔ τι χρὴ μῦθον ὀφέλλειν, ἀλλὰ μάχεσθαι.”
Ὣς εἰπὼν ὁ μὲν ἦρχ᾽, ὁ δ᾽ ἅμ᾽ ἕσπετο ἰσόθεος φώς.
τῶν δ᾽ ὥς τε δρυτόμων ἀνδρῶν ὀρυμαγδὸς ὄρωρεν
οὔρεος ἐν βήσσῃς, ἕκαθεν δέ τε γίγνετ᾽ ἀκουή,
ὣς τῶν ὄρνυτο δοῦπος ἀπὸ χθονὸς εὐρυοδείης
χαλκοῦ τε ῥινοῦ τε βοῶν τ᾽ εὐποιητάων,
νυσσομένων ξίφεσίν τε καὶ ἔγχεσιν ἀμφιγύοισιν.
οὐδ᾽ ἂν ἔτι φράδμων περ ἀνὴρ Σαρπηδόνα δῖον
ἔγνω, ἐπεὶ βελέεσσι καὶ αἵματι καὶ κονίῃσιν
ἐκ κεφαλῆς εἴλυτο διαμπερὲς ἐς πόδας ἄκρους.
οἱ δ᾽ αἰεὶ περὶ νεκρὸν ὁμίλεον, ὡς ὅτε μυῖαι
σταθμῷ ἔνι βρομέωσι περιγλαγέας κατὰ πέλλας

all thou art a nimble dancer, would my spear have made thee to cease dancing for ever, had I but struck thee."

And Meriones, famed for his spear, made answer: "Aeneas, hard were it for thee, valiant though thou art, to quench the might of every man, whosoever cometh against thee to make defence. Of mortal stuff, I ween, art thou as well. If so be I should cast, and smite thee fairly with my sharp spear, quickly then, for all thou art strong and trustest in thy hands, shouldst thou yield glory to me, and thy soul to Hades of the goodly steeds."

So spake he, but the valiant son of Menoetius rebuked him, saying: "Meriones, wherefore dost thou, that art a man of valour, speak on this wise? Good friend, it is not for words of reviling that the Trojans will give ground from the corpse; ere that shall the earth hold many a one. For in our hands is the issue of war; that of words is in the council. Wherefore it beseemeth not in any wise to multiply words, but to fight."

So saying, he led the way, and the other followed, a godlike man. And from them—even as the din ariseth of woodcutters in the glades of a mountain, and afar is the sound thereof heard—so from them went up a clanging from the broad-wayed earth, a clanging of bronze and of hide and of well-wrought shields, as they thrust one at the other with swords and two-edged spears. Nor could a man, though he knew him well, any more have discerned goodly Sarpedon, for that he was utterly enwrapped with darts and blood and dust, from his head to the very soles of his feet. And they ever thronged about the corpse as when in a farmstead flies buzz about the full milk-

ὥρῃ ἐν εἰαρινῇ, ὅτε τε γλάγος ἄγγεα δεύει·
ὣς ἄρα τοὶ περὶ νεκρὸν ὁμίλεον, οὐδέ ποτε Ζεὺς
τρέψεν ἀπὸ κρατερῆς ὑσμίνης ὄσσε φαεινώ,
ἀλλὰ κατ' αὐτοὺς αἰὲν ὅρα καὶ φράζετο θυμῷ,
πολλὰ μάλ' ἀμφὶ φόνῳ Πατρόκλου μερμηρίζων,
ἢ ἤδη καὶ κεῖνον ἐνὶ κρατερῇ ὑσμίνῃ
αὐτοῦ ἐπ' ἀντιθέῳ Σαρπηδόνι φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ
χαλκῷ δῃώσῃ, ἀπό τ' ὤμων τεύχε' ἕληται,
ἦ ἔτι καὶ πλεόνεσσιν ὀφέλλειεν πόνον αἰπύν.
ὧδε δέ οἱ φρονέοντι δοάσσατο κέρδιον εἶναι,
ὄφρ' ἠῢς θεράπων Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλῆος
ἐξαῦτις Τρῶάς τε καὶ Ἕκτορα χαλκοκορυστὴν
ὤσαιτο προτὶ ἄστυ, πολέων δ' ἀπὸ θυμὸν ἕλοιτο.
Ἕκτορι δὲ πρωτίστῳ ἀνάλκιδα φύζαν ἐνῶρσεν·[1]
ἐς δίφρον δ' ἀναβὰς φύγαδ' ἔτραπε, κέκλετο δ' ἄλλους
Τρῶας φευγέμεναι· γνῶ γὰρ Διὸς ἱρὰ τάλαντα.
ἔνθ' οὐδ' ἴφθιμοι Λύκιοι μένον, ἀλλὰ φόβηθεν
πάντες, ἐπεὶ βασιλῆα ἴδον βεβλημένον[2] ἦτορ,
κείμενον ἐν νεκύων ἀγύρει· πολέες γὰρ ἐπ' αὐτῷ
κάππεσον, εὖτ' ἔριδα κρατερὴν ἐτάνυσσε Κρονίων.
οἱ δ' ἄρ' ἀπ' ὤμοιιν Σαρπηδόνος ἔντε' ἕλοντο
χάλκεα μαρμαίροντα, τὰ μὲν κοίλας ἐπὶ νῆας
δῶκε φέρειν ἑτάροισι Μενοιτίου ἄλκιμος υἱός.
καὶ τότ' Ἀπόλλωνα προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεύς·[3]
"εἰ δ' ἄγε νῦν, φίλε Φοῖβε, κελαινεφὲς αἷμα κάθηρον
ἐλθὼν ἐκ βελέων Σαρπηδόνα, καί μιν ἔπειτα
πολλὸν ἀποπρὸ φέρων λοῦσον ποταμοῖο ῥοῇσι
χρῖσόν τ' ἀμβροσίῃ, περὶ δ' ἄμβροτα εἵματα ἕσσον·

[1] φύζαν ἐνῶρσεν: θυμὸν ἐνῆκεν.
[2] βεβλημένον: βεβλαμμένον, δεδαϊγμένον.
[3] Lines 666-683 were rejected by Zenodotus, who read 666 in the form καὶ τότ' ἄρ' ἐξ Ἴδης προσέφη Ζεὺς ὃν φίλον υἱόν.

pails, in the season of spring, when the milk drenches the vessels ; even so thronged they about the corpse. Nor did Zeus anywise turn his bright eyes from the fierce conflict, but ever looked down upon them, and debated in heart, pondering much about the slaying of Patroclus, whether in the fierce conflict even there over godlike Sarpedon, glorious Hector should slay him likewise with the sword, and should strip the armour from his shoulders, or whether for yet more men he should make the utter toil of war to wax. And as he pondered, this thing seemed to him the better, that the valiant squire of Achilles, Peleus' son, should again drive toward the city the Trojans and Hector, harnessed in bronze, and take the lives of many. In Hector first of all he roused cowardly rout, and he leapt upon his car and turned to flight, and called on the rest of the Trojans to flee ; for he knew the turning of the sacred scales of Zeus. Then the valiant Lycians likewise abode not, but were driven in rout one and all, when they saw their king smitten to the heart, lying in the gathering of the dead ; for many had fallen above him, when the son of Cronos strained taut the cords of the fierce conflict.[1] But from the shoulders of Sarpedon they stripped his shining harness of bronze, and this the valiant son of Menoetius gave to his comrades to bear to the hollow ships. And then unto Apollo spake Zeus, the cloud-gatherer : " Up now, dear Phoebus, go cleanse from Sarpedon the dark blood, when thou hast taken him forth from out the range of darts, and thereafter bear thou him far away, and bathe him in the streams of the river, and anoint him with ambrosia, and clothe him about with im-

[1] See the note on xiii. 358.

πέμπε δέ μιν πομποῖσιν ἅμα κραιπνοῖσι φέρεσθαι,
Ὕπνῳ καὶ Θανάτῳ διδυμάοσιν, οἵ ῥά μιν ὦκα
θήσουσ᾽ ἐν Λυκίης εὐρείης πίονι δήμῳ,
ἔνθα ἑ ταρχύσουσι κασίγνητοί τε ἔται τε
τύμβῳ τε στήλῃ τε· τὸ γὰρ γέρας ἐστὶ θανόντων."
Ὣς ἔφατ᾽, οὐδ᾽ ἄρα πατρὸς ἀνηκούστησεν Ἀπόλλων.
βῆ δὲ κατ᾽ Ἰδαίων ὀρέων ἐς φύλοπιν αἰνήν,
αὐτίκα δ᾽ ἐκ βελέων Σαρπηδόνα δῖον ἀείρας
πολλὸν ἀποπρὸ φέρων λοῦσεν ποταμοῖο ῥοῇσι
χρῖσέν τ᾽ ἀμβροσίῃ, περὶ δ᾽ ἄμβροτα εἵματα ἕσσε·
πέμπε δέ μιν πομποῖσιν ἅμα κραιπνοῖσι φέρεσθαι,
Ὕπνῳ καὶ Θανάτῳ διδυμάοσιν, οἵ ῥά μιν ὦκα
κάτθεσαν ἐν Λυκίης εὐρείης πίονι δήμῳ.
Πάτροκλος δ᾽ ἵπποισι καὶ Αὐτομέδοντι κελεύσας
Τρῶας καὶ Λυκίους μετεκίαθε, καὶ μέγ᾽ ἀάσθη
νήπιος· εἰ δὲ ἔπος Πηληϊάδαο φύλαξεν,
ἦ τ᾽ ἂν ὑπέκφυγε κῆρα κακὴν μέλανος θανάτοιο.
ἀλλ᾽ αἰεί τε Διὸς κρείσσων νόος ἠέ περ ἀνδρῶν·
ὅς τε καὶ ἄλκιμον ἄνδρα φοβεῖ καὶ ἀφείλετο νίκην[1]
ῥηϊδίως, ὅτε δ᾽ αὐτὸς ἐποτρύνῃσι μάχεσθαι·
ὅς οἱ καὶ τότε θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ἀνῆκεν.
Ἔνθα τίνα πρῶτον, τίνα δ᾽ ὕστατον ἐξενάριξας,
Πατρόκλεις, ὅτε δή σε θεοὶ θάνατόνδε κάλεσσαν;
Ἄδρηστον μὲν πρῶτα καὶ Αὐτόνοον καὶ Ἔχεκλον
καὶ Πέριμον Μεγάδην καὶ Ἐπίστορα καὶ Μελάνιππον,
αὐτὰρ ἔπειτ᾽ Ἔλασον καὶ Μούλιον ἠδὲ Πυλάρτην·
τοὺς ἕλεν· οἱ δ᾽ ἄλλοι φύγαδε μνώοντο ἕκαστος.

[1] Lines 689 f. (=xvii. 177 f.) are omitted in many MSS.

mortal raiment, and give him to swift conveyers to bear with them, even to the twin brethren, Sleep and Death, who shall set him speedily in the rich land of wide Lycia. There shall his brethren and his kinsfolk give him burial with mound and pillar; for this is the due of the dead."

So spake he, nor was Apollo disobedient to his father's bidding, but went down from the hills of Ida into the dread din of battle. Forthwith then he lifted up goodly Sarpedon forth from out the range of darts, and when he had borne him far away, bathed him in the streams of the river, and anointed him with ambrosia, and clothed him about with immortal raiment, and gave him to swift conveyers to bear with them, even to the twin brethren, Sleep and Death, who set him speedily in the rich land of wide Lycia.

But Patroclus with a call to his horses and to Automedon, pressed after the Trojans and Lycians, and was greatly blinded in heart, fool that he was! for had he observed the word of the son of Peleus, he would verily have escaped the evil fate of black death. But ever is the intent of Zeus stronger than that of men, for he driveth even a valiant man in rout, and robbeth him of victory full easily, and again of himself he rouseth men to fight; and he it was that now put fury in the breast of Patroclus.

Then whom first, whom last didst thou slay, Patroclus, when the gods called thee deathward? Adrastus first, and Autonous, and Echeclus, and Perimus, son of Megas, and Epistor, and Melanippus, and thereafter Elasus, and Mulius, and Pylartes: these he slew, and the others bethought them each man of flight.

Ἔνθα κεν ὑψίπυλον Τροίην ἕλον υἷες Ἀχαιῶν
Πατρόκλου ὑπὸ χερσί· περιπρὸ γὰρ ἔγχεϊ θῦεν·
εἰ μὴ Ἀπόλλων Φοῖβος ἐϋδμήτου ἐπὶ πύργου
ἔστη, τῷ ὀλοὰ φρονέων, Τρώεσσι δ' ἀρήγων.
τρὶς μὲν ἐπ' ἀγκῶνος βῆ τείχεος ὑψηλοῖο
Πάτροκλος, τρὶς δ' αὐτὸν ἀπεστυφέλιξεν Ἀπόλλων,
χείρεσσ' ἀθανάτῃσι φαεινὴν ἀσπίδα νύσσων.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ τὸ τέταρτον ἐπέσσυτο δαίμονι ἶσος,
δεινὰ δ' ὁμοκλήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
"χάζεο, διογενὲς Πατρόκλεες· οὔ νύ τοι αἶσα
σῷ ὑπὸ δουρὶ πόλιν πέρθαι Τρώων ἀγερώχων,
οὐδ' ὑπ' Ἀχιλλῆος, ὅς περ σέο πολλὸν ἀμείνων."
Ὣς φάτο, Πάτροκλος δ' ἀνεχάζετο πολλὸν[1] ὀπίσσω,
μῆνιν ἀλευάμενος ἑκατηβόλου Ἀπόλλωνος.
Ἕκτωρ δ' ἐν Σκαιῇσι πύλῃς ἔχε μώνυχας ἵππους·
δίζε γὰρ ἠὲ μάχοιτο κατὰ κλόνον αὖτις ἐλάσσας,
ἦ λαοὺς ἐς τεῖχος ὁμοκλήσειεν ἀλῆναι.
ταῦτ' ἄρα οἱ φρονέοντι παρίστατο Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων,
ἀνέρι εἰσάμενος αἰζηῷ τε κρατερῷ τε,
Ἀσίῳ, ὃς μήτρως ἦν Ἕκτορος ἱπποδάμοιο,
αὐτοκασίγνητος Ἑκάβης, υἱὸς δὲ Δύμαντος,
ὃς Φρυγίῃ ναίεσκε ῥοῇς ἔπι Σαγγαρίοιο·
τῷ μιν ἐεισάμενος προσέφη Διὸς υἱὸς Ἀπόλλων·
"Ἕκτορ, τίπτε μάχης ἀποπαύεαι; οὐδέ τί σε χρή·
αἴθ' ὅσον ἥσσων εἰμί, τόσον σέο φέρτερος εἴην·
τῶ κε τάχα στυγερῶς πολέμου ἀπερωήσειας.

[1] πολλὸν: τυτθὸν Zenodotus.

Then would the sons of the Achaeans have taken high-gated Troy by the hands of Patroclus, for around and before him he raged with his spear, had not Phoebus Apollo taken his stand upon the well-builded wall thinking thoughts of bane for him, but bearing aid to the Trojans. Thrice did Patroclus set foot upon a corner of the high wall, and thrice did Apollo fling him back, thrusting against the bright shield with his immortal hands. But when for the fourth time he rushed on like a god, then with a terrible cry Apollo spake to him winged words: "Give back, Zeus-born Patroclus. It is not fated, I tell thee, that by thy spear the city of the lordly Trojans shall be laid waste, nay, nor by that of Achilles, who is better far than thou."

So spake he, and Patroclus gave ground a great space backward, avoiding the wrath of Apollo that smiteth afar.

But Hector at the Scaean gate was staying his single-hoofed horses, for he was divided in mind, whether he should drive again into the turmoil and do battle, or should call to the host to gather them within the wall. And while he pondered thus there drew nigh to him Phoebus Apollo in the likeness of a young man and a strong, even of Asius, that was uncle to horse-taming Hector, and own brother to Hecabe, but son of Dymas, that dwelt in Phrygia by the streams of Sangarius. In his likeness spake Apollo, the son of Zeus, unto Hector: "Hector, wherefore dost thou cease from battle? It beseemeth thee not. I would that I were as much stronger than thou as I am weaker; then straightway would it be to thine own hurt that thou drawest back from

ἀλλ᾽ ἄγε, Πατρόκλῳ ἔφεπε κρατερώνυχας ἵππους,
αἴ κέν πώς μιν ἕλῃς, δώῃ δέ τοι εὖχος Ἀπόλλων."
Ὣς εἰπὼν ὁ μὲν αὖτις ἔβη θεὸς ἂμ πόνον ἀνδρῶν,
Κεβριόνῃ δ᾽ ἐκέλευσε δαΐφρονι φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ
ἵππους ἐς πόλεμον πεπληγέμεν. αὐτὰρ Ἀπόλλων
δύσεθ᾽ ὅμιλον ἰών, ἐν δὲ κλόνον Ἀργείοισιν
ἧκε κακόν, Τρωσὶν δὲ καὶ Ἕκτορι κῦδος ὄπαζεν.
Ἕκτωρ δ᾽ ἄλλους μὲν Δαναοὺς ἔα οὐδ᾽ ἐνάριζεν,
αὐτὰρ ὁ Πατρόκλῳ ἔφεπε κρατερώνυχας ἵππους.
Πάτροκλος δ᾽ ἑτέρωθεν ἀφ᾽ ἵππων ἆλτο χαμᾶζε
σκαιῇ ἔγχος ἔχων· ἑτέρηφι δὲ λάζετο πέτρον
μάρμαρον ὀκριόεντα, τόν οἱ περὶ χεὶρ ἐκάλυψεν,
ἧκε δ᾽ ἐρεισάμενος, οὐδὲ δὴν ἄζετο[1] φωτός,
οὐδ᾽ ἁλίωσε βέλος, βάλε δ᾽ Ἕκτορος ἡνιοχῆα,
Κεβριόνην, νόθον υἱὸν ἀγακλῆος Πριάμοιο,
ἵππων ἡνί᾽ ἔχοντα, μετώπιον ὀξέϊ λᾶϊ.
ἀμφοτέρας δ᾽ ὀφρῦς σύνελεν λίθος, οὐδέ οἱ ἔσχεν
ὀστέον, ὀφθαλμοὶ δὲ χαμαὶ πέσον ἐν κονίῃσιν
αὐτοῦ πρόσθε ποδῶν· ὁ δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἀρνευτῆρι ἐοικὼς
κάππεσ᾽ ἀπ᾽ εὐεργέος δίφρου, λίπε δ᾽ ὀστέα θυμός.
τὸν δ᾽ ἐπικερτομέων προσέφης, Πατρόκλεες ἱππεῦ·
"ὢ πόποι, ἦ μάλ᾽ ἐλαφρὸς ἀνήρ, ὡς ῥεῖα κυβιστᾷ.
εἰ δή που καὶ πόντῳ ἐν ἰχθυόεντι γένοιτο,
πολλοὺς ἂν κορέσειεν ἀνὴρ ὅδε τήθεα διφῶν,
νηὸς ἀποθρῴσκων, εἰ καὶ δυσπέμφελος εἴη,
ὡς νῦν ἐν πεδίῳ ἐξ ἵππων ῥεῖα κυβιστᾷ.
ἦ ῥα καὶ ἐν Τρώεσσι κυβιστητῆρες ἔασιν."
Ὣς εἰπὼν ἐπὶ Κεβριόνῃ ἥρωϊ βεβήκει

[1] ἄζετο: χάζετο.

the war. Nay, come, drive against Patroclus thy strong-hoofed horses, if so be thou mayest slay him, and Apollo give thee glory."

So spake he, and went back again, a god into the toil of men. Then unto wise-hearted Cebriones glorious Hector gave command to lash his horses into the battle. But Apollo went his way, and entered into the throng, and sent an evil panic upon the Argives, and vouchsafed glory to the Trojans and to Hector. But Hector let be the other Danaans, neither sought to slay them, but drave his strong-hoofed horses against Patroclus; and Patroclus over against him leapt from his chariot to the ground with a spear in his left hand, while with the other he grasped a stone, shining and jagged, that his hand compassed about. Firmly he planted himself, and hurled it, neither had he long awe of his foe, nor sped he his missile in vain, but smote the charioteer of Hector, even Cebriones, a bastard son of glorious Priam, upon the forehead with the sharp stone, as he was holding the reins of the horses. And both his brows did the stone dash together, and the bone held not, but the eyes fell to the ground in the dust even there, before his feet. And like a diver he fell from the well-wrought car, and his spirit left his bones. Then with mocking words didst thou speak to him, knight Patroclus: "Hah, look you; verily nimble is the man; how lightly he diveth! In sooth if he were on the teeming deep, this man would satisfy many by seeking for oysters, leaping from his ship were the sea never so stormy, seeing that now on the plain he diveth lightly from his car. Verily among the Trojans too there be men that dive."

So saying he made for the warrior Cebriones with

οἶμα λέοντος ἔχων, ὅς τε σταθμοὺς κεραΐζων
ἔβλητο πρὸς στῆθος, ἑή τέ μιν ὤλεσεν ἀλκή·
ὣς ἐπὶ Κεβριόνῃ, Πατρόκλεες, ἆλσο μεμαώς.
Ἕκτωρ δ᾽ αὖθ᾽ ἑτέρωθεν ἀφ᾽ ἵππων ἆλτο χαμᾶζε.
τὼ περὶ Κεβριόναο λέονθ᾽ ὣς δηρινθήτην,
ὥ τ᾽ ὄρεος κορυφῇσι περὶ κταμένης ἐλάφοιο,
ἄμφω πεινάοντε, μέγα φρονέοντε μάχεσθον·
ὣς περὶ Κεβριόναο δύω μήστωρες ἀϋτῆς,
Πάτροκλός τε Μενοιτιάδης καὶ φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ,
ἵεντ᾽ ἀλλήλων ταμέειν χρόα νηλέϊ χαλκῷ.
Ἕκτωρ μὲν κεφαλῆφιν ἐπεὶ λάβεν, οὐχὶ μεθίει·
Πάτροκλος δ᾽ ἑτέρωθεν ἔχεν ποδός· οἱ δὲ δὴ ἄλλοι
Τρῶες καὶ Δαναοὶ σύναγον κρατερὴν ὑσμίνην.
ὡς δ᾽ Εὖρός τε Νότος τ᾽ ἐριδαίνετον ἀλλήλοιιν
οὔρεος ἐν βήσσῃς βαθέην πελεμιζέμεν ὕλην,
φηγόν τε μελίην τε τανύφλοιόν τε κράνειαν,
αἵ τε πρὸς ἀλλήλας ἔβαλον τανυήκεας ὄζους
ἠχῇ θεσπεσίῃ, πάταγος δέ τε ἀγνυμενάων,
ὣς Τρῶες καὶ Ἀχαιοὶ ἐπ᾽ ἀλλήλοισι θορόντες
δῄουν, οὐδ᾽ ἕτεροι μνώοντ᾽ ὀλοοῖο φόβοιο.
πολλὰ δὲ Κεβριόνην ἀμφ᾽ ὀξέα δοῦρα πεπήγει
ἰοί τε πτερόεντες ἀπὸ νευρῆφι θορόντες,
πολλὰ δὲ χερμάδια μεγάλ᾽ ἀσπίδας ἐστυφέλιξαν
μαρναμένων ἀμφ᾽ αὐτόν· ὁ δ᾽ ἐν στροφάλιγγι κονίης
κεῖτο μέγας μεγαλωστί, λελασμένος ἱπποσυνάων.
  Ὄφρα μὲν Ἠέλιος μέσον οὐρανὸν ἀμφιβεβήκει,
τόφρα μάλ᾽ ἀμφοτέρων βέλε᾽ ἥπτετο, πῖπτε δὲ λαός·
ἦμος δ᾽ Ἠέλιος μετενίσετο βουλυτόνδε,

the rush of a lion that, while he wasteth the farmstead, hath been smitten on the breast, and his own valour bringeth him to ruin ; even so upon Cebriones, O Patroclus, didst thou leap furiously. And Hector over against him leapt from his chariot to the ground. So the twain joined in strife for Cebriones like two lions, that on the peaks of a mountain fight for a slain hind, both of them hungering, both high of heart ; even so for Cebriones the two masters of the war-cry, even Patroclus, son of Menoetius, and glorious Hector, were fain each to cleave the other's flesh with the pitiless bronze. Hector, when once he had seized the corpse by the head, would not loose his hold, and Patroclus over against him held fast hold of the foot ; and about them the others, Trojans and Danaans, joined in fierce conflict. And as the East Wind and the South strive with one another in shaking a deep wood in the glades of a mountain,—a wood of beech and ash and smooth-barked cornel, and these dash one against the other their long boughs with a wondrous din, and there is a crashing of broken branches ; even so the Trojans and Achaeans leapt one upon another and made havoc, nor would either side take thought of ruinous flight. And round about Cebriones many sharp spears were fixed, and many winged arrows that leapt from the bow-string, and many great stones smote against shields, as men fought around him. But he in the whirl of dust lay mighty in his mightiness, forgetful of his horsemanship.

Now as long as the sun bestrode mid-heaven, so long the missiles of either side reached their mark, and the folk kept falling ; but when he turned to the time for the unyoking of oxen, then verily beyond

καὶ τότε δή ῥ' ὑπὲρ αἶσαν Ἀχαιοὶ φέρτεροι ἦσαν.
ἐκ μὲν Κεβριόνην βελέων ἥρωα ἔρυσσαν
Τρώων ἐξ ἐνοπῆς, καὶ ἀπ' ὤμων τεύχε' ἕλοντο,
Πάτροκλος δὲ Τρωσὶ κακὰ φρονέων ἐνόρουσε.
τρὶς μὲν ἔπειτ' ἐπόρουσε θοῷ ἀτάλαντος Ἄρηϊ,
σμερδαλέα ἰάχων, τρὶς δ' ἐννέα φῶτας ἔπεφνεν.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ τὸ τέταρτον ἐπέσσυτο δαίμονι ἶσος,
ἔνθ' ἄρα τοι, Πάτροκλε, φάνη βιότοιο τελευτή·
ἤντετο γάρ τοι Φοῖβος ἐνὶ κρατερῇ ὑσμίνῃ
δεινός. ὁ μὲν τὸν ἰόντα κατὰ κλόνον οὐκ ἐνόησεν·
ἠέρι γὰρ πολλῇ κεκαλυμμένος ἀντεβόλησε·
στῆ δ' ὄπιθεν, πλῆξεν δὲ μετάφρενον εὐρέε τ' ὤμω
χειρὶ καταπρηνεῖ, στρεφεδίνηθεν δὲ οἱ ὄσσε.
τοῦ δ' ἀπὸ μὲν κρατὸς κυνέην βάλε Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων·
ἡ δὲ κυλινδομένη καναχὴν ἔχε ποσσὶν ὑφ' ἵππων
αὐλῶπις τρυφάλεια, μιάνθησαν δὲ ἔθειραι
αἵματι καὶ κονίῃσι. πάρος γε μὲν οὐ θέμις ἦεν
ἱππόκομον πήληκα μιαίνεσθαι κονίῃσιν,
ἀλλ' ἀνδρὸς θείοιο κάρη χαρίεν τε μέτωπον
ῥύετ' Ἀχιλλῆος· τότε δὲ Ζεὺς Ἕκτορι δῶκεν
ᾗ κεφαλῇ φορέειν, σχεδόθεν δέ οἱ ἦεν ὄλεθρος.
πᾶν δέ οἱ ἐν χείρεσσιν ἄγη δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος,
βριθὺ μέγα στιβαρὸν κεκορυθμένον· αὐτὰρ ἀπ' ὤμων
ἀσπὶς σὺν τελαμῶνι χαμαὶ πέσε τερμιόεσσα.
λῦσε δὲ οἱ θώρηκα ἄναξ Διὸς υἱὸς Ἀπόλλων.
τὸν δ' ἄτη φρένας εἷλε, λύθεν δ' ὑπὸ φαίδιμα γυῖα,
στῆ δὲ ταφών· ὄπιθεν δὲ μετάφρενον ὀξέϊ δουρὶ
ὤμων μεσσηγὺς σχεδόθεν βάλε[1] Δάρδανος ἀνήρ,

[1] σχεδόθεν βάλε: σχεδὸν οὔτασε Zenodotus.

their portion the Achaeans proved the better. Forth from out the range of darts they drew the warrior Cebriones from the battle-din of the Trojans, and stripped the armour from his shoulders; and Patroclus with fell intent leapt upon the Trojans. Thrice then leapt he upon them, the peer of swift Ares, crying a terrible cry, and thrice he slew nine men. But when for the fourth time he rushed on, like a god, then for thee, Patroclus, did the end of life appear; for Phoebus met thee in the fierce conflict, an awful god. And Patroclus marked him not as he passed through the turmoil, for enfolded in thick mist did he meet him; and Apollo took his stand behind him, and smote his back and broad shoulders with the flat of his hand, and his eyes were made to whirl. And from his head Phoebus Apollo smote the helmet, that rang as it rolled beneath the feet of the horses—the crested helm; and the plumes were befouled with blood and dust. Not until that hour had the gods suffered that helm with plume of horse-hair to be befouled with dust, but ever did it guard the head and comely brow of a godlike man, even of Achilles; but then Zeus vouchsafed it to Hector, to wear upon his head, yet was destruction near at hand for him. And in the hands of Patroclus the far-shadowing spear was wholly broken, the spear, heavy, and huge, and strong, and tipped with bronze; and from his shoulders the tasselled shield with its baldric fell to the ground, and his corselet did Apollo loose—the prince, the son of Zeus. Then blindness seized his mind, and his glorious limbs were loosed beneath him, and he stood in a daze; and from behind him from close at hand a Dardanian smote him upon the back between the shoulders with a cast

Πανθοΐδης Εὔφορβος, ὃς ἡλικίην ἐκέκαστο
ἔγχεΐ θ' ἱπποσύνῃ τε πόδεσσί τε καρπαλίμοισι·
καὶ γὰρ δὴ τότε φῶτας ἐείκοσι βῆσεν ἀφ' ἵππων,
πρῶτ' ἐλθὼν σὺν ὄχεσφι, διδασκόμενος πολέμοιο·
ὅς τοι πρῶτος ἐφῆκε βέλος, Πατρόκλεες ἱππεῦ,
οὐδὲ δάμασσ'· ὁ μὲν αὖτις ἀνέδραμε, μίκτο δ' ὁμίλῳ,
ἐκ χροὸς ἁρπάξας δόρυ μείλινον, οὐδ' ὑπέμεινε
Πάτροκλον γυμνόν περ ἐόντ' ἐν δηϊοτῆτι.
Πάτροκλος δὲ θεοῦ πληγῇ καὶ δουρὶ δαμασθεὶς
ἂψ ἑτάρων εἰς ἔθνος ἐχάζετο κῆρ' ἀλεείνων.
"Ἕκτωρ δ' ὡς εἶδεν Πατροκλῆα μεγάθυμον
ἂψ ἀναχαζόμενον, βεβλημένον ὀξέϊ χαλκῷ,
ἀγχίμολόν ῥά οἱ ἦλθε κατὰ στίχας, οὖτα δὲ δουρὶ
νείατον ἐς κενεῶνα, διαπρὸ δὲ χαλκὸν ἔλασσε·
δούπησεν δὲ πεσών, μέγα δ' ἤκαχε λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν·
ὡς δ' ὅτε σῦν ἀκάμαντα λέων ἐβιήσατο χάρμῃ,
ὥ τ' ὄρεος κορυφῇσι μέγα φρονέοντε μάχεσθον
πίδακος ἀμφ' ὀλίγης· ἐθέλουσι δὲ πιέμεν ἄμφω·
πολλὰ δέ τ' ἀσθμαίνοντα λέων ἐδάμασσε βίηφιν·
ὣς πολέας πεφνόντα Μενοιτίου ἄλκιμον υἱὸν
"Ἕκτωρ Πριαμίδης σχεδὸν ἔγχεϊ θυμὸν ἀπηύρα,
καί οἱ ἐπευχόμενος ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
" Πάτροκλ', ἦ που ἔφησθα πόλιν κεραϊξέμεν ἁμήν,
Τρωϊάδας δὲ γυναῖκας ἐλεύθερον ἦμαρ ἀπούρας
ἄξειν ἐν νήεσσι φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν,
νήπιε· τάων δὲ πρόσθ' "Ἕκτορος ὠκέες ἵπποι

of his sharp spear, even Panthous' son, Euphorbus, that excelled all men of his years in casting the spear, and in horsemanship, and in speed of foot; and lo, twenty warriors had he already cast from their cars at his first coming with his chariot to learn his lesson of war. He it was that first hurled his spear at thee, knight Patroclus, yet subdued thee not; but he ran back again and mingled with the throng, when he had drawn forth the ashen spear from the flesh, and he abode not Patroclus, unarmed though he was, in the fray. But Patroclus, overcome by the stroke of the god and by the spear, drew back into the throng of his comrades, avoiding fate.

But Hector, when he beheld great-souled Patroclus drawing back, smitten with the sharp bronze, came nigh him through the ranks, and smote him with a thrust of his spear in the nethermost belly, and drave the bronze clean through; and he fell with a thud, and sorely grieved the host of the Achaeans. And as a lion overmastereth in fight an untiring boar, when the twain fight with high hearts on the peaks of a mountain for a scant spring, wherefrom both are minded to drink: hard panteth the boar, yet the lion overcometh him by his might; even so from the valiant son of Menoetius, after he had slain many, did Hector, Priam's son, take life away, smiting him from close at hand with his spear. And vaunting over him he spake winged words:

"Patroclus, thou thoughtest, I ween, that thou wouldest sack our city, and from the women of Troy wouldest take the day of freedom, and bear them in thy ships to thy dear native land, thou fool! Nay, in front of them the swift horses of Hector stride

ποσσὶν ὀρωρέχαται πολεμίζειν· ἔγχεϊ δ' αὐτὸς
Τρωσὶ φιλοπτολέμοισι μεταπρέπω, ὅ σφιν ἀμύνω
ἦμαρ ἀναγκαῖον· σὲ δέ τ' ἐνθάδε γῦπες ἔδονται.
ἆ δείλ', οὐδέ τοι ἐσθλὸς ἐὼν χραίσμησεν Ἀχιλλεύς,
ὅς πού τοι μάλα πολλὰ μένων ἐπετέλλετ' ἰόντι·
'μή μοι πρὶν ἰέναι, Πατρόκλεες ἱπποκέλευθε,
νῆας ἔπι γλαφυράς, πρὶν Ἕκτορος ἀνδροφόνοιο
αἱματόεντα χιτῶνα περὶ στήθεσσι δαΐξαι.'
ὥς πού σε προσέφη, σοὶ δὲ φρένας ἄφρονι πεῖθε."
Τὸν δ' ὀλιγοδρανέων προσέφης, Πατρόκλεες ἱππεῦ·
"ἤδη νῦν, Ἕκτορ, μεγάλ' εὔχεο· σοὶ γὰρ ἔδωκε
νίκην Ζεὺς Κρονίδης καὶ Ἀπόλλων, οἵ με δάμασσαν
ῥηιδίως· αὐτοὶ γὰρ ἀπ' ὤμων τεύχε' ἕλοντο.
τοιοῦτοι δ' εἴ πέρ μοι ἐείκοσιν ἀντεβόλησαν,
πάντες κ' αὐτόθ' ὄλοντο ἐμῷ ὑπὸ δουρὶ δαμέντες.
ἀλλά με μοῖρ' ὀλοὴ καὶ Λητοῦς ἔκτανεν υἱός,
ἀνδρῶν δ' Εὔφορβος· σὺ δέ με τρίτος ἐξεναρίζεις.
ἄλλο δέ τοι ἐρέω, σὺ δ' ἐνὶ φρεσὶ βάλλεο σῇσιν·
οὔ θην οὐδ' αὐτὸς δηρὸν βέῃ, ἀλλά τοι ἤδη
ἄγχι παρέστηκεν θάνατος καὶ μοῖρα κραταιή,
χερσὶ δαμέντ' Ἀχιλῆος ἀμύμονος Αἰακίδαο."
Ὣς ἄρα μιν εἰπόντα τέλος θανάτοιο κάλυψε·
ψυχὴ δ' ἐκ ῥεθέων πταμένη Ἄϊδόσδε βεβήκει,
ὃν πότμον γοόωσα, λιποῦσ' ἀνδροτῆτα καὶ ἥβην.
τὸν καὶ τεθνηῶτα προσηύδα φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ·
"Πατρόκλεις, τί νύ μοι μαντεύεαι αἰπὺν ὄλεθρον;

forth to the fight, and with the spear I myself am pre-eminent among the war-loving Trojans, even I that ward from them the day of doom; but for thee, vultures shall devour thee here. Ah, poor wretch, even Achilles, for all his valour, availed thee not, who, I ween, though himself abiding behind, laid strait command upon thee, as thou wentest forth: 'Come not back, I charge thee, Patroclus, master of horsemen, to the hollow ships, till thou hast cloven about the breast of man-slaying Hector the tunic red with his blood.' So, I ween, spake he to thee, and persuaded thy wits in thy witlessness."

Then, thy strength all spent, didst thou answer him, knight Patroclus: "For this time, Hector, boast thou mightily; for to thee have Zeus, the son of Cronos, and Apollo, vouchsafed victory, they that subdued me full easily, for of themselves they took the harness from my shoulders. But if twenty such as thou had faced me, here would all have perished, slain by my spear. Nay, it was baneful Fate and the son of Leto that slew me, and of men Euphorbus, while thou art the third in my slaying. And another thing will I tell thee, and do thou lay it to heart: verily thou shalt not thyself be long in life, but even now doth death stand hard by thee, and mighty fate, that thou be slain beneath the hands of Achilles, the peerless son of Aeacus."

Even as he thus spake the end of death enfolded him; and his soul fleeting from his limbs was gone to Hades, bewailing her fate, leaving manliness and youth. And to him even in his death spake glorious Hector:

"Patroclus, wherefore dost thou prophesy for me

τίς δ᾽ οἶδ᾽ εἴ κ᾽ Ἀχιλεύς, Θέτιδος πάϊς ἠϋκόμοιο,
φθήῃ ἐμῷ ὑπὸ δουρὶ τυπεὶς ἀπὸ θυμὸν ὀλέσσαι;"
Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσας δόρυ χάλκεον ἐξ ὠτειλῆς
εἴρυσε λὰξ προσβάς, τὸν δ᾽ ὕπτιον ὦσ᾽ ἀπὸ δουρός.
αὐτίκα δὲ ξὺν δουρὶ μετ᾽ Αὐτομέδοντα βεβήκει,
ἀντίθεον θεράποντα ποδώκεος Αἰακίδαο·
ἵετο γὰρ βαλέειν· τὸν δ᾽ ἔκφερον ὠκέες ἵπποι
ἄμβροτοι, οὓς Πηλῆϊ θεοὶ δόσαν ἀγλαὰ δῶρα.

sheer destruction? Who knows but that Achilles, the son of fair-tressed Thetis, may first be smitten by my spear, and lose his life?"

So saying, he drew forth the spear of bronze from the wound, setting his foot upon the dead, and thrust him backward from the spear. And forthwith he was gone with his spear after Automedon, the godlike squire of the swift-footed son of Aeacus, for he was fain to smite him; but his swift horses bare him away, the immortal horses that the gods gave as glorious gifts to Peleus.

ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Ρ

Οὐδ᾽ ἔλαθ᾽ Ἀτρέος υἱόν, ἀρηΐφιλον Μενέλαον,
Πάτροκλος Τρώεσσι δαμεὶς ἐν δηϊοτῆτι.
βῆ δὲ διὰ προμάχων κεκορυθμένος αἴθοπι χαλκῷ,
ἀμφὶ δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ αὐτῷ βαῖν᾽ ὥς τις περὶ πόρτακι μήτηρ
πρωτοτόκος κινυρή, οὐ πρὶν εἰδυῖα τόκοιο·
ὣς περὶ Πατρόκλῳ βαῖνε ξανθὸς Μενέλαος.
πρόσθε δέ οἱ δόρυ τ᾽ ἔσχε καὶ ἀσπίδα πάντοσ᾽ ἐΐσην,
τὸν κτάμεναι μεμαὼς ὅς τις τοῦ γ᾽ ἀντίος ἔλθοι.
Οὐδ᾽ ἄρα Πάνθου υἱὸς ἐϋμμελίης ἀμέλησε
Πατρόκλοιο πεσόντος ἀμύμονος· ἄγχι δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ αὐτοῦ
ἔστη, καὶ προσέειπεν ἀρηΐφιλον Μενέλαον·
"Ἀτρεΐδη Μενέλαε διοτρεφές, ὄρχαμε λαῶν,
χάζεο, λεῖπε δὲ νεκρόν, ἔα δ᾽ ἔναρα βροτόεντα·
οὐ γάρ τις πρότερος Τρώων κλειτῶν τ᾽ ἐπικούρων
Πάτροκλον βάλε δουρὶ κατὰ κρατερὴν ὑσμίνην·
τῶ με ἔα κλέος ἐσθλὸν ἐνὶ Τρώεσσιν ἀρέσθαι,
μή σε βάλω, ἀπὸ δὲ μελιηδέα θυμὸν ἕλωμαι."
Τὸν δὲ μέγ᾽ ὀχθήσας προσέφη ξανθὸς Μενέλαος·
"Ζεῦ πάτερ, οὐ μὲν καλὸν ὑπέρβιον εὐχετάασθαι.
οὔτ᾽ οὖν παρδάλιος τόσσον μένος οὔτε λέοντος

BOOK XVII

And the son of Atreus, Menelaus, dear to Ares, failed not to mark that Patroclus had been slain in battle by the Trojans, but fared amid the foremost fighters, harnessed in flaming bronze, and bestrode the dead, as over a calf standeth lowing plaintively its mother, that hath brought forth her first-born, ere then knowing naught of motherhood; even so over Patroclus strode fair-haired Menelaus, and before him he held his spear and his shield that was well-balanced upon every side, eager to slay the man who should come to seize the corpse.

Then was Panthous' son, of the good spear of ash, not unheedful of the falling of peerless Patroclus, but he took his stand hard by him, and spake to Menelaus, dear to Ares: "Menelaus, son of Atreus, fostered of Zeus, thou leader of hosts, give back, and leave the corpse, and let be the bloody spoils; for before me no man of the Trojans and their famed allies smote Patroclus with the spear in the fierce conflict; wherefore suffer thou me to win goodly renown among the Trojans, lest I cast and smite thee, and rob thee of honey-sweet life."

Then, his heart mightily stirred, fair-haired Menelaus spake unto him: "O father Zeus, no good thing is it to boast overweeningly. Verily neither is the spirit of pard so high, nor of lion, nor of wild boar,

οὔτε συὸς κάπρου ὀλοόφρονος, οὗ τε μέγιστος
θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσι περὶ σθένεϊ βλεμεαίνει,
ὅσσον Πάνθου υἷες ἐϋμμελίαι φρονέουσιν.[1]
οὐδὲ μὲν οὐδὲ βίη Ὑπερήνορος ἱπποδάμοιο
ἧς ἥβης ἀπόνηθ', ὅτε μ' ὤνατο καί μ' ὑπέμεινε
καί μ' ἔφατ' ἐν Δαναοῖσιν ἐλέγχιστον πολεμιστὴν
ἔμμεναι· οὐδέ ἕ φημι πόδεσσί γε οἷσι κιόντα
εὐφρῆναι ἄλοχόν τε φίλην κεδνούς τε τοκῆας.
ὥς θην καὶ σὸν ἐγὼ λύσω μένος, εἴ κέ μευ ἄντα
στήῃς· ἀλλά σ' ἐγώ γ' ἀναχωρήσαντα κελεύω
ἐς πληθὺν ἰέναι, μηδ' ἀντίος ἵστασ' ἐμεῖο,
πρίν τι κακὸν παθέειν· ῥεχθὲν δέ τε νήπιος ἔγνω."
Ὣς φάτο, τὸν δ' οὐ πεῖθεν· ἀμειβόμενος δὲ προσηύδα·
"νῦν μὲν δή, Μενέλαε διοτρεφές, ἦ μάλα τίσεις
γνωτὸν ἐμόν, τὸν ἔπεφνες, ἐπευχόμενος δ' ἀγορεύεις,
χήρωσας δὲ γυναῖκα μυχῷ θαλάμοιο νέοιο,
ἄρρητον[2] δὲ τοκεῦσι γόον καὶ πένθος ἔθηκας.
ἦ κέ σφιν δειλοῖσι γόου κατάπαυμα γενοίμην,
εἴ κεν ἐγὼ κεφαλήν τε τεὴν καὶ τεύχε' ἐνείκας
Πάνθῳ ἐν χείρεσσι βάλω καὶ Φρόντιδι δίῃ.
ἀλλ' οὐ μὰν ἔτι δηρὸν ἀπείρητος πόνος ἔσται
οὐδ' ἔτ' ἀδήριτος ἤ τ' ἀλκῆς ἤ τε φόβοιο."
Ὣς εἰπὼν οὔτησε κατ' ἀσπίδα πάντοσ' ἐΐσην·
οὐδ' ἔρρηξεν χαλκός,[3] ἀνεγνάμφθη δέ οἱ αἰχμὴ
ἀσπίδ' ἐνὶ κρατερῇ· ὁ δὲ δεύτερος ὄρνυτο χαλκῷ
Ἀτρεΐδης Μενέλαος, ἐπευξάμενος Διὶ πατρί·
ἂψ δ' ἀναχαζομένοιο κατὰ στομάχοιο θέμεθλα
νύξ', ἐπὶ δ' αὐτὸς ἔρεισε βαρείῃ χειρὶ πιθήσας·

[1] φρονέουσιν: φορέουσιν.
[2] ἄρρητον: ἀρητὸν.
[3] χαλκός Aristarchus: χαλκόν.

of baneful mind, in whose breast the greatest fury exulteth exceedingly in might, as is the spirit of Panthous' sons, of the good spear of ash. Nay, but in sooth even the mighty Hyperenor, tamer of horses, had no profit of his youth, when he made light of me and abode my coming, and deemed that among the Danaans I was the meanest warrior; not on his own feet, I ween, did he fare home to make glad his dear wife and his worthy parents. Even so, meseems, shall I loose thy might as well, if thou stand to face me; nay, of myself I bid thee get thee back into the throng, and stand not forth to face me, ere yet some evil befall thee; when it is wrought even a fool getteth understanding."

So spake he, yet persuaded not the other, but he answered, saying: "Now in good sooth, Menelaus, nurtured of Zeus, shalt thou verily pay the price for my brother whom thou slewest, and over whom thou speakest vauntingly; and thou madest his wife a widow in her new-built bridal chamber, and broughtest grief unspeakable and sorrow upon his parents. Verily for them in their misery should I prove an assuaging of grief, if I but bring thy head and thy armour and lay them in the hands of Panthous and queenly Phrontis. Howbeit not for long shall the struggle be untried or unfought, be it for victory or for flight."

So saying, he smote upon his shield that was well-balanced upon every side; howbeit the bronze brake not through, but its point was bent back in the stout shield. Then in turn did Atreus' son, Menelaus, rush upon him with his spear, and made prayer to father Zeus; and as he gave back, stabbed him at the base of the throat, and put his weight into the

ἀντικρὺ δ' ἁπαλοῖο δι' αὐχένος ἤλυθ' ἀκωκή,
δούπησεν δὲ πεσών, ἀράβησε δὲ τεύχε' ἐπ' αὐτῷ.
αἵματί οἱ δεύοντο κόμαι Χαρίτεσσιν ὁμοῖαι[1]
πλοχμοί θ', οἳ χρυσῷ τε καὶ ἀργύρῳ ἐσφήκωντο.
οἷον δὲ τρέφει ἔρνος ἀνὴρ ἐριθηλὲς ἐλαίης
χώρῳ ἐν οἰοπόλῳ, ὅθ' ἅλις ἀναβέβροχεν ὕδωρ,
καλὸν τηλεθάον· τὸ δέ τε πνοιαὶ δονέουσι
παντοίων ἀνέμων, καί τε βρύει ἄνθεϊ λευκῷ·
ἐλθὼν δ' ἐξαπίνης ἄνεμος σὺν λαίλαπι πολλῇ
βόθρου τ' ἐξέστρεψε καὶ ἐξετάνυσσ' ἐπὶ γαίῃ·
τοῖον Πάνθου υἱὸν ἐϋμμελίην Εὔφορβον
Ἀτρεΐδης Μενέλαος ἐπεὶ κτάνε, τεύχε' ἐσύλα.
ὡς δ' ὅτε τίς τε λέων ὀρεσίτροφος, ἀλκὶ πεποιθώς,
βοσκομένης ἀγέλης βοῦν ἁρπάσῃ ἥ τις ἀρίστη·
τῆς δ' ἐξ αὐχέν' ἔαξε λαβὼν κρατεροῖσιν ὀδοῦσι
πρῶτον, ἔπειτα δέ θ' αἷμα καὶ ἔγκατα πάντα λαφύσσει
δηῶν· ἀμφὶ δὲ τόν γε κύνες τ' ἄνδρες τε νομῆες
πολλὰ μάλ' ἰύζουσιν ἀπόπροθεν οὐδ' ἐθέλουσιν
ἀντίον ἐλθέμεναι· μάλα γὰρ χλωρὸν δέος αἱρεῖ·
ὣς τῶν οὔ τινι θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ἐτόλμα
ἀντίον ἐλθέμεναι Μενελάου κυδαλίμοιο.
ἔνθα κε ῥεῖα φέροι κλυτὰ τεύχεα Πανθοΐδαο
Ἀτρεΐδης, εἰ μή οἱ ἀγάσσατο Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων,
ὅς ῥά οἱ Ἕκτορ' ἐπῶρσε θοῷ ἀτάλαντον Ἄρηϊ,
ἀνέρι εἰσάμενος, Κικόνων ἡγήτορι Μέντῃ·
καί μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
"Ἕκτορ, νῦν σὺ μὲν ὧδε θέεις ἀκίχητα διώκων
ἵππους Αἰακίδαο δαΐφρονος· οἱ δ' ἀλεγεινοὶ

[1] ὁμοῖαι: μέλαιναι Zenodotus.

thrust, trusting in his heavy hand; and clean out through the tender neck passed the point. And he fell with a thud, and upon him his armour clanged. In blood was his hair drenched, that was like the hair of the Graces, and his tresses that were braided with gold and silver. And as a man reareth a lusty sapling of an olive in a lonely place, where water welleth up abundantly—a goodly sapling and a fair-growing; and the blasts of all the winds make it to quiver, and it burgeoneth out with white blossoms; but suddenly cometh the wind with a mighty tempest, and teareth it out of its trench, and layeth it low upon the earth; even in such wise did Menelaus, son of Atreus, slay Panthous' son, Euphorbus of the good ashen spear, and set him to spoil him of his armour. And as when a mountain-nurtured lion, trusting in his might, hath seized from amid a grazing herd the heifer that is goodliest: her neck he seizeth first in his strong jaws, and breaketh it, and thereafter devoureth the blood and all the inward parts in his fury; and round about him hounds and herdsmen folk clamour loudly from afar, but have no will to come against him, for pale fear taketh hold on them; even so dared not the heart in the breast of any Trojan go to face glorious Menelaus. Full easily then would Atreus' son have borne off the glorious armour of the son of Panthous, but that Phoebus Apollo begrudged it him, and in the likeness of a man, even of Mentes, leader of the Cicones, aroused against him Hector, the peer of swift Ares. And he spake and addressed him in winged words: "Hector, now art thou hasting thus vainly after what thou mayest not attain, even the horses of the wise-hearted son of Aeacus; but hard are they for

ἀνδράσι γε θνητοῖσι δαμήμεναι ἠδ' ὀχέεσθαι,
ἄλλῳ γ' ἢ Ἀχιλῆϊ, τὸν ἀθανάτη τέκε μήτηρ.
τόφρα δέ τοι Μενέλαος ἀρήϊος, Ἀτρέος υἱός,
Πατρόκλῳ περιβὰς Τρώων τὸν ἄριστον ἔπεφνε,
Πανθοΐδην Εὔφορβον, ἔπαυσε δὲ θούριδος ἀλκῆς."
  Ὣς εἰπὼν ὁ μὲν αὖτις ἔβη θεὸς ἂμ πόνον ἀνδρῶν,
Ἕκτορα δ' αἰνὸν ἄχος πύκασε φρένας ἀμφὶ μελαίνας·
πάπτηνεν δ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα κατὰ στίχας, αὐτίκα δ' ἔγνω
τὸν μὲν ἀπαινύμενον κλυτὰ τεύχεα, τὸν δ' ἐπὶ γαίῃ
κείμενον· ἔρρει δ' αἷμα κατ' οὐταμένην ὠτειλήν.
βῆ δὲ διὰ προμάχων κεκορυθμένος αἴθοπι χαλκῷ,
ὀξέα κεκληγώς, φλογὶ εἴκελος Ἡφαίστοιο
ἀσβέστῳ· οὐδ' υἱὸν λάθεν Ἀτρέος ὀξὺ βοήσας·
ὀχθήσας δ' ἄρα εἶπε πρὸς ὃν μεγαλήτορα θυμόν·
"ὤ μοι ἐγών, εἰ μέν κε λίπω κάτα τεύχεα καλὰ
Πάτροκλόν θ', ὃς κεῖται ἐμῆς ἕνεκ' ἐνθάδε τιμῆς,
μή τίς μοι Δαναῶν νεμεσήσεται, ὅς κεν ἴδηται·
εἰ δέ κεν Ἕκτορι μοῦνος ἐὼν καὶ Τρωσὶ μάχωμαι
αἰδεσθείς, μή πώς με περιστήωσ' ἕνα πολλοί·
Τρῶας δ' ἐνθάδε πάντας ἄγει κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ.
ἀλλὰ τί ἦ μοι ταῦτα φίλος διελέξατο θυμός;
ὁππότ' ἀνὴρ ἐθέλῃ πρὸς δαίμονα φωτὶ μάχεσθαι
ὅν κε θεὸς τιμᾷ, τάχα οἱ μέγα πῆμα κυλίσθη.
τῶ μ' οὔ τις Δαναῶν νεμεσήσεται, ὅς κεν ἴδηται
Ἕκτορι χωρήσαντ', ἐπεὶ ἐκ θεόφιν πολεμίζει.
εἰ δέ που Αἴαντός γε βοὴν ἀγαθοῖο πυθοίμην,

mortal men to master or to drive, save only for Achilles, whom an immortal mother bare. Meanwhile hath warlike Menelaus, son of Atreus, bestridden Patroclus, and slain the best man of the Trojans, even Panthous' son, Euphorbus, and hath made him cease from his furious valour."

So spake he, and went back again, a god into the toil of men. But the soul of Hector was darkly clouded with dread sorrow, and he glanced then along the lines, and forthwith was ware of the one stripping off the glorious arms, and of the other lying on the ground; and the blood was flowing down from the stricken wound. Then strode he forth amid the foremost fighters, harnessed in flaming bronze, crying a shrill cry, in fashion like unto the flame of Hephaestus that none may quench. Nor was his shrill cry unheard of the son of Atreus, but sore troubled he spake to his own great-hearted spirit: "Ah, woe is me! If I leave behind the goodly arms, and Patroclus, that here lieth low for that he would get me recompense, I fear lest many a Danaan wax wroth against me, whosoever beholdeth it. But if for very shame I, that am alone, do battle with Hector and the Trojans, I fear lest haply they beset me round about, many against one; for all the Trojans is Hector of the flashing helm leading hitherward. But why doth my heart thus hold converse with me? Whenso a warrior is minded against the will of heaven to fight with another whom a god honoureth, forthwith then upon him rolleth mighty woe. Therefore shall no man of the Danaans wax wroth against me, whoso shall mark me giving ground before Hector, seeing he fighteth with the help of heaven. But if I might anywhere find Aias, good

ἄμφω κ᾿ αὖτις ἰόντες ἐπιμνησαίμεθα χάρμης
καὶ πρὸς δαίμονά περ, εἴ πως ἐρυσαίμεθα νεκρὸν
Πηλεΐδῃ Ἀχιλῆϊ· κακῶν δέ κε φέρτατον εἴη."
Ἧος ὁ ταῦθ᾿ ὥρμαινε κατὰ φρένα καὶ κατὰ θυμόν,
τόφρα δ᾿ ἐπὶ Τρώων στίχες ἤλυθον· ἦρχε δ᾿ ἄρ᾿ Ἕκτωρ.
αὐτὰρ ὅ γ᾿ ἐξοπίσω ἀνεχάζετο, λεῖπε δὲ νεκρόν,
ἐντροπαλιζόμενος ὥς τε λὶς ἠϋγένειος,
ὅν ῥα κύνες τε καὶ ἄνδρες ἀπὸ σταθμοῖο δίωνται
ἔγχεσι καὶ φωνῇ· τοῦ δ᾿ ἐν φρεσὶν ἄλκιμον ἦτορ
παχνοῦται, ἀέκων δέ τ᾿ ἔβη ἀπὸ μεσσαύλοιο·
ὣς ἀπὸ Πατρόκλοιο κίε ξανθὸς Μενέλαος.
στῆ δὲ μεταστρεφθείς, ἐπεὶ ἵκετο ἔθνος ἑταίρων,
παπταίνων Αἴαντα μέγαν, Τελαμώνιον υἱόν.
τὸν δὲ μάλ᾿ αἶψ᾿ ἐνόησε μάχης ἐπ᾿ ἀριστερὰ πάσης
θαρσύνονθ᾿ ἑτάρους καὶ ἐποτρύνοντα μάχεσθαι·
θεσπέσιον γάρ σφιν φόβον ἔμβαλε Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων.
βῆ δὲ θέειν, εἶθαρ δὲ παριστάμενος ἔπος ηὔδα·
"Αἶαν, δεῦρο, πέπον, περὶ Πατρόκλοιο θανόντος
σπεύσομεν, αἴ κε νέκυν περ Ἀχιλλῆϊ προφέρωμεν
γυμνόν· ἀτὰρ τά γε τεύχε᾿ ἔχει κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ."
Ὣς ἔφατ᾿, Αἴαντι δὲ δαΐφρονι θυμὸν ὄρινε·
βῆ δὲ διὰ προμάχων, ἅμα δὲ ξανθὸς Μενέλαος.
Ἕκτωρ μὲν Πάτροκλον ἐπεὶ κλυτὰ τεύχε᾿ ἀπηύρα,
ἕλχ᾿, ἵν᾿ ἀπ᾿ ὤμοιιν κεφαλὴν τάμοι ὀξέϊ χαλκῷ,
τὸν δὲ νέκυν Τρῳῇσιν ἐρυσσάμενος κυσὶ δοίη·
Αἴας δ᾿ ἐγγύθεν ἦλθε φέρων σάκος ἠΰτε πύργον.
Ἕκτωρ δ᾿ ἂψ ἐς ὅμιλον ἰὼν ἀνεχάζεθ᾿ ἑταίρων,

at the war-cry, then might we twain turn back and bethink us of fight, even were it against the will of heaven, in hope to save the dead for Achilles, Peleus' son : of ills that were the best."

While he pondered thus in mind and heart, meanwhile the ranks of the Trojans came on, and Hector led them. Then Menelaus gave ground backward, and left the corpse, ever turning him about like a bearded lion that dogs and men drive from a fold with spears and shouting ; and the valiant heart in his breast groweth chill, and sore loth he fareth from the farmstead ; even so from Patroclus went fair-haired Menelaus. But he turned him about and stood, when he reached the throng of his comrades, glancing this way and that for great Aias, son of Telamon. Him he marked full quickly on the left of the whole battle, heartening his comrades, and urging them on to fight, for wondrous fear had Phoebus Apollo cast upon them. And he set him to run, and straightway came up to him, and spake, saying : "Aias, come hither, good friend, let us hasten in defence of the dead Patroclus, if so be we may bear forth his corpse at least to Achilles—his naked corpse ; but his armour is held by Hector of the flashing helm."

So spake he, and stirred the soul of wise-hearted Aias, and he strode amid the foremost fighters, and with him fair-haired Menelaus. Now Hector, when he had stripped from Patroclus his glorious armour, sought to hale him away that he might cut the head from off his shoulders with the sharp bronze, and drag off the corpse, and give it to the dogs of Troy ; but Aias drew near, bearing his shield, that was like a city wall. Then Hector gave ground backward

ἐς δίφρον δ' ἀνόρουσε· δίδου δ' ὅ γε τεύχεα καλὰ
Τρωσὶ φέρειν προτὶ ἄστυ, μέγα κλέος ἔμμεναι αὐτῷ.
Αἴας δ' ἀμφὶ Μενοιτιάδῃ σάκος εὐρὺ καλύψας
ἑστήκει ὥς τίς τε λέων περὶ οἷσι τέκεσσιν,
ᾧ ῥά τε νήπι' ἄγοντι συναντήσωνται ἐν ὕλῃ[1]
ἄνδρες ἐπακτῆρες· ὁ δέ τε σθένεϊ βλεμεαίνει,
πᾶν δέ τ' ἐπισκύνιον κάτω ἕλκεται ὄσσε καλύπτων·
ὣς Αἴας περὶ Πατρόκλῳ ἥρωϊ βεβήκει.
Ἀτρεΐδης δ' ἑτέρωθεν, ἀρηΐφιλος Μενέλαος,
ἑστήκει, μέγα πένθος ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ἀέξων.
Γλαῦκος δ' Ἱππολόχοιο πάϊς, Λυκίων ἀγὸς ἀνδρῶν,
Ἕκτορ' ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν χαλεπῷ ἠνίπαπε μύθῳ·
"Ἕκτορ, εἶδος ἄριστε, μάχης ἄρα πολλὸν ἐδεύεο.
ἦ σ' αὔτως κλέος ἐσθλὸν ἔχει φύξηλιν ἐόντα.
φράζεο νῦν ὅππως κε πόλιν καὶ ἄστυ σαώσῃς
οἶος σὺν λαοῖς τοὶ Ἰλίῳ ἐγγεγάασιν·
οὐ γάρ τις Λυκίων γε μαχησόμενος Δαναοῖσιν
εἶσι περὶ πτόλιος, ἐπεὶ οὐκ ἄρα τις χάρις ἦεν
μάρνασθαι δηΐοισιν ἐπ' ἀνδράσι νωλεμὲς αἰεί.
πῶς κε σὺ χείρονα φῶτα σαώσειας μεθ' ὅμιλον,
σχέτλι', ἐπεὶ Σαρπηδόν' ἅμα ξεῖνον καὶ ἑταῖρον
κάλλιπες Ἀργείοισιν ἕλωρ καὶ κύρμα γενέσθαι,
ὅς τοι πόλλ' ὄφελος γένετο, πτόλεΐ τε καὶ αὐτῷ,
ζωὸς ἐών· νῦν δ' οὔ οἱ ἀλαλκέμεναι κύνας ἔτλης.
τῶ νῦν εἴ τις ἐμοὶ Λυκίων ἐπιπείσεται ἀνδρῶν
οἴκαδ' ἴμεν, Τροίῃ δὲ πεφήσεται αἰπὺς ὄλεθρος.

[1] Lines 134-136 were omitted by Zenodotus.

into the throng of his comrades, and leapt upon his chariot, and gave the goodly armour to the Trojans to bear to the city, to be a great glory unto him. But Aias covered the son of Menoetius round about with his broad shield, and stood as a lion over his whelps, one that huntsmen have encountered in the forest as he leadeth his young; then he exulteth in his strength, and draweth down all his brows to cover his eyes; even so did Aias bestride the warrior Patroclus, and hard by him stood the son of Atreus, Menelaus, dear to Ares, nursing great sorrow in his breast.

And Glaucus, son of Hippolochus, leader of the Lycians, with an angry glance from beneath his brows, chid Hector with hard words, saying: "Hector, most fair to look upon, in battle art thou sorely lacking. In good sooth 'tis but in vain that fair renown possesseth thee that art but a runagate. Bethink thee now how by thyself thou mayest save thy city and home aided only by the folk that were born in Ilios; for of the Lycians at least will no man go forth to do battle with the Danaans for the city's sake, seeing there were to be no thanks, it seemeth, for warring against the foemen ever without respite. How art thou like to save a meaner man amid the press of battle, thou heartless one, when Sarpedon, that was at once thy guest and thy comrade, thou didst leave to the Argives to be their prey and spoil!—one that full often proved a boon to thee, to thy city and thine own self, while yet he lived; whereas now thou hadst not the courage to ward from him the dogs. Wherefore now, if any one of the men of Lycia will hearken to me, homeward will we go, and for Troy shall utter destruction be made

εἰ γὰρ νῦν Τρώεσσι μένος πολυθαρσὲς ἐνείη,
ἄτρομον, οἷόν τ' ἄνδρας ἐσέρχεται οἳ περὶ πάτρης
ἀνδράσι δυσμενέεσσι πόνον καὶ δῆριν ἔθεντο,[1]
αἶψά κε Πάτροκλον ἐρυσαίμεθα Ἴλιον εἴσω.
εἰ δ' οὗτος προτὶ ἄστυ μέγα Πριάμοιο ἄνακτος
ἔλθοι τεθνηὼς καί μιν ἐρυσαίμεθα χάρμης,
αἶψά κεν Ἀργεῖοι Σαρπηδόνος ἔντεα καλὰ
λύσειαν, καί κ' αὐτὸν ἀγοίμεθα Ἴλιον εἴσω·
τοίου γὰρ θεράπων πέφατ' ἀνέρος, ὃς μέγ' ἄριστος
Ἀργείων παρὰ νηυσὶ καὶ ἀγχέμαχοι θεράποντες.
ἀλλὰ σύ γ' Αἴαντος μεγαλήτορος οὐκ ἐτάλασσας
στήμεναι ἄντα κατ' ὄσσε ἰδὼν δηΐων ἐν ἀϋτῇ,
οὐδ' ἰθὺς μαχέσασθαι, ἐπεὶ σέο φέρτερός ἐστι."
Τὸν δ' ἄρ' ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν προσέφη κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ·
"Γλαῦκε, τί ἦ δὲ σὺ τοῖος ἐὼν ὑπέροπλον ἔειπες;
ὢ πέπον,[2] ἦ τ' ἐφάμην σὲ περὶ φρένας ἔμμεναι ἄλλων,
τῶν ὅσσοι Λυκίην ἐριβώλακα ναιετάουσι·
νῦν δέ σευ ὠνοσάμην πάγχυ φρένας, οἷον ἔειπες,
ὅς τέ με φῂς Αἴαντα πελώριον οὐχ ὑπομεῖναι.
οὔ τοι ἐγὼν ἔρριγα μάχην οὐδὲ κτύπον ἵππων·
ἀλλ' αἰεί τε Διὸς κρείσσων νόος αἰγιόχοιο,[3]
ὅς τε καὶ ἄλκιμον ἄνδρα φοβεῖ καὶ ἀφείλετο νίκην
ῥηϊδίως, ὁτὲ δ' αὐτὸς ἐποτρύνει μαχέσασθαι.
ἀλλ' ἄγε δεῦρο, πέπον, παρ' ἔμ' ἵστασο καὶ ἴδε ἔργον,
ἠὲ πανημέριος κακὸς ἔσσομαι, ὡς ἀγορεύεις,

[1] ἔθεντο: ἔχουσιν. [2] πέπον Zenodotus: πόποι. [3] αἰγιόχοιο: ἠέ περ ἀνδρός (*cf.* xvi. 688).

plain. Ah, that there were now in the Trojans dauntless courage, that knoweth naught of fear, such as cometh upon men that for their country's sake toil and strive with foemen; then forthwith should we hale Patroclus into Ilios. And if this man were to come, a corpse, to the great city of king Priam, and we should hale him forth from out the battle, straightway then would the Argives give back the goodly armour of Sarpedon, and we should bring his body into Ilios; for such a man is he whose squire hath been slain, one that is far the best of the Argives by the ships, himself and his squires that fight in close combat. But thou hadst not the courage to stand before great-hearted Aias, facing him eye to eye amid the battle-cry of the foemen, nor to do battle against him, seeing he is a better man than thou."

Then with an angry glance from beneath his brows, spake to him Hector of the flashing helm: "Glaucus, wherefore hast thou, being such a one as thou art, spoken an overweening word? Good friend, in sooth I deemed that in wisdom thou wast above all others that dwell in deep-soiled Lycia; but now have I altogether scorn of thy wits, that thou speakest thus, seeing thou sayest I stood not to face mighty Aias. I shudder not at battle, I tell thee, nor at the din of chariots, but ever is the intent of Zeus that beareth the aegis strongest, for he driveth even a valiant man in rout, and robbeth him of victory full easily, and again of himself he rouseth men to fight. Nay, come thou hither, good friend, take thy stand by my side, and behold my handiwork, whether this whole day through I shall prove me a coward, as thou pratest, or shall stay many a one of the

ἤ τινα καὶ Δαναῶν ἀλκῆς μάλα περ μεμαῶτα
σχήσω ἀμυνέμεναι περὶ Πατρόκλοιο θανόντος."
Ὣς εἰπὼν Τρώεσσιν ἐκέκλετο μακρὸν ἀΰσας·
"Τρῶες καὶ Λύκιοι καὶ Δάρδανοι ἀγχιμαχηταί,
ἀνέρες ἔστε, φίλοι, μνήσασθε δὲ θούριδος ἀλκῆς,
ὄφρ' ἂν ἐγὼν Ἀχιλῆος ἀμύμονος ἔντεα δύω
καλά, τὰ Πατρόκλοιο βίην ἐνάριξα κατακτάς."
Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσας ἀπέβη κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ
δηΐου ἐκ πολέμοιο· θέων δ' ἐκίχανεν ἑταίρους
ὦκα μάλ', οὔ πω τῆλε, ποσὶ κραιπνοῖσι μετασπών,
οἳ προτὶ ἄστυ φέρον κλυτὰ τεύχεα Πηλεΐδαο.
στὰς δ' ἀπάνευθε μάχης πολυδακρύου ἔντε' ἄμειβεν·
ἤ τοι ὁ μὲν τὰ ἃ δῶκε φέρειν προτὶ Ἴλιον ἱρὴν
Τρωσὶ φιλοπτολέμοισιν, ὁ δ' ἄμβροτα τεύχεα δῦνε
Πηλεΐδεω Ἀχιλῆος, ἅ οἱ θεοὶ Οὐρανίωνες
πατρὶ φίλῳ ἔπορον· ὁ δ' ἄρα ᾧ παιδὶ ὄπασσε
γηράς· ἀλλ' οὐχ υἱὸς ἐν ἔντεσι πατρὸς ἐγήρα.
Τὸν δ' ὡς οὖν ἀπάνευθεν ἴδεν νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς
τεύχεσι Πηλεΐδαο κορυσσόμενον θείοιο,
κινήσας ῥα κάρη προτὶ ὃν μυθήσατο θυμόν·
"ἆ δείλ', οὐδέ τί τοι θάνατος καταθύμιός ἐστιν,
ὃς δή τοι σχεδὸν εἶσι· σὺ δ' ἄμβροτα τεύχεα δύνεις
ἀνδρὸς ἀριστῆος, τόν τε τρομέουσι καὶ ἄλλοι·
τοῦ δὴ ἑταῖρον ἔπεφνες ἐνηέα τε κρατερόν τε,
τεύχεα δ' οὐ κατὰ κόσμον ἀπὸ κρατός τε καὶ ὤμων
εἵλευ· ἀτάρ τοι νῦν γε μέγα κράτος ἐγγυαλίξω,

Danaans, how fierce soever for valorous deeds he be, from fighting in defence of the dead Patroclus."

So saying, he shouted aloud, and called to the Trojans: "Ye Trojans, and Lycians, and Dardanians that fight in close combat, be men, my friends, and bethink you of furious valour, until I put upon me the armour of peerless Achilles, the goodly armour that I stripped from the mighty Patroclus, when I slew him."

When he had thus spoken, Hector of the flashing helm went forth from the fury of war, and ran, and speedily reached his comrades not yet far off, hastening after them with swift steps, even them that were bearing toward the city the glorious armour of the son of Peleus. Then he halted apart from the tear-fraught battle, and changed his armour; his own he gave to the war-loving Trojans to bear to sacred Ilios, but clad himself in the immortal armour of Peleus' son, Achilles, that the heavenly gods had given to his father and that he had given to his son, when he himself waxed old; howbeit in the armour of the father the son came not to old age.

But when Zeus, the cloud-gatherer, beheld him from afar as he harnessed him in the battle-gear of the godlike son of Peleus, he shook his head, and thus he spake unto his own heart: "Ah, poor wretch, death verily is not in thy thoughts, that yet draweth nigh thee; but thou art putting upon thee the immortal armour of a princely man before whom others besides thee are wont to quail. His comrade, kindly and valiant, hast thou slain, and in unseemly wise hast stripped the armour from his head and shoulders. Howbeit for this present will I vouchsafe thee great might, in recompense for this—that

τῶν ποινὴν ὅ τοι οὔ τι μάχης ἔκ νοστήσαντι
δέξεται Ἀνδρομάχη κλυτὰ τεύχεα Πηλεΐωνος."
Ἦ, καὶ κυανέῃσιν ἐπ' ὀφρύσι νεῦσε Κρονίων,
Ἕκτορι δ' ἥρμοσε τεύχε' ἐπὶ χροΐ, δῦ δέ μιν Ἄρης
δεινὸς ἐνυάλιος, πλῆσθεν δ' ἄρα οἱ μέλε' ἐντὸς
ἀλκῆς καὶ σθένεος. μετὰ δὲ κλειτοὺς ἐπικούρους
βῆ ῥα μέγα ἰάχων· ἰνδάλλετο δέ σφισι πᾶσι
τεύχεσι λαμπόμενος μεγαθύμου Πηλεΐωνος.[1]
ὄτρυνεν δὲ ἕκαστον ἐποιχόμενος ἐπέεσσι,
Μέσθλην τε Γλαῦκόν τε Μέδοντά τε Θερσίλοχόν τε,
Ἀστεροπαῖόν τε Δεισήνορά θ' Ἱππόθοόν τε,
Φόρκυν τε Χρομίον τε καὶ Ἔννομον οἰωνιστήν·
τοὺς ὅ γ' ἐποτρύνων ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·[2]
"κέκλυτε, μυρία φῦλα περικτιόνων ἐπικούρων·
οὐ γὰρ ἐγὼ πληθὺν διζήμενος οὐδὲ χατίζων
ἐνθάδ' ἀφ' ὑμετέρων πολίων ἤγειρα ἕκαστον,
ἀλλ' ἵνα μοι Τρώων ἀλόχους καὶ νήπια τέκνα
προφρονέως ῥύοισθε φιλοπτολέμων ὑπ' Ἀχαιῶν.
τὰ φρονέων δώροισι κατατρύχω καὶ ἐδωδῇ
λαούς, ὑμέτερον δὲ ἑκάστου θυμὸν ἀέξω.
τῶ τις νῦν ἰθὺς τετραμμένος ἢ ἀπολέσθω
ἠὲ σαωθήτω· ἣ γὰρ πολέμου ὀαριστύς.
ὃς δέ κε Πάτροκλον καὶ τεθνηῶτά περ ἔμπης
Τρῶας ἐς ἱπποδάμους ἐρύσῃ, εἴξῃ δέ οἱ Αἴας,
ἥμισυ τῷ ἐνάρων ἀποδάσσομαι, ἥμισυ δ' αὐτὸς
ἕξω ἐγώ· τὸ δέ οἱ κλέος ἔσσεται ὅσσον ἐμοί περ."

[1] μεγαθύμου Πηλεΐωνος: μεγαθύμῳ Πηλεΐωνι Aristarchus, Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλῆος Zenodotus.
[2] Line 219 is omitted in some MSS.

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[1] Such is regularly the meaning of ἰνδάλλεσθαι in Homer. In later Greek the verb also means "seem like," "resemble,"

in no wise shalt thou return from out the battle for Andromache to receive from thee the glorious armour of the son of Peleus."

The son of Cronos spake and bowed thereto with his dark brows, and upon Hector's body he made the armour to fit, and there entered into him Ares, the dread Enyalius, and his limbs were filled within with valour and with might. Then went he his way into the company of the famed allies, crying a great cry, and shewed himself before the eyes of all,[1] flashing in the armour of the great-souled son of Peleus. And going to and fro he spake and heartened each man, Mesthles and Glaucus and Medon and Thersilochus and Asteropaeus and Deisenor and Hippothous and Phorcys and Chromius and Ennomus, the augur—these he heartened, and spake to them winged words: "Hear me, ye tribes uncounted of allies that dwell round about. Not because I sought for numbers or had need thereof, did I gather each man of you from your cities, but that with ready hearts ye might save the Trojans' wives and their little children from the war-loving Achaeans. With this intent am I wasting the substance of mine own folk that ye may have gifts and food, and thereby I cause the strength of each one of you to wax. Wherefore let every man turn straight against the foe and die haply, or live; for this is the dalliance of war. And whosoever shall hale Patroclus, dead though he be, into the midst of the horse-taming Trojans, and make Aias to yield, the half of the spoils shall I render unto him, and the half shall I keep mine own self; and his glory shall be even as mine own."

and Aristarchus seems to have given it that meaning in this passage.

Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἰθὺς Δαναῶν βρίσαντες ἔβησαν,
δούρατ' ἀνασχόμενοι· μάλα δέ σφισιν ἔλπετο θυμὸς
νεκρὸν ὑπ' Αἴαντος ἐρύειν Τελαμωνιάδαο,
νήπιοι· ἦ τε πολέσσιν ἐπ' αὐτῷ θυμὸν ἀπηύρα.
καὶ τότ' ἄρ' Αἴας εἶπε βοὴν ἀγαθὸν Μενέλαον·
" ὦ πέπον, ὦ Μενέλαε διοτρεφές, οὐκέτι νῶϊ
ἔλπομαι αὐτώ περ νοστησέμεν ἐκ πολέμοιο.
οὔ τι τόσον νέκυος περιδείδια Πατρόκλοιο,
ὅς κε τάχα Τρώων κορέει κύνας ἠδ' οἰωνούς,
ὅσσον ἐμῇ κεφαλῇ περιδείδια, μή τι πάθῃσι,
καὶ σῇ, ἐπεὶ πολέμοιο νέφος περὶ πάντα καλύπτει,
Ἕκτωρ, ἡμῖν δ' αὖτ' ἀναφαίνεται αἰπὺς ὄλεθρος.
ἀλλ' ἄγ' ἀριστῆας Δαναῶν κάλει, ἤν τις ἀκούσῃ."
Ὣς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθησε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Μενέλαος,
ἤϋσεν δὲ διαπρύσιον Δαναοῖσι γεγωνώς·
" ὦ φίλοι Ἀργείων ἡγήτορες ἠδὲ μέδοντες,
οἵ τε παρ' Ἀτρεΐδῃς, Ἀγαμέμνονι καὶ Μενελάῳ,
δήμια πίνουσιν καὶ σημαίνουσιν ἕκαστος
λαοῖς· ἐκ δὲ Διὸς τιμὴ καὶ κῦδος ὀπηδεῖ.
ἀργαλέον δέ μοί ἐστι διασκοπιᾶσθαι ἕκαστον
ἡγεμόνων· τόσση γὰρ ἔρις πολέμοιο δέδηεν·
ἀλλά τις αὐτὸς ἴτω, νεμεσιζέσθω δ' ἐνὶ θυμῷ
Πάτροκλον Τρῳῇσι κυσὶν μέλπηθρα γενέσθαι."
Ὣς ἔφατ', ὀξὺ δ' ἄκουσεν Ὀϊλῆος ταχὺς Αἴας·
πρῶτος δ' ἀντίος ἦλθε θέων ἀνὰ δηϊοτῆτα,
τὸν δὲ μετ' Ἰδομενεὺς καὶ ὀπάων Ἰδομενῆος,
Μηριόνης, ἀτάλαντος Ἐνυαλίῳ ἀνδρειφόντῃ.

So spake he, and they charged straight against the Danaans with all their weight, holding their spears on high, and their hearts within them were full of hope to drag the corpse from beneath Aias, son of Telamon—fools that they were! Verily full many did he rob of life over that corpse. Then spake Aias unto Menelaus, good at the war-cry, "Good Menelaus, fostered of Zeus, no more have I hope that we twain by ourselves alone shall win back from out the war. In no wise have I such dread for the corpse of Patroclus that shall presently glut the dogs and birds of the Trojans, as I have for mine own life, lest some evil befall, and for thine as well, for a cloud of war compasseth everything about, even Hector, and for us is utter destruction plain to see. Howbeit, come thou, call upon the chieftains of the Danaans, if so be any may hear."

So spake he, and Menelaus, good at the war-cry, failed not to hearken, but uttered a piercing shout, and called to the Danaans: "Friends, leaders and rulers of the Argives, ye that at the board of the sons of Atreus, Agamemnon and Menelaus, drink at the common cost, and give commands each one to his folk—ye upon whom attend honour and glory from Zeus—hard is it for me to discern each man of the chieftains, in such wise is the strife of war ablaze. Nay, let every man go forth unbidden, and have shame at heart that Patroclus should become the sport of the dogs of Troy."

So spake he, and swift Aias, son of Oïleus, heard him clearly, and was first to come running to meet him amid the battle, and after him Idomeneus and Idomeneus' comrade, Meriones, the peer of Enyalius,

τῶν δ' ἄλλων τίς κεν ᾗσι φρεσὶν οὐνόματ' εἴποι,[1]
ὅσσοι δὴ μετόπισθε μάχην ἤγειραν Ἀχαιῶν;
 Τρῶες δὲ προύτυψαν ἀολλέες· ἦρχε δ' ἄρ' Ἕκτωρ.
ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἐπὶ προχοῇσι διιπετέος ποταμοῖο
βέβρυχεν μέγα κῦμα ποτὶ ῥόον, ἀμφὶ δέ τ' ἄκραι
ἠϊόνος[2] βοόωσιν ἐρευγομένης ἁλὸς ἔξω,
τόσση ἄρα Τρῶες ἰαχῇ ἴσαν. αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὶ
ἕστασαν ἀμφὶ Μενοιτιάδῃ ἕνα θυμὸν ἔχοντες,
φραχθέντες[3] σάκεσιν χαλκήρεσιν· ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρα σφι
λαμπρῇσιν κορύθεσσι Κρονίων ἠέρα πολλὴν
χεῦ', ἐπεὶ οὐδὲ Μενοιτιάδην ἤχθαιρέ πάρος γε,
ὄφρα ζωὸς ἐὼν θεράπων ἦν Αἰακίδαο·
μίσησεν δ' ἄρα μιν δηΐων κυσὶ κύρμα γενέσθαι
Τρῳῇσιν· τῶ καί οἱ ἀμυνέμεν ὦρσεν ἑταίρους.
 Ὦσαν δὲ πρότεροι Τρῶες ἑλίκωπας Ἀχαιούς·
νεκρὸν δὲ προλιπόντες ὑπέτρεσαν, οὐδέ τιν' αὐτῶν
Τρῶες ὑπέρθυμοι ἕλον ἔγχεσιν ἱέμενοί περ,
ἀλλὰ νέκυν ἐρύοντο. μίνυνθα δὲ καὶ τοῦ Ἀχαιοὶ
μέλλον ἀπέσσεσθαι· μάλα γάρ σφεας ὦκ' ἐλέλιξεν
Αἴας, ὃς περὶ μὲν εἶδος, περὶ δ' ἔργα τέτυκτο
τῶν ἄλλων Δαναῶν μετ' ἀμύμονα Πηλεΐωνα.
ἴθυσεν δὲ διὰ προμάχων συῒ εἴκελος ἀλκὴν
καπρίῳ, ὅς τ' ἐν ὄρεσσι κύνας θαλερούς τ' αἰζηοὺς
ῥηϊδίως ἐκέδασσεν, ἑλιξάμενος διὰ βήσσας·
ὣς υἱὸς Τελαμῶνος ἀγαυοῦ, φαίδιμος Αἴας,
ῥεῖα μετεισάμενος Τρώων ἐκέδασσε φάλαγγας,

[1] Lines 260 f. were rejected by Zenodotus.
[2] ἠϊόνος: ἠϊόνες.
[3] φραχθέντες: ἀρθέντες.

slayer of men. But of the rest, what man of his own wit could name the names—of all that came after these and aroused the battle of the Achaeans?

Then the Trojans drave forward in close throng, and Hector led them. And as when at the mouth of some heaven-fed river the mighty wave roareth against the stream, and the headlands of the shore echo on either hand, as the salt-sea belloweth without; even with such din of shouting came on the Trojans. But the Achaeans stood firm about the son of Menoetius with oneness of heart, fenced about with shields of bronze. And the son of Cronos shed thick darkness over their bright helms, for even aforetime was the son of Menoetius nowise hated of him, while he was yet alive and the squire of the son of Aeacus; and now was Zeus full loath that he should become the sport of the dogs of his foemen, even them of Troy; wherefore Zeus roused his comrades to defend him.

And first the Trojans drave back the bright-eyed Achaeans, who left the corpse and shrank back before them; howbeit not a man did the Trojans high of heart slay with their spears, albeit they were fain, but they set them to hale the corpse. Yet for but scant space were the Achaeans to hold back therefrom, for full speedily did Aias rally them—Aias that in comeliness and in deeds of war was above all the other Danaans next to the peerless son of Peleus. Straight through the foremost fighters he strode, in might like a wild boar that, amid the mountains lightly scattereth hounds and lusty youths when he wheeleth upon them in the glades; even so the son of lordly Telamon, glorious Aias, when he had got among them lightly scattered the battalions of the

οἳ περὶ Πατρόκλῳ βέβασαν, φρόνεον δὲ μάλιστα
ἄστυ πότι σφέτερον ἐρύειν καὶ κῦδος ἀρέσθαι.
Ἦ τοι τὸν Λήθοιο Πελασγοῦ φαίδιμος υἱός,
Ἱππόθοος, ποδὸς ἕλκε κατὰ κρατερὴν ὑσμίνην,
δησάμενος τελαμῶνι παρὰ σφυρὸν ἀμφὶ τένοντας,
Ἕκτορι καὶ Τρώεσσι χαριζόμενος· τάχα δ' αὐτῷ
ἦλθε κακόν, τό οἱ οὔ τις ἐρύκακεν ἱεμένων περ.
τὸν δ' υἱὸς Τελαμῶνος ἐπαΐξας δι' ὁμίλου
πλῆξ' αὐτοσχεδίην κυνέης διὰ χαλκοπαρῄου·
ἤρικε δ' ἱπποδάσεια κόρυς περὶ δουρὸς ἀκωκῇ,
πληγεῖσ' ἔγχεΐ τε μεγάλῳ καὶ χειρὶ παχείῃ,
ἐγκέφαλος δὲ παρ' αὐλὸν ἀνέδραμεν ἐξ ὠτειλῆς
αἱματόεις. τοῦ δ' αὖθι λύθη μένος, ἐκ δ' ἄρα χειρῶν
Πατρόκλοιο πόδα μεγαλήτορος ἧκε χαμᾶζε
κεῖσθαι· ὁ δ' ἄγχ' αὐτοῖο πέσε πρηνὴς ἐπὶ νεκρῷ,
τῆλ' ἀπὸ Λαρίσης ἐριβώλακος, οὐδὲ τοκεῦσι
θρέπτρα φίλοις ἀπέδωκε, μινυνθάδιος δέ οἱ αἰὼν
ἔπλεθ' ὑπ' Αἴαντος μεγαθύμου δουρὶ δαμέντι.
Ἕκτωρ δ' αὖτ' Αἴαντος ἀκόντισε δουρὶ φαεινῷ·
ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ἄντα ἰδὼν ἠλεύατο χάλκεον ἔγχος
τυτθόν· ὁ δὲ Σχεδίον, μεγαθύμου Ἰφίτου υἱόν,
Φωκήων ὄχ' ἄριστον, ὃς ἐν κλειτῷ Πανοπῆϊ
οἰκία ναιετάασκε πολέσσ' ἄνδρεσσιν ἀνάσσων,
τὸν βάλ' ὑπὸ κληῗδα μέσην· διὰ δ' ἀμπερὲς ἄκρη
αἰχμὴ χαλκείη παρὰ νείατον ὦμον ἀνέσχε·
δούπησεν δὲ πεσών, ἀράβησε δὲ τεύχε' ἐπ' αὐτῷ.

Trojans, that had taken their stand above Patroclus, and were fain above all to hale him to their city, and get them glory.

Now Hippothous, the glorious son of Pelasgian Lethus, was dragging the corpse by the foot through the fierce conflict, and had bound his baldric about the tendons of either ankle, doing pleasure unto Hector and the Trojans. But full swiftly upon him came evil that not one of them could ward off, how fain soever they were. For the son of Telamon, darting upon him through the throng, smote him from close at hand through the helmet with cheek-pieces of bronze; and the helm with horse-hair crest was cloven about the spear-point, smitten by the great spear and the strong hand; and the brain spurted forth from the wound along the socket of the spear all mingled with blood. There then his strength was loosed, and from his hands he let fall to lie upon the ground the foot of great-hearted Patroclus, and hard thereby himself fell headlong upon the corpse, far from deep-soiled Larissa; nor paid he back to his dear parents the recompense of his up-bringing, and but brief was the span of his life, for that he was laid low by the spear of great-souled Aias. And Hector in turn cast at Aias with his bright spear, but Aias, looking steadily at him, avoided the spear of bronze albeit by a little, and Hector smote Schedius, son of great-souled Iphitus, far the best of the Phocians, that dwelt in a house in famous Panopeus, and was king over many men. Him Hector smote beneath the midst of the collar-bone, and clean through passed the point of bronze, and came out beneath the base of the shoulder. And he fell with a thud, and upon him his armour

Αἴας δ' αὖ Φόρκυνα, δαΐφρονα Φαίνοπος υἱόν,
Ἱπποθόῳ περιβάντα μέσην κατὰ γαστέρα τύψε·
ῥῆξε δὲ θώρηκος γύαλον, διὰ δ' ἔντερα χαλκὸς
ἤφυσ'· ὁ δ' ἐν κονίῃσι πεσὼν ἕλε γαῖαν ἀγοστῷ.
χώρησαν δ' ὑπό τε πρόμαχοι καὶ φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ·
Ἀργεῖοι δὲ μέγα ἴαχον, ἐρύσαντο δὲ νεκρούς,
Φόρκυν θ' Ἱππόθοόν τε, λύοντο δὲ τεύχε' ἀπ' ὤμων.
Ἔνθα κεν αὖτε Τρῶες ἀρηϊφίλων ὑπ' Ἀχαιῶν
Ἴλιον εἰσανέβησαν ἀναλκείῃσι δαμέντες,
Ἀργεῖοι δέ κε κῦδος ἕλον καὶ ὑπὲρ Διὸς αἶσαν
κάρτεϊ καὶ σθένεϊ σφετέρῳ· ἀλλ' αὐτὸς Ἀπόλλων
Αἰνείαν ὄτρυνε, δέμας Περίφαντι ἐοικώς,
κήρυκ' Ἠπυτίδῃ, ὅς οἱ παρὰ πατρὶ γέροντι
κηρύσσων γήρασκε, φίλα φρεσὶ μήδεα εἰδώς·
τῷ μιν ἐεισάμενος προσέφη Διὸς υἱὸς Ἀπόλλων·
"Αἰνεία, πῶς ἂν καὶ ὑπὲρ θεὸν εἰρύσσαισθε
Ἴλιον αἰπεινήν; ὡς δὴ ἴδον ἀνέρας ἄλλους
κάρτεΐ τε σθένεΐ τε πεποιθότας ἠνορέῃ τε
πλήθεΐ τε σφετέρῳ, καὶ ὑπὲρ Δία[1] δῆμον ἔχοντας·
ἡμῖν δὲ Ζεὺς μὲν πολὺ βούλεται ἢ Δαναοῖσι
νίκην· ἀλλ' αὐτοὶ τρεῖτ' ἄσπετον οὐδὲ μάχεσθε."
Ὣς ἔφατ', Αἰνείας δ' ἑκατηβόλον Ἀπόλλωνα
ἔγνω ἐσάντα ἰδών, μέγα δ' Ἕκτορα εἶπε βοήσας·
"Ἕκτορ τ' ἠδ' ἄλλοι Τρώων ἀγοὶ ἠδ' ἐπικούρων,
αἰδὼς μὲν νῦν ἥδε γ' ἀρηϊφίλων ὑπ' Ἀχαιῶν
Ἴλιον εἰσαναβῆναι ἀναλκείῃσι δαμέντας.
ἀλλ' ἔτι γάρ τίς φησι θεῶν ἐμοὶ ἄγχι παραστὰς

[1] ὑπὲρ Δία: ὑπερδέα MSS.

clanged. And Aias in his turn smote wise-hearted Phorcys, son of Phaenops, full upon the belly as he bestrode Hippothous, and he brake the plate of his corselet, and the bronze let forth the bowels therethrough; and he fell in the dust and clutched the earth in his palm. Thereat the foremost fighters and glorious Hector gave ground, and the Argives shouted aloud, and drew off the dead, even Phorcys and Hippothous, and set them to strip the armour from their shoulders.

Then would the Trojans have been driven again by the Achaeans, dear to Ares, up to Ilios, vanquished in their cowardice, and the Argives would have won glory even beyond the allotment of Zeus, by reason of their might and their strength, had not Apollo himself aroused Aeneas, taking upon him the form of the herald, Periphas, son of Epytos, that in the house of his old father had grown old in his heraldship, and withal was of kindly mind toward him. In his likeness spake unto Aeneas the son of Zeus, Apollo: "Aeneas, how could ye ever guard steep Ilios, in defiance of a god? In sooth I have seen other men that had trust in their strength and might, in their valour and in their host, and that held their realm even in defiance of Zeus. But for us Zeus willeth the victory far more than for the Danaans; yet yourselves ye have measureless fear, and fight not."

So spake he, and Aeneas knew Apollo that smiteth afar, when he looked upon his face, and he called aloud, and spake to Hector: "Hector, and ye other leaders of the Trojans and allies, shame verily were this, if before the Achaeans, dear to Ares, we be driven back to Ilios, vanquished in our cowardice. Howbeit even yet, declareth one of the gods that

Ζῆν' ὕπατον μήστωρα μάχης ἐπιτάρροθον εἶναι·
τῷ ῥ' ἰθὺς Δαναῶν ἴομεν, μηδ' οἵ γε ἕκηλοι
Πάτροκλον νηυσὶν πελασαίατο τεθνηῶτα."
Ὣς φάτο, καί ῥα πολὺ προμάχων ἐξάλμενος ἔστη.
οἱ δ' ἐλελίχθησαν καὶ ἐναντίοι ἔσταν Ἀχαιῶν.
ἔνθ' αὖτ' Αἰνείας Λειώκριτον οὔτασε δουρί,
υἱὸν Ἀρίσβαντος, Λυκομήδεος ἐσθλὸν ἑταῖρον.
τὸν δὲ πεσόντ' ἐλέησεν ἀρηΐφιλος Λυκομήδης,
στῆ δὲ μάλ' ἐγγὺς ἰών, καὶ ἀκόντισε δουρὶ φαεινῷ,
καὶ βάλεν Ἱππασίδην Ἀπισάονα, ποιμένα λαῶν,
ἧπαρ ὑπὸ πραπίδων, εἶθαρ δ' ὑπὸ γούνατ' ἔλυσεν,
ὅς ῥ' ἐκ Παιονίης ἐριβώλακος εἰληλούθει,
καὶ δὲ μετ' Ἀστεροπαῖον ἀριστεύεσκε μάχεσθαι.
τὸν δὲ πεσόντ' ἐλέησεν ἀρήϊος Ἀστεροπαῖος,
ἴθυσεν δὲ καὶ ὅ πρόφρων Δαναοῖσι μάχεσθαι·
ἀλλ' οὔ πως ἔτι εἶχε· σάκεσσι γὰρ ἔρχατο πάντῃ
ἑσταότες περὶ Πατρόκλῳ, πρὸ δὲ δούρατ' ἔχοντο.
Αἴας γὰρ μάλα πάντας ἐπῴχετο πολλὰ κελεύων·
οὔτε τιν' ἐξοπίσω νεκροῦ χάζεσθαι ἀνώγει
οὔτε τινα προμάχεσθαι Ἀχαιῶν ἔξοχον ἄλλων,
ἀλλὰ μάλ' ἀμφ' αὐτῷ βεβάμεν, σχεδόθεν δὲ μάχεσθαι·
ὣς Αἴας ἐπέτελλε πελώριος, αἵματι δὲ χθὼν
δεύετο πορφυρέῳ, τοὶ δ' ἀγχιστῖνοι ἔπιπτον
νεκροὶ ὁμοῦ Τρώων καὶ ὑπερμενέων ἐπικούρων
καὶ Δαναῶν· οὐδ' οἳ γὰρ ἀναιμωτί γε μάχοντο,

stood by my side, is Zeus, the counsellor most high, our helper in the fight. Wherefore let us make straight for the Danaans, and let it not be at their ease that they bring to the ships the dead Patroclus."

So spake he, and leapt forth far to the front of the foremost fighters, and there stood. And they rallied, and took their stand with their faces toward the Achaeans. Then Aeneas wounded with a thrust of his spear Leocritus, son of Arisbas and valiant comrade of Lycomedes. And as he fell Lycomedes, dear to Ares, had pity for him, and came and stood hard by and with a cast of his bright spear smote Apisaon, son of Hippasus, shepherd of the host, in the liver, below the midriff, and straightway loosed his knees—Apisaon that was come from out of deep-soiled Paeonia, and next to Asteropaeus was pre-eminent above them all in fight. But as he fell warlike Asteropaeus had pity for him, and he too rushed onward, fain to fight with the Danaans; howbeit thereto could he no more avail, for with shields were they fenced in on every side, as they stood around Patroclus, and before them they held their spears. For Aias ranged to and fro among them and straitly charged every man; not one, he bade them, should give ground backward from the corpse, nor yet fight in front of the rest of the Achaeans as one pre-eminent above them all; but stand firm close beside the corpse and do battle hand to hand. Thus mighty Aias charged them, and the earth grew wet with dark blood, and the dead fell thick and fast alike of the Trojans and their mighty allies, and of the Danaans; for these too fought not without shedding of blood, howbeit fewer of them

παυρότεροι δὲ πολὺ φθίνυθον· μέμνηντο γὰρ αἰεὶ[1]
ἀλλήλοις ἀν' ὅμιλον ἀλεξέμεναι φόνον[2] αἰπύν.
Ὣς οἳ μὲν μάρναντο δέμας πυρός, οὐδέ κε φαίης
οὔτε ποτ' ἠέλιον σῶν ἔμμεναι οὔτε σελήνην·
ἠέρι γὰρ κατέχοντο μάχῃ ἔνι ὅσσοι[3] ἄριστοι
ἕστασαν ἀμφὶ Μενοιτιάδῃ κατατεθνηῶτι.
οἱ δ' ἄλλοι Τρῶες καὶ ἐϋκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοὶ
εὔκηλοι πολέμιζον ὑπ' αἰθέρι, πέπτατο δ' αὐγὴ
ἠελίου ὀξεῖα, νέφος δ' οὐ φαίνετο πάσης
γαίης οὐδ' ὀρέων· μεταπαυόμενοι δὲ μάχοντο,
ἀλλήλων ἀλεείνοντες βέλεα στονόεντα,
πολλὸν ἀφεσταότες. τοὶ δ' ἐν μέσῳ ἄλγε' ἔπασχον
ἠέρι καὶ πολέμῳ, τείροντο δὲ νηλέϊ χαλκῷ
ὅσσοι ἄριστοι ἔσαν. δύο δ' οὔ πω φῶτε πεπύσθην,
ἀνέρε κυδαλίμω, Θρασυμήδης Ἀντίλοχός τε,
Πατρόκλοιο θανόντος ἀμύμονος, ἀλλ' ἔτ' ἔφαντο
ζωὸν ἐνὶ πρώτῳ ὁμάδῳ Τρώεσσι μάχεσθαι.
τὼ δ' ἐπιοσσομένω θάνατον καὶ φύζαν ἑταίρων
νόσφιν ἐμαρνάσθην, ἐπεὶ ὣς ἐπετέλλετο Νέστωρ,
ὀτρύνων πόλεμόνδε μελαινάων ἀπὸ νηῶν.
Τοῖς δὲ πανημερίοις ἔριδος μέγα νεῖκος ὀρώρει
ἀργαλέης· καμάτῳ δὲ καὶ ἱδρῷ νωλεμὲς αἰεὶ
γούνατά τε κνῆμαί τε πόδες θ' ὑπένερθεν ἑκάστου
χεῖρές τ' ὀφθαλμοί τε παλάσσετο μαρναμένοιιν
ἀμφ' ἀγαθὸν θεράποντα ποδώκεος Αἰακίδαο.
ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἀνὴρ ταύροιο βοὸς μεγάλοιο βοείην
λαοῖσιν δώῃ τανύειν, μεθύουσαν ἀλοιφῇ·

[1] Lines 364 f. were rejected by Zenodotus.
[2] φόνον Aristarchus : πόνον.
[3] μάχῃ ἔνι ὅσσοι : μάχης ἐπὶ θ' ὅσσον.

by far were falling; for they ever bethought them to ward utter destruction from one another in the throng.

So fought they like unto blazing fire, nor wouldst thou have deemed that sun or moon yet abode, for with darkness were they shrouded in the fight, all the chieftains that stood around the slain son of Menoetius. But the rest of the Trojans and the well-greaved Achaeans fought at their ease under clear air, and over them was spread the piercing brightness of the sun, and on all the earth and the mountains was no cloud seen; and they fought resting themselves at times, avoiding one another's shafts, fraught with groaning, and standing far apart. But those in the midst suffered woes by reason of the darkness and the war, and were sore distressed with the pitiless bronze, even all they that were chieftains. Howbeit two men that were famous warriors, even Thrasymedes and Antilochus, had not yet learned that peerless Patroclus was dead, but deemed that, yet alive, he was fighting with the Trojans in the forefront of the throng. And they twain, watching against the death and rout of their comrades, were warring in a place apart, for thus had Nestor bidden them, when he roused them forth to the battle from the black ships.

So then the whole day through raged the great strife of their cruel fray, and with the sweat of toil were the knees and legs and feet of each man beneath him ever ceaselessly bedewed, and his arms and eyes, as the two hosts fought about the goodly squire of swift-footed Achilles. And as when a man giveth to his people the hide of a great bull for stretching, all drenched in fat, and when they have

δεξάμενοι δ᾽ ἄρα τοί γε διαστάντες τανύουσι
κυκλόσ᾽, ἄφαρ δέ τε ἰκμὰς ἔβη, δύνει δέ τ᾽ ἀλοιφὴ
πολλῶν ἑλκόντων, τάνυται δέ τε πᾶσα διαπρό·
ὣς οἵ γ᾽ ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα νέκυν ὀλίγῃ ἐνὶ χώρῃ
εἵλκεον ἀμφότεροι· μάλα δέ σφισιν ἔλπετο θυμός,
Τρωσὶν μὲν ἐρύειν προτὶ Ἴλιον, αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοῖς
νῆας ἔπι γλαφυράς· περὶ δ᾽ αὐτοῦ μῶλος ὀρώρει
ἄγριος· οὐδέ κ᾽ Ἄρης λαοσσόος οὐδέ κ᾽ Ἀθήνη
τόν γε ἰδοῦσ᾽ ὀνόσαιτ᾽, οὐδ᾽ εἰ μάλα μιν χόλος ἵκοι.
Τοῖον Ζεὺς ἐπὶ Πατρόκλῳ ἀνδρῶν τε καὶ ἵππων
ἤματι τῷ ἐτάνυσσε κακὸν πόνον. οὐδ᾽ ἄρα πώ τι
ᾔδεε Πάτροκλον τεθνηότα δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς·
πολλὸν γάρ ῥ᾽ ἀπάνευθε νεῶν μάρναντο θοάων,
τείχει ὕπο Τρώων· τό μιν οὔ ποτε ἔλπετο θυμῷ[1]
τεθνάμεν, ἀλλὰ ζωὸν ἐνιχριμφθέντα πύλῃσιν
ἂψ ἀπονοστήσειν, ἐπεὶ οὐδὲ τὸ ἔλπετο πάμπαν,
ἐκπέρσειν πτολίεθρον ἄνευ ἕθεν, οὐδὲ σὺν αὐτῷ·
πολλάκι γὰρ τό γε μητρὸς ἐπεύθετο νόσφιν ἀκούων,
ἥ οἱ ἀπαγγέλλεσκε Διὸς μεγάλοιο νόημα.
δὴ τότε γ᾽ οὔ οἱ ἔειπε κακὸν τόσον ὅσσον ἐτύχθη
μήτηρ, ὅττι ῥά οἱ πολὺ φίλτατος ὤλεθ᾽ ἑταῖρος.
Οἱ δ᾽ αἰεὶ περὶ νεκρὸν ἀκαχμένα δούρατ᾽ ἔχοντες
νωλεμὲς ἐγχρίμπτοντο καὶ ἀλλήλους ἐνάριζον.
ὧδε δέ τις εἴπεσκεν Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων·
"ὦ φίλοι, οὐ μὰν ἧμιν ἐϋκλεὲς ἀπονέεσθαι

[1] Lines 404-425 were omitted by Zenodotus.

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[1] The simile pourtrays a primitive method of preparing hides. The hide was soaked in fat, and then stretched, with the idea, apparently, that the stretching would force the

taken it, they stand in a circle and stretch it, and forthwith its moisture goeth forth and the fat entereth in under the tugging of many hands, and all the hide is stretched to the uttermost;[1] even so they on this side and on that were haling the corpse hither and thither in scant space; and their hearts within them were full of hope, the Trojans that they might drag him to Ilios, but the Achaeans to the hollow ships; and around him the battle waxed wild, nor could even Ares, rouser of hosts, nor Athene, at sight of that strife have made light thereof, albeit their anger were exceeding great.

Such evil toil of men and horses did Zeus on that day strain taut over Patroclus. Nor as yet did goodly Achilles know aught of Patroclus' death, for afar from the swift ships were they fighting beneath the wall of the Trojans. Wherefore Achilles never deemed in his heart that he was dead, but that he would return alive, after he had reached even to the gates; nor yet thought he this in any wise, that Patroclus would sack the city without him, nay, nor with him, for full often had he heard this from his mother, listening to her privily, whenso she brought him tidings of the purpose of great Zeus. Howbeit then his mother told him not how great an evil had been brought to pass, that his comrade, far the dearest, had been slain.

But the others round about the corpse, with sharp spears in their hands, ever pressed on continually, and slew each other. And thus would one of the brazen-coated Achaeans say: "Friends, no fair fame verily were it for us to return back to the hollow

natural moisture (ἰκμάς) out of the pores, and make it easy for the fat to enter in.

νῆας ἔπι γλαφυράς, ἀλλ' αὐτοῦ γαῖα μέλαινα
πᾶσι χάνοι· τό κεν ἧμιν ἄφαρ πολὺ κέρδιον εἴη,
εἰ τοῦτον Τρώεσσι μεθήσομεν ἱπποδάμοισιν
ἄστυ πότι σφέτερον ἐρύσαι καὶ κῦδος ἀρέσθαι."
Ὣς δέ τις αὖ Τρώων μεγαθύμων αὐδήσασκεν·[1]
"ὦ φίλοι, εἰ καὶ μοῖρα παρ' ἀνέρι τῷδε δαμῆναι
πάντας ὁμῶς, μή πώ τις ἐρωείτω πολέμοιο."
Ὣς ἄρα τις εἴπεσκε, μένος δ' ὄρσασκεν ἑκάστου.
ὣς οἱ μὲν μάρναντο, σιδήρειος δ' ὀρυμαγδὸς
χάλκεον οὐρανὸν ἷκε δι' αἰθέρος ἀτρυγέτοιο·
ἵπποι δ' Αἰακίδαο μάχης ἀπάνευθεν ἐόντες
κλαῖον, ἐπεὶ δὴ πρῶτα πυθέσθην ἡνιόχοιο
ἐν κονίῃσι πεσόντος ὑφ' Ἕκτορος ἀνδροφόνοιο.
ἦ μὰν Αὐτομέδων, Διώρεος ἄλκιμος υἱός,
πολλὰ μὲν ἂρ μάστιγι θοῇ ἐπεμαίετο θείνων,
πολλὰ δὲ μειλιχίοισι προσηύδα, πολλὰ δ' ἀρειῇ·
τὼ δ' οὔτ' ἂψ ἐπὶ νῆας ἐπὶ πλατὺν Ἑλλήσποντον
ἠθελέτην ἰέναι οὔτ' ἐς πόλεμον μετ' Ἀχαιούς,
ἀλλ' ὥς τε στήλη μένει ἔμπεδον, ἥ τ' ἐπὶ τύμβῳ
ἀνέρος ἑστήκῃ τεθνηότος ἠὲ γυναικός,
ὣς μένον ἀσφαλέως περικαλλέα δίφρον ἔχοντες,
οὔδει ἐνισκίμψαντε καρήατα· δάκρυα δέ σφι
θερμὰ κατὰ βλεφάρων χαμάδις ῥέε μυρομένοισιν
ἡνιόχοιο πόθῳ· θαλερὴ δ' ἐμιαίνετο χαίτη
ζεύγλης ἐξεριποῦσα παρὰ ζυγὸν ἀμφοτέρωθεν.
μυρομένω δ' ἄρα τώ γε ἰδὼν ἐλέησε Κρονίων,
κινήσας δὲ κάρη προτὶ ὃν μυθήσατο θυμόν·
"ἆ δειλώ, τί σφωϊ δόμεν Πηλῆϊ ἄνακτι
θνητῷ, ὑμεῖς δ' ἐστὸν ἀγήρω τ' ἀθανάτω τε;
ἦ ἵνα δυστήνοισι μετ' ἀνδράσιν ἄλγε' ἔχητον;

[1] Line 420 was rejected by Aristarchus.

ships; nay, even here let the black earth gape for us all. That were for us straightway better far, if we are to yield this man to the Trojans, tamers of horses, to hale to their city, and win them glory."

And thus in like manner would one of the great-hearted Trojans speak: "Friends, though it be our fate all together to be slain beside this man, yet let none give backward from the fight."

Thus would one speak and arouse the might of each. So they fought on, and the iron din went up through the unresting air to the brazen heaven. But the horses of the son of Aeacus being apart from the battle were weeping, since first they learned that their charioteer had fallen in the dust beneath the hands of man-slaying Hector. In sooth Automedon, valiant son of Diores, full often plied them with blows of the swift lash, and full often with gentle words bespake them, and oft with threatenings; yet neither back to the ships to the broad Hellespont were the twain minded to go, not yet into the battle amid the Achaeans. Nay, as a pillar abideth firm that standeth on the tomb of a dead man or woman, even so abode they immovably with the beauteous car, bowing their heads down to the earth. And hot tears ever flowed from their eyes to the ground, as they wept in longing for their charioteer, and their rich manes were befouled, streaming from beneath the yoke-pad beside the yoke on this side and on that. And as they mourned, the son of Cronos had sight of them and was touched with pity, and he shook his head, and thus spake unto his own heart: "Ah unhappy pair, wherefore gave we you to king Peleus, to a mortal, while ye are ageless and immortal? Was it that among wretched men ye

οὐ μὲν γάρ τί πού ἐστιν ὀϊζυρώτερον ἀνδρὸς
πάντων ὅσσα τε γαῖαν ἔπι πνείει τε καὶ ἕρπει.
ἀλλ' οὐ μὰν ὑμῖν γε καὶ ἅρμασι δαιδαλέοισιν
Ἕκτωρ Πριαμίδης ἐποχήσεται· οὐ γὰρ ἐάσω.
ἦ οὐχ ἅλις ὡς καὶ τεύχε' ἔχει καὶ ἐπεύχεται αὔτως;
σφῶϊν δ' ἐν γούνεσσι βαλῶ μένος ἠδ' ἐνὶ θυμῷ,
ὄφρα καὶ Αὐτομέδοντα σαώσετον ἐκ πολέμοιο
νῆας ἔπι γλαφυράς· ἔτι γάρ σφισι κῦδος ὀρέξω,
κτείνειν, εἰς ὅ κε νῆας ἐϋσσέλμους ἀφίκωνται
δύῃ τ' ἠέλιος καὶ ἐπὶ κνέφας ἱερὸν ἔλθῃ."
Ὣς εἰπὼν ἵπποισιν ἐνέπνευσεν μένος ἠΰ.[1]
τὼ δ' ἀπὸ χαιτάων κονίην οὖδάσδε βαλόντε
ῥίμφα φέρον θοὸν ἅρμα μετὰ Τρῶας καὶ Ἀχαιούς.
τοῖσι δ' ἐπ' Αὐτομέδων μάχετ' ἀχνύμενός περ ἑταίρου,
ἵπποις ἀΐσσων ὥς τ' αἰγυπιὸς μετὰ χῆνας·
ῥέα μὲν γὰρ φεύγεσκεν ὑπὲκ Τρώων ὀρυμαγδοῦ,
ῥεῖα δ' ἐπαΐξασκε πολὺν καθ' ὅμιλον ὀπάζων.
ἀλλ' οὐχ ᾕρει φῶτας, ὅτε σεύαιτο διώκειν·
οὐ γάρ πως ἦν οἶον ἐόνθ' ἱερῷ ἐνὶ δίφρῳ
ἔγχει ἐφορμᾶσθαι καὶ ἐπίσχειν ὠκέας ἵππους.
ὀψὲ δὲ δή μιν ἑταῖρος ἀνὴρ ἴδεν ὀφθαλμοῖσιν
Ἀλκιμέδων, υἱὸς Λαέρκεος Αἱμονίδαο·
στῆ δ' ὄπιθεν δίφροιο, καὶ Αὐτομέδοντα προσηύδα·
"Αὐτόμεδον, τίς τοί νυ θεῶν νηκερδέα βουλὴν
ἐν στήθεσσιν ἔθηκε, καὶ ἐξέλετο φρένας ἐσθλάς;
οἷον πρὸς Τρῶας μάχεαι πρώτῳ ἐν ὁμίλῳ

[1] ἐνέπνευσεν μένος ἠΰ: μένος πολυθαρσὲς ἐνῆκεν Zenodotus, who also added the line,

αὐτὸς δ' Οὔλυμπόνδε μετ' ἀθανάτοισι βεβήκει.

too should have sorrows? For in sooth there is naught, I ween, more miserable than man among all things that breathe and move upon earth. Yet verily not upon you and your car, richly-dight, shall Hector, Priam's son, mount; that will I not suffer. Sufficeth it not that he hath the armour and therewithal vaunteth him vainly? Nay, in your knees and in your heart will I put strength, to the end that ye may also bear Automedon safe out of the war to the hollow ships; for still shall I vouchsafe glory to the Trojans, to slay and slay, until they come to the well-benched ships, and the sun sets and sacred darkness cometh on."

So saying he breathed great might into the horses. And the twain shook the dust from their manes to the ground, and fleetly bare the swift car amid the Trojans and Achaeans. And behind them fought Automedon, albeit he sorrowed for his comrade, swooping with his car as a vulture on a flock of geese, for lightly would he flee from out the battle-din of the Trojans, and lightly charge, setting upon them through the great throng. Howbeit no man might he slay as he hasted to pursue them, for in no wise was it possible for him, being alone in the sacred[1] car, to assail them with the spear, and withal to hold the swift horses. But at last a comrade espied him with his eyes, even Alcimedon, son of Laërces, son of Haemon, and he halted behind the chariot and spake unto Automedon: "Automedon, what god hath put in thy breast unprofitable counsel and taken from thee thy heart of understanding, that thus in the foremost throng thou fightest with the Trojans,

[1] The car is "sacred," possibly as being drawn by immortal horses.

μοῦνος· ἀτάρ τοι ἑταῖρος ἀπέκτατο, τεύχεα δ' Ἕκτωρ
αὐτὸς ἔχων ὤμοισιν ἀγάλλεται Αἰακίδαο."
  Τὸν δ' αὖτ' Αὐτομέδων προσέφη, Διώρεος υἱός·
"Ἀλκίμεδον, τίς γάρ τοι Ἀχαιῶν ἄλλος ὁμοῖος
ἵππων ἀθανάτων ἐχέμεν δμῆσίν τε μένος τε,
εἰ μὴ Πάτροκλος, θεόφιν μήστωρ ἀτάλαντος,
ζωὸς ἐών; νῦν αὖ θάνατος καὶ μοῖρα κιχάνει.[1]
ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν μάστιγα καὶ ἡνία σιγαλόεντα
δέξαι, ἐγὼ δ' ἵππων ἀποβήσομαι, ὄφρα μάχωμαι."
  Ὣς ἔφατ', Ἀλκιμέδων δὲ βοηθόον ἅρμ' ἐπορούσας
καρπαλίμως μάστιγα καὶ ἡνία λάζετο χερσίν,
Αὐτομέδων δ' ἀπόρουσε. νόησε δὲ φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ,
αὐτίκα δ' Αἰνείαν προσεφώνεεν ἐγγὺς ἐόντα·
"Αἰνεία, Τρώων βουληφόρε χαλκοχιτώνων,
ἵππω τώδ' ἐνόησα ποδώκεος Αἰακίδαο
ἐς πόλεμον προφανέντε σὺν ἡνιόχοισι κακοῖσι·
τώ κεν ἐελποίμην αἱρησέμεν, εἰ σύ γε θυμῷ
σῷ ἐθέλεις, ἐπεὶ οὐκ ἂν ἐφορμηθέντε γε νῶϊ
τλαῖεν ἐναντίβιον στάντες μαχέσασθαι Ἄρηϊ."
  Ὣς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθησεν ἐῢς πάϊς Ἀγχίσαο.
τὼ δ' ἰθὺς βήτην βοέῃς εἰλυμένω ὤμους
αὔῃσι στερεῇσι· πολὺς δ' ἐπελήλατο χαλκός.
τοῖσι δ' ἅμα Χρομίος τε καὶ Ἄρητος θεοειδὴς
ἤϊσαν ἀμφότεροι· μάλα δέ σφισιν ἔλπετο θυμὸς
αὐτώ τε κτενέειν ἐλάαν τ' ἐριαύχενας ἵππους·
νήπιοι, οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔμελλον ἀναιμωτί γε νέεσθαι
αὖτις ἀπ' Αὐτομέδοντος. ὁ δ' εὐξάμενος Διὶ πατρὶ

[1] κιχάνει: κάλυψεν.

alone as thou art? For thy comrade hath been slain, and his armour Hector weareth on his own shoulders, even the armour of the son of Aeacus, and glorieth therein."

To him then made answer Automedon, son of Diores: "Alcimedon, what man beside of the Achaeans is of like worth to curb and guide the spirit of immortal steeds, save only Patroclus, the peer of the gods in counsel, while yet he lived? But now death and fate have come upon him. Howbeit take thou the lash and the shining reins, and I will dismount to fight."

So spake he, and Alcimedon leapt upon the car that was swift in battle, and quickly grasped in his hands the lash and reins; and Automedon leapt down. And glorious Hector espied them, and forthwith spake to Aeneas, that was near: "Aeneas, counsellor of the brazen-coated Trojans, yonder I espy the two horses of the swift-footed son of Aeacus coming forth to view into the battle with weakling charioteers. These twain might I hope to take, if thou in thy heart art willing, seeing the men would not abide the oncoming of us two, and stand to contend with us in battle."

So spake he, and the valiant son of Anchises failed not to hearken. And the twain went straight forward, their shoulders clad with shields of bull's-hide, dry and tough, and abundant bronze had been welded thereupon. And with them went Chromius, and godlike Aretus both, and their hearts within them were full of hope to slay the men and drive off the horses with high-arched necks—fools that they were! for not without shedding of blood were they to get them back from Automedon. He made prayer to

ἀλκῆς καὶ σθένεος πλῆτο φρένας ἀμφὶ μελαίνας·
αὐτίκα δ' Ἀλκιμέδοντα προσηύδα, πιστὸν ἑταῖρον·
"Ἀλκίμεδον, μὴ δή μοι ἀπόπροθεν ἰσχέμεν ἵππους,
ἀλλὰ μάλ' ἐμπνείοντε μεταφρένῳ· οὐ γὰρ ἐγώ γε
Ἕκτορα Πριαμίδην μένεος σχήσεσθαι ὀΐω,
πρίν γ' ἐπ' Ἀχιλλῆος καλλίτριχε βήμεναι ἵππω
νῶϊ κατακτείναντα, φοβῆσαί τε στίχας ἀνδρῶν
Ἀργείων, ἤ κ' αὐτὸς ἐνὶ πρώτοισιν ἁλοίη."
Ὣς εἰπὼν Αἴαντε καλέσσατο καὶ Μενέλαον·
"Αἴαντ', Ἀργείων ἡγήτορε, καὶ Μενέλαε,
ἦ τοι μὲν τὸν νεκρὸν ἐπιτράπεθ' οἵ περ ἄριστοι,
ἀμφ' αὐτῷ βεβάμεν καὶ ἀμύνεσθαι στίχας ἀνδρῶν,
νῶϊν δὲ ζωοῖσιν ἀμύνετε νηλεὲς ἦμαρ·
τῇδε γὰρ ἔβρισαν πόλεμον κάτα δακρυόεντα
Ἕκτωρ Αἰνείας θ', οἳ Τρώων εἰσὶν ἄριστοι.
ἀλλ' ἦ τοι μὲν ταῦτα θεῶν ἐν γούνασι κεῖται·
ἥσω γὰρ καὶ ἐγώ, τὰ δέ κεν Διὶ πάντα μελήσει."
Ἦ ῥα, καὶ ἀμπεπαλὼν προΐει δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος,
καὶ βάλεν Ἀρήτοιο κατ' ἀσπίδα πάντοσ' ἐΐσην·
ἡ δ' οὐκ ἔγχος ἔρυτο, διαπρὸ δὲ εἴσατο χαλκός,[1]
νειαίρῃ δ' ἐν γαστρὶ διὰ ζωστῆρος ἔλασσεν.
ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἂν ὀξὺν ἔχων πέλεκυν αἰζήϊος ἀνήρ,
κόψας ἐξόπιθεν κεράων βοὸς ἀγραύλοιο,
ἶνα τάμῃ διὰ πᾶσαν, ὁ δὲ προθορὼν ἐρίπῃσιν,
ὣς ἄρ' ὅ γε προθορὼν πέσεν ὕπτιος· ἐν δέ οἱ ἔγχος
νηδυίοισι μάλ' ὀξὺ κραδαινόμενον λύε γυῖα.
Ἕκτωρ δ' Αὐτομέδοντος ἀκόντισε δουρὶ φαεινῷ·

[1] χαλκός: καὶ τῆς.

father Zeus, and his dark heart within him was filled with valour and strength; and forthwith he spake to Alcimedon, his trusty comrade: "Alcimedon, not afar from me do thou hold the horses, but let their breath smite upon my very back; for I verily deem not that Hector, son of Priam, will be stayed from his fury until he mount behind the fair-maned horses of Achilles, and have slain the two of us, and driven in rout the ranks of the Argive warriors, or haply himself be slain amid the foremost."

So spake he, and called to the two Aiantes and to Menelaus: "Ye Aiantes twain, leaders of the Argives, and thou Menelaus, lo now, leave ye the corpse in charge of them that are bravest to stand firm about it and to ward off the ranks of men; but from us twain that yet live ward ye off the pitiless day of doom, for here are pressing hard in tearful war Hector and Aeneas, the best men of the Trojans. Yet these things verily lie on the knees of the gods: I too will cast, and the issue shall rest with Zeus."

He spake, and poised his far-shadowing spear and hurled it, and smote upon the shield of Aretus, that was well-balanced upon every side, and this stayed not the spear, but the bronze passed clean through, and into the lower belly he drave it through the belt. And as when a strong man with sharp axe in hand smiteth behind the horns of an ox of the steading and cutteth clean through the sinew, and the ox leapeth forward and falleth; even so Aretus leapt forward and fell upon his back, and the spear, exceeding sharp, fixed quivering in his entrails loosed his limbs. But Hector cast at Automedon with his bright spear, howbeit he,

ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ἄντα ἰδὼν ἠλεύατο χάλκεον ἔγχος·
πρόσσω γὰρ κατέκυψε, τὸ δ' ἐξόπιθεν δόρυ μακρὸν
οὔδει ἐνισκίμφθη, ἐπὶ δ' οὐρίαχος πελεμίχθη
ἔγχεος· ἔνθα δ' ἔπειτ' ἀφίει μένος ὄβριμος Ἄρης·
καί νύ κε δὴ ξιφέεσσ' αὐτοσχεδὸν ὁρμηθήτην
εἰ μή σφω' Αἴαντε διέκριναν μεμαῶτε,
οἵ ῥ' ἦλθον καθ' ὅμιλον ἑταίρου κικλήσκοντος·
τοὺς ὑποταρβήσαντες ἐχώρησαν πάλιν αὖτις
Ἕκτωρ Αἰνείας τ' ἠδὲ Χρομίος θεοειδής,
Ἄρητον δὲ κατ' αὖθι λίπον δεδαϊγμένον ἦτορ,
κείμενον· Αὐτομέδων δὲ θοῷ ἀτάλαντος Ἄρηϊ
τεύχεά τ' ἐξενάριξε καὶ εὐχόμενος ἔπος ηὔδα·
"ἦ δὴ μὰν ὀλίγον γε Μενοιτιάδαο θανόντος
κῆρ ἄχεος μεθέηκα χερείονά περ καταπεφνών."
Ὣς εἰπὼν ἐς δίφρον ἑλὼν ἔναρα βροτόεντα
θῆκ', ἂν δ' αὐτὸς ἔβαινε πόδας καὶ χεῖρας ὕπερθεν
αἱματόεις ὥς τίς τε λέων κατὰ ταῦρον ἐδηδώς.
Ἂψ δ' ἐπὶ Πατρόκλῳ τέτατο κρατερὴ ὑσμίνη
ἀργαλέη πολύδακρυς, ἔγειρε δὲ νεῖκος Ἀθήνη
οὐρανόθεν καταβᾶσα· προῆκε γὰρ εὐρύοπα Ζεὺς[1]
ὀρνύμεναι Δαναούς· δὴ γὰρ νόος ἐτράπετ' αὐτοῦ.
ἠΰτε πορφυρέην ἶριν θνητοῖσι τανύσσῃ
Ζεὺς ἐξ οὐρανόθεν, τέρας ἔμμεναι ἢ πολέμοιο,
ἢ καὶ χειμῶνος δυσθαλπέος, ὅς ῥά τε ἔργων
ἀνθρώπους ἀνέπαυσεν ἐπὶ χθονί, μῆλα δὲ κήδει,
ὣς ἡ πορφυρέῃ νεφέλῃ πυκάσασα ἓ αὐτὴν
δύσετ' Ἀχαιῶν ἔθνος, ἔγειρε δὲ φῶτα ἕκαστον.
πρῶτον δ' Ἀτρέος υἱὸν ἐποτρύνουσα προσηύδα,
ἴφθιμον Μενέλαον, ὅ γάρ ῥά οἱ ἐγγύθεν ἦεν,

[1] Line 545 was rejected by Zenodotus.

[1] In strange contrast to our feeling, the rainbow suggested

looking steadily at him, avoided the spear of bronze, for he stooped forward, and the long spear fixed itself in the ground behind him, and the butt of the spear quivered; howbeit there at length did mighty Ares stay its fury. And now had they clashed with their swords in close fight but that the twain Aiantes parted them in their fury, for they came through the throng at the call of their comrade, and seized with fear of them Hector and Aeneas and godlike Chromius gave ground again and left Aretus lying there stricken to the death. And Automedon, the peer of swift Ares, despoiled him of his armour, and exulted, saying: "Verily a little have I eased mine heart of grief for the death of Menoetius' son, though it be but a worse man that I have slain."

So saying, he took up the bloody spoils, and set them in the car, and himself mounted thereon, his feet and his hands above all bloody, even as a lion that hath devoured a bull.

Then again over Patroclus was strained taut the mighty conflict, dread and fraught with tears, and Athene roused the strife, being come down from heaven; for Zeus, whose voice is borne afar, had sent her to urge on the Danaans, for lo, his mind was turned. As Zeus stretcheth forth for mortals a lurid [1] rainbow from out of heaven to be a portent whether of war or of chill storm that maketh men to cease from their work upon the face of the earth, and vexeth the flocks; even so Athene, enwrapping herself in a lurid cloud, entered the throng of the Danaans, and urged on each man. First to hearten him she spake to Atreus' son, valiant Menelaus, for he was

to the Greek no thought of cheer; it was rather a portent boding ill; *cf.* xi. 28.

εἰσαμένη Φοίνικι δέμας καὶ ἀτειρέα φωνήν·
"σοὶ μὲν δή, Μενέλαε, κατηφείη καὶ ὄνειδος
ἔσσεται, εἴ κ' Ἀχιλῆος ἀγαυοῦ πιστὸν ἑταῖρον
τείχει ὕπο Τρώων ταχέες κύνες ἑλκήσουσιν.
ἀλλ' ἔχεο κρατερῶς, ὄτρυνε δὲ λαὸν ἅπαντα."
Τὴν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Μενέλαος·
"Φοῖνιξ, ἄττα γεραιὲ παλαιγενές, εἰ γὰρ Ἀθήνη
δοίη κάρτος ἐμοί, βελέων δ' ἀπερύκοι ἐρωήν.
τῶ κεν ἐγώ γ' ἐθέλοιμι παρεστάμεναι καὶ ἀμύνειν
Πατρόκλῳ· μάλα γάρ με θανὼν ἐσεμάσσατο θυμόν.
ἀλλ' Ἕκτωρ πυρὸς αἰνὸν ἔχει μένος, οὐδ' ἀπολήγει
χαλκῷ δηϊόων· τῷ γὰρ Ζεὺς κῦδος ὀπάζει."
Ὣς φάτο, γήθησεν δὲ θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη,
ὅττι ῥά οἱ πάμπρωτα θεῶν ἠρήσατο πάντων.
ἐν δὲ βίην ὤμοισι καὶ ἐν γούνεσσιν ἔθηκε,
καί οἱ μυίης θάρσος ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ἐνῆκεν,
ἥ τε καὶ ἐργομένη μάλα περ χροὸς ἀνδρομέοιο
ἰσχανάᾳ δακέειν, λαρόν τέ οἱ αἷμ' ἀνθρώπου·
τοίου μιν θάρσευς πλῆσε φρένας ἀμφὶ μελαίνας,
βῆ δ' ἐπὶ Πατρόκλῳ, καὶ ἀκόντισε δουρὶ φαεινῷ.
ἔσκε δ' ἐνὶ Τρώεσσι Ποδῆς, υἱὸς Ἠετίωνος,
ἀφνειός τ' ἀγαθός τε· μάλιστα δέ μιν τίεν Ἕκτωρ
δήμου, ἐπεί οἱ ἑταῖρος ἔην φίλος εἰλαπιναστής.
τόν ῥα κατὰ ζωστῆρα βάλε ξανθὸς Μενέλαος
ἀΐξαντα φόβονδε, διαπρὸ δὲ χαλκὸν ἔλασσε·
δούπησεν δὲ πεσών· ἀτὰρ Ἀτρεΐδης Μενέλαος
νεκρὸν ὑπὲκ Τρώων ἔρυσεν μετὰ ἔθνος ἑταίρων.

nigh to her, likening herself to Phoenix, in form and untiring voice: "To thee, verily, Menelaus, shall there be shame and a hanging of the head, if the trusty comrade of lordly Achilles be torn by swift dogs beneath the wall of the Trojans. Nay, hold thy ground valiantly, and urge on all the host."

Then Menelaus, good at the war-cry, answered her: "Phoenix, old sire, my father of ancient days, would that Athene may give me strength and keep from me the onrush of darts. So should I be full fain to stand by Patroclus' side and succour him; for in sooth his death hath touched me to the heart. Howbeit, Hector hath the dread fury of fire, and ceaseth not to make havoc with the bronze; for it is to him that Zeus vouchsafeth glory."

So spake he, and the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene, waxed glad, for that to her first of all the gods he made his prayer. And she put strength into his shoulders and his knees, and in his breast set the daring of the fly, that though it be driven away never so often from the skin of a man, ever persisteth in biting, and sweet to it is the blood of man; even with such daring filled she his dark heart within him, and he stood over Patroclus and hurled with his bright spear. Now among the Trojans was one Podes, son of Eëtion, a rich man and a valiant, and Hector honoured him above all the people, for that he was his comrade, a welcome companion at the feast. Him, fair-haired Menelaus smote upon the belt with a spear cast as he started to flee, and drave the bronze clean through; and he fell with a thud. But Menelaus, son of Atreus, dragged the dead body from amid the Trojans into the throng of his comrades.

Ἕκτορα δ' ἐγγύθεν ἱστάμενος ὤτρυνεν Ἀπόλλων,[1]
Φαίνοπι Ἀσιάδῃ ἐναλίγκιος, ὅς οἱ ἁπάντων
ξείνων φίλτατος ἔσκεν, Ἀβυδόθι οἰκία ναίων·
τῷ μιν ἐεισάμενος προσέφη ἑκάεργος Ἀπόλλων·[2]
"Ἕκτορ, τίς κέ σ' ἔτ' ἄλλος Ἀχαιῶν ταρβήσειεν;
οἷον δὴ Μενέλαον ὑπέτρεσας, ὃς τὸ πάρος γε
μαλθακὸς αἰχμητής· νῦν δ' οἴχεται οἶος ἀείρας
νεκρὸν ὑπὲκ Τρώων, σὸν δ' ἔκτανε πιστὸν ἑταῖρον,
ἐσθλὸν ἐνὶ προμάχοισι, Ποδῆν, υἱὸν Ἠετίωνος."
Ὣς φάτο, τὸν δ' ἄχεος νεφέλη ἐκάλυψε μέλαινα,
βῆ δὲ διὰ προμάχων κεκορυθμένος αἴθοπι χαλκῷ.
καὶ τότ' ἄρα Κρονίδης ἕλετ' αἰγίδα θυσσανόεσσαν
μαρμαρέην, Ἴδην δὲ κατὰ νεφέεσσι κάλυψεν,
ἀστράψας δὲ μάλα μεγάλ' ἔκτυπε, τὴν[3] δ' ἐτίναξε,
νίκην δὲ Τρώεσσι δίδου, ἐφόβησε δ' Ἀχαιούς.
Πρῶτος Πηνέλεως Βοιώτιος ἦρχε φόβοιο.
βλῆτο γὰρ ὦμον δουρὶ πρόσω τετραμμένος αἰεὶ
ἄκρον ἐπιλίγδην· γράψεν δέ οἱ ὀστέον ἄχρις
αἰχμὴ Πουλυδάμαντος· ὁ γάρ ῥ' ἔβαλε σχεδὸν ἐλθών.
Λήϊτον αὖθ' Ἕκτωρ σχεδὸν οὔτασε χεῖρ' ἐπὶ καρπῷ,
υἱὸν Ἀλεκτρυόνος μεγαθύμου, παῦσε δὲ χάρμης·
τρέσσε δὲ παπτήνας, ἐπεὶ οὐκέτι ἔλπετο θυμῷ
ἔγχος ἔχων ἐν χειρὶ μαχήσεσθαι Τρώεσσιν.
Ἕκτορα δ' Ἰδομενεὺς μετὰ Λήϊτον ὁρμηθέντα
βεβλήκει θώρηκα κατὰ στῆθος παρὰ μαζόν·
ἐν καυλῷ δ' ἐάγη δολιχὸν δόρυ, τοὶ δὲ βόησαν

[1] Line 582 was given by Zenodotus in the form,
Ἕκτορα δὲ φρένα δῖος Ἄρης ὄτρυνε μετελθών,
[2] Line 585 is omitted in the best MSS.
[3] τὴν: γῆν Zenodotus.

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[1] There is so little flesh above the shoulder-blade that even a grazing blow would cut "even to the bone."

Then unto Hector did Apollo draw nigh, and urged him on, in the likeness of Asius' son Phaenops, that of all his guest-friends was dearest to him, and had his house at Abydus. In his likeness Apollo that worketh afar spake unto Hector: "Hector, what man beside of the Achaeans will fear thee any more, seeing thou hast thus quailed before Menelaus, who aforetime was a weakling warrior? Now with none to aid him hath he taken the dead from out the ranks of the Trojans and is gone—aye, he hath slain thy trusty comrade, a good man among the foremost fighters, even Podes, son of Eëtion."

So spake he, and a black cloud of grief enwrapped Hector, and he strode amid the foremost fighters, harnessed in flaming bronze. And then the son of Cronos took his tasselled aegis, all gleaming bright, and enfolded Ida with clouds, and lightened and thundered mightily, and shook the aegis, giving victory to the Trojans, but the Achaeans he drave in rout.

First to begin the rout was Peneleos the Boeotian. For as he abode ever facing the foe he was smitten on the surface of the shoulder with a spear, a grazing blow, but the spear-point of Polydamas cut even to the bone,[1] for he it was that cast at him from nigh at hand. And Leïtus again, the son of great-souled Alectryon, did Hector wound in close fight, on the hand at the wrist, and made him cease from fighting: and casting an anxious glance about him he shrank back, seeing he no more had hope that bearing spear in hand he might do battle with the Trojans. And as Hector pursued after Leïtus, Idomeneus smote him upon the corselet, on the breast beside the nipple; but the long spear-shaft was broken in the socket, and the Trojans shouted aloud. And Hector

Τρῶες. ὁ δ' Ἰδομενῆος ἀκόντισε Δευκαλίδαο
δίφρῳ ἐφεσταότος· τοῦ μέν ῥ' ἀπὸ τυτθὸν ἅμαρτεν·
αὐτὰρ ὁ Μηριόναο ὀπάονά θ' ἡνίοχόν τε,
Κοίρανον, ὅς ῥ' ἐκ Λύκτου ἐϋκτιμένης ἕπετ' αὐτῷ—
πεζὸς γὰρ τὰ πρῶτα λιπὼν νέας ἀμφιελίσσας
ἤλυθε, καί κε Τρωσὶ μέγα κράτος ἐγγυάλιξεν,
εἰ μὴ Κοίρανος ὦκα ποδώκεας ἤλασεν ἵππους·
καὶ τῷ μὲν φάος ἦλθεν, ἄμυνε δὲ νηλεὲς ἦμαρ,
αὐτὸς δ' ὤλεσε θυμὸν ὑφ' Ἕκτορος ἀνδροφόνοιο—
τὸν βάλ' ὑπὸ γναθμοῖο καὶ οὔατος, ἐκ δ' ἄρ' ὀδόντας
ὦσε δόρυ πρυμνόν, διὰ δὲ γλῶσσαν τάμε μέσσην.
ἤριπε δ' ἐξ ὀχέων, κατὰ δ' ἡνία χεῦεν ἔραζε.
καὶ τά γε Μηριόνης ἔλαβεν χείρεσσι φίλῃσι
κύψας ἐκ πεδίοιο, καὶ Ἰδομενῆα προσηύδα·
"μάστιε νῦν, ἧός κε θοὰς ἐπὶ νῆας ἵκηαι.
γιγνώσκεις δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς ὅ τ' οὐκέτι κάρτος Ἀχαιῶν."
Ὣς ἔφατ', Ἰδομενεὺς δ' ἵμασεν καλλίτριχας ἵππους
νῆας ἔπι γλαφυράς· δὴ γὰρ δέος ἔμπεσε θυμῷ.
Οὐδ' ἔλαθ' Αἴαντα μεγαλήτορα καὶ Μενέλαον
Ζεύς, ὅτε δὴ Τρώεσσι δίδου ἑτεραλκέα νίκην.
τοῖσι δὲ μύθων ἦρχε μέγας Τελαμώνιος Αἴας·
"ὢ πόποι, ἤδη μέν κε καὶ ὃς μάλα νήπιός ἐστι
γνοίη ὅτι Τρώεσσι πατὴρ Ζεὺς αὐτὸς ἀρήγει.
τῶν μὲν γὰρ πάντων βέλε' ἅπτεται, ὅς τις ἀφήῃ,
ἢ κακὸς ἢ ἀγαθός· Ζεὺς δ' ἔμπης πάντ' ἰθύνει·
ἡμῖν δ' αὔτως πᾶσιν ἐτώσια πίπτει ἔραζε.
ἀλλ' ἄγετ' αὐτοί περ φραζώμεθα μῆτιν ἀρίστην,

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[1] This rendering takes *πρυμνόν* as an adverb. To take it as an adjective in agreement with *δορύ* and to render "the spear-end," seems impossible, as the phrase would naturally mean "the butt-end."

cast at Idomeneus, Deucalion's son, as he stood upon his car, and missed him by but little; howbeit he smote Coeranus the comrade and charioteer of Meriones that followed him from out of well-built Lyctus—for on foot had Idomeneus come at the first from the curved ships, and would have yielded great victory to the Trojans, had not Coeranus speedily driven up the swift-footed horses. Thus to Idomeneus he came as a light of deliverance, and warded from him the pitiless day of doom, but himself lost his life at the hands of man-slaying Hector—this Coeranus did Hector smite beneath the jaw under the ear, and the spear dashed out his teeth by the roots,[1] and clave his tongue asunder in the midst; and he fell from out the car, and let fall the reins down upon the ground. And Meriones stooped, and gathered them in his own hands from the earth, and spake to Idomeneus: "Ply now the lash, until thou be come to the swift ships. Lo, even of thyself thou knowest that victory is no more with the Achaeans."

So spake he, and Idomeneus lashed the fair-maned horses back to the hollow ships; for verily fear had fallen upon his soul.

Nor were great-hearted Aias and Menelaus unaware how that Zeus was giving to the Trojans victory to turn the tide of battle; and of them great Telamonian Aias was first to speak, saying: "Out upon it, now may any man, how foolish so ever he be, know that father Zeus himself is succouring the Trojans. For the missiles of all of them strike home, whosoever hurleth them, be he brave man or coward: Zeus in any case guideth them all aright; but for us the shafts of every man fall vainly to the ground. Nay, come, let us of ourselves devise the counsel

ἠμὲν ὅπως τὸν νεκρὸν ἐρύσσομεν, ἠδὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ
χάρμα φίλοις ἑτάροισι γενώμεθα νοστήσαντες,
οἵ που δεῦρ’ ὁρόωντες ἀκηχέδατ’, οὐδ’ ἔτι φασὶν
Ἕκτορος ἀνδροφόνοιο μένος καὶ χεῖρας ἀάπτους
σχήσεσθ’, ἀλλ’ ἐν νηυσὶ μελαίνῃσιν πεσέεσθαι.
εἴη δ’ ὅς τις ἑταῖρος ἀπαγγείλειε τάχιστα
Πηλεΐδῃ, ἐπεὶ οὔ μιν ὀΐομαι οὐδὲ πεπύσθαι
λυγρῆς ἀγγελίης, ὅτι οἱ φίλος ὤλεθ’ ἑταῖρος.
ἀλλ’ οὔ πῃ δύναμαι ἰδέειν τοιοῦτον Ἀχαιῶν·
ἠέρι γὰρ κατέχονται ὁμῶς αὐτοί τε καὶ ἵπποι.
Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἀλλὰ σὺ ῥῦσαι ὑπ’ ἠέρος υἷας Ἀχαιῶν,
ποίησον δ’ αἴθρην, δὸς δ’ ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἰδέσθαι·
ἐν δὲ φάει καὶ ὄλεσσον, ἐπεί νύ τοι εὔαδεν οὕτως.”
Ὣς φάτο, τὸν δὲ πατὴρ ὀλοφύρατο δάκρυ χέοντα·
αὐτίκα δ’ ἠέρα μὲν σκέδασεν καὶ ἀπῶσεν ὀμίχλην,
ἠέλιος δ’ ἐπέλαμψε, μάχη δ’ ἐπὶ πᾶσα φαάνθη.
καὶ τότ’ ἄρ’ Αἴας εἶπε βοὴν ἀγαθὸν Μενέλαον·
“σκέπτεο νῦν, Μενέλαε διοτρεφές, αἴ κεν ἴδηαι
ζωὸν ἔτ’ Ἀντίλοχον, μεγαθύμου Νέστορος υἱόν,
ὄτρυνον δ’ Ἀχιλῆϊ δαΐφρονι θᾶσσον ἰόντα
εἰπεῖν ὅττι ῥά οἱ πολὺ φίλτατος ὤλεθ’ ἑταῖρος.”
Ὣς ἔφατ’, οὐδ’ ἀπίθησε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Μενέλαος,
βῆ δ’ ἰέναι ὥς τίς τε λέων ἀπὸ μεσσαύλοιο,
ὅς τ’ ἐπεὶ ἄρ κε κάμῃσι κύνας τ’ ἄνδρας τ’ ἐρεθίζων,
οἵ τέ μιν οὐκ εἰῶσι βοῶν ἐκ πῖαρ ἑλέσθαι
πάννυχοι ἐγρήσσοντες· ὁ δὲ κρειῶν ἐρατίζων
ἰθύει, ἀλλ’ οὔ τι πρήσσει· θαμέες γὰρ ἄκοντες
ἀντίον ἀΐσσουσι θρασειάων ἀπὸ χειρῶν,

that is best, whereby we may both hale away the corpse, and ourselves return home for the joy of our dear comrades, who methinks are sore distressed as they look hither-ward, and deem that the fury and the irresistible hands of man-slaying Hector will not be stayed, but will fall upon the black ships. But I would there were some comrade to bear word with all speed to the son of Peleus, for methinks he hath not even heard the woeful tale, that his dear comrade is slain. Howbeit, nowhere can I see such a one among the Achaeans, for in darkness are they all enwrapped, themselves and their horses withal. Father Zeus, deliver thou from the darkness the sons of the Achaeans, and make clear sky, and grant us to see with our eyes. In the light do thou e'en slay us, seeing such is thy good pleasure."

So spake he, and the Father had pity on him as he wept, and forthwith scattered the darkness and drave away the mist, and the sun shone forth upon them and all the battle was made plain to view. Then Aias spake unto Menelaus, good at the war-cry: "Look forth now, Menelaus, nurtured of Zeus, if so be thou mayest have sight of Antilochus yet alive, son of great-souled Nestor, and bestir thou him to go with speed unto Achilles, wise of heart, to tell him that his comrade, far the dearest, is slain."

So spake he, and Menelaus, good at the war-cry, failed not to hearken, but went his way as a lion from a steading when he waxeth weary with vexing dogs and men that suffer him not to seize the fattest of the herd, watching the whole night through; but he in his lust for flesh goeth straight on, yet accomplisheth naught thereby, for thick the darts fly to meet him, hurled by bold hands, and blazing brands

καιόμεναί τε δεταί, τάς τε τρεῖ ἐσσύμενός περ·
ἠῶθεν δ' ἀπονόσφιν ἔβη τετιηότι θυμῷ·
ὣς ἀπὸ Πατρόκλοιο βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Μενέλαος
ἤϊε πόλλ' ἀέκων· περὶ γὰρ δίε μή μιν Ἀχαιοὶ
ἀργαλέου πρὸ φόβοιο ἕλωρ δηΐοισι λίποιεν.
πολλὰ δὲ Μηριόνῃ τε καὶ Αἰάντεσσ' ἐπέτελλεν·
"Αἴαντ', Ἀργείων ἡγήτορε, Μηριόνη τε,
νῦν τις ἐνηείης Πατροκλῆος δειλοῖο
μνησάσθω· πᾶσιν γὰρ ἐπίστατο μείλιχος εἶναι
ζωὸς ἐών· νῦν αὖ θάνατος καὶ μοῖρα κιχάνει."
Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσας ἀπέβη ξανθὸς Μενέλαος,
πάντοσε παπταίνων ὥς τ' αἰετός, ὅν ῥά τέ φασιν
ὀξύτατον δέρκεσθαι ὑπουρανίων πετεηνῶν,
ὅν τε καὶ ὑψόθ' ἐόντα πόδας ταχὺς οὐκ ἔλαθε πτὼξ
θάμνῳ ὑπ' ἀμφικόμῳ κατακείμενος, ἀλλά τ' ἐπ' αὐτῷ
ἔσσυτο, καί τέ μιν ὦκα λαβὼν ἐξείλετο θυμόν.
ὣς τότε σοί, Μενέλαε διοτρεφές, ὄσσε φαεινὼ
πάντοσε δινείσθην πολέων κατὰ ἔθνος ἑταίρων,
εἴ που Νέστορος υἱὸν ἔτι ζώοντα ἴδοιτο.
τὸν δὲ μάλ' αἶψ' ἐνόησε μάχης ἐπ' ἀριστερὰ πάσης
θαρσύνονθ' ἑτάρους καὶ ἐποτρύνοντα μάχεσθαι,
ἀγχοῦ δ' ἱστάμενος προσέφη ξανθὸς Μενέλαος·
"Ἀντίλοχ', εἰ δ' ἄγε δεῦρο, διοτρεφές, ὄφρα πύθηαι
λυγρῆς ἀγγελίης, ἣ μὴ ὤφελλε γενέσθαι.
ἤδη μὲν σὲ καὶ αὐτὸν ὀΐομαι εἰσορόωντα
γιγνώσκειν ὅτι πῆμα θεὸς Δαναοῖσι κυλίνδει,
νίκη δὲ Τρώων· πέφαται δ' ὤριστος Ἀχαιῶν,
Πάτροκλος, μεγάλη δὲ ποθὴ Δαναοῖσι τέτυκται.

withal, before which he quaileth, how eager soever he be, and at dawn he departeth with sullen heart; even so from Patroclus departed Menelaus, good at the war-cry, sorely against his will; for exceedingly did he fear lest the Achaeans in sorry rout should leave him to be a prey to the foemen. And many a charge laid he on Meriones and the Aiantes, saying: "Ye Aiantes twain, leaders of the Argives, and thou, Meriones, now let each man remember the kindliness of hapless Patroclus; for to all was he ever gentle while yet he lived, but now death and fate have come upon him."

So saying fair-haired Menelaus departed, glancing warily on every side as an eagle, which, men say, hath the keenest sight of all winged things under heaven, of whom, though he be on high, the swift-footed hare is not unseen as he croucheth beneath a leafy bush, but the eagle swoopeth upon him and forthwith seizeth him, and robbeth him of life. Even so then, Menelaus, nurtured of Zeus, did thy bright eyes range everywhither over the throng of thy many comrades, if so be they might have sight of Nestor's son yet alive. Him he marked full quickly on the left of the whole battle, heartening his comrades and urging them on to fight. And drawing nigh fair-haired Menelaus spake to him, saying: "Antilochus, up, come hither, thou nurtured of Zeus, that thou mayest learn woeful tidings, such as I would had never been. Even now, I ween, thou knowest, for thine eyes behold it, how that a god rolleth ruin upon the Danaans, and that victory is with the men of Troy. And slain is the best man of the Achaeans, even Patroclus, and great longing for him is wrought for the Danaans. But do thou with speed run to the

ἀλλὰ σύ γ' αἶψ' Ἀχιλῆϊ θέων ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν
εἰπεῖν, αἴ κε τάχιστα νέκυν ἐπὶ νῆα σαώσῃ
γυμνόν· ἀτὰρ τά γε τεύχε' ἔχει κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ."

Ὣς ἔφατ', Ἀντίλοχος δὲ κατέστυγε μῦθον ἀκούσας·
δὴν δέ μιν ἀμφασίη ἐπέων λάβε, τὼ δέ οἱ ὄσσε
δακρυόφι πλῆσθεν, θαλερὴ δέ οἱ ἔσχετο φωνή.
ἀλλ' οὐδ' ὧς Μενελάου ἐφημοσύνης ἀμέλησε,
βῆ δὲ θέειν, τὰ δὲ τεύχε' ἀμύμονι δῶκεν ἑταίρῳ,
Λαοδόκῳ, ὅς οἱ σχεδὸν ἔστρεφε μώνυχας ἵππους.
Τὸν μὲν δάκρυ χέοντα πόδες φέρον ἐκ πολέμοιο,
Πηλεΐδῃ Ἀχιλῆϊ κακὸν ἔπος ἀγγελέοντα.
οὐδ' ἄρα σοί, Μενέλαε διοτρεφές, ἤθελε θυμὸς
τειρομένοις ἑτάροισιν ἀμυνέμεν, ἔνθεν ἀπῆλθεν
Ἀντίλοχος, μεγάλη δὲ ποθὴ Πυλίοισιν ἐτύχθη·
ἀλλ' ὅ γε τοῖσιν μὲν Θρασυμήδεα δῖον ἀνῆκεν,
αὐτὸς δ' αὖτ' ἐπὶ Πατρόκλῳ ἥρωϊ βεβήκει,
στῆ δὲ παρ' Αἰάντεσσι θέων, εἶθαρ δὲ προσηύδα·
"κεῖνον μὲν δὴ νηυσὶν ἐπιπροέηκα θοῇσιν,
ἐλθεῖν εἰς Ἀχιλῆα πόδας ταχύν· οὐδέ μιν οἴω
νῦν ἰέναι μάλα περ κεχολωμένον Ἕκτορι δίῳ·
οὐ γάρ πως ἂν γυμνὸς ἐὼν Τρώεσσι μάχοιτο.
ἡμεῖς δ' αὐτοί περ φραζώμεθα μῆτιν ἀρίστην,
ἠμὲν ὅπως τὸν νεκρὸν ἐρύσσομεν, ἠδὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ
Τρώων ἐξ ἐνοπῆς θάνατον καὶ κῆρα φύγωμεν."
Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα μέγας Τελαμώνιος Αἴας·
"πάντα κατ' αἶσαν ἔειπες, ἀγακλεὲς ὦ Μενέλαε·
ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν καὶ Μηριόνης ὑποδύντε μάλ' ὦκα
νεκρὸν ἀείραντες φέρετ' ἐκ πόνου· αὐτὰρ ὄπισθε

ships of the Achaeans and bear word unto Achilles, in hope that he may forthwith bring safe to his ship the corpse—the naked corpse; but his armour is held by Hector of the flashing helm."

So spake he, and Antilochus had horror, as he heard that word. Long time was he speechless, and both his eyes were filled with tears, and the flow of his voice was checked. Yet not even so was he neglectful of the bidding of Menelaus, but set him to run, and gave his armour to his peerless comrade Laodocus, that hard beside him was wheeling his single-hoofed horses.

Him then as he wept his feet bare forth from out the battle, to bear an evil tale to Peleus' son Achilles. Nor was thy heart, Menelaus, nurtured of Zeus, minded to bear aid to the sore-pressed comrades from whom Antilochus was departed, and great longing was wrought for the men of Pylos. Howbeit, for their aid he sent goodly Thrasymedes, and himself went again to bestride the warrior Patroclus; and he ran, and took his stand beside the Aiantes, and forthwith spake to them: "Yon man have I verily sent forth to the swift ships, to go to Achilles, fleet of foot. Howbeit I deem not that Achilles will come forth, how wroth soever he be against goodly Hector; for in no wise may he fight against the Trojans unarmed as he is. But let us of ourselves devise the counsel that is best, whereby we may both hale away the corpse, and ourselves escape death and fate amid the battle-din of the Trojans."

Then great Telamonian Aias answered him: "All this hast thou spoken aright, most glorious Menelaus. But do thou and Meriones stoop with all speed beneath the corpse, and raise him up, and bear him forth from

νῶϊ μαχησόμεθα Τρωσίν τε καὶ Ἕκτορι δίῳ,
ἶσον θυμὸν ἔχοντες ὁμώνυμοι, οἵ τὸ πάρος περ
μίμνομεν ὀξὺν Ἄρηα παρ' ἀλλήλοισι μένοντες."
Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα νεκρὸν ἀπὸ χθονὸς ἀγκάζοντο
ὕψι μάλα μεγάλως· ἐπὶ δ' ἴαχε λαὸς ὄπισθε
Τρωϊκός, ὡς εἴδοντο νέκυν αἴροντας Ἀχαιούς.
ἴθυσαν δὲ κύνεσσιν ἐοικότες, οἵ τ' ἐπὶ κάπρῳ
βλημένῳ ἀΐξωσι πρὸ κούρων θηρητήρων·
ἕως μὲν γάρ τε θέουσι διαρραῖσαι μεμαῶτες,
ἀλλ' ὅτε δή ῥ' ἐν τοῖσιν ἑλίξεται ἀλκὶ πεποιθώς,
ἄψ τ' ἀνεχώρησαν διά τ' ἔτρεσαν ἄλλυδις ἄλλος.
ὣς Τρῶες ἧος μὲν ὁμιλαδὸν αἰὲν ἕποντο,
νύσσοντες ξίφεσίν τε καὶ ἔγχεσιν ἀμφιγύοισιν·
ἀλλ' ὅτε δή ῥ' Αἴαντε μεταστρεφθέντε κατ' αὐτοὺς
σταίησαν, τῶν δὲ τράπετο χρώς, οὐδέ τις ἔτλη
πρόσσω ἀΐξας περὶ νεκροῦ δηριάασθαι.
Ὣς οἵ γ' ἐμμεμαῶτε νέκυν φέρον ἐκ πολέμοιο
νῆας ἔπι γλαφυράς· ἐπὶ δὲ πτόλεμος τέτατό σφιν
ἄγριος ἠΰτε πῦρ, τό τ' ἐπεσσύμενον πόλιν ἀνδρῶν
ὄρμενον ἐξαίφνης φλεγέθει, μινύθουσι δὲ οἶκοι
ἐν σέλαϊ μεγάλῳ· τὸ δ' ἐπιβρέμει ἶς ἀνέμοιο.
ὣς μὲν τοῖς ἵππων τε καὶ ἀνδρῶν αἰχμητάων
ἀζηχὴς ὀρυμαγδὸς ἐπήϊεν ἐρχομένοισιν·
οἱ δ' ὥς θ' ἡμίονοι κρατερὸν μένος ἀμφιβαλόντες
ἕλκωσ' ἐξ ὄρεος κατὰ παιπαλόεσσαν ἀταρπὸν
ἢ δοκὸν ἠὲ δόρυ μέγα νήϊον· ἐν δέ τε θυμὸς
τείρεθ' ὁμοῦ καμάτῳ τε καὶ ἱδρῷ σπευδόντεσσιν·

out the toil of war; but behind you we twain will do battle with the Trojans and goodly Hector, one in heart as we are one in name, even we that aforetime have been wont to stand firm in fierce battle, abiding each by the other's side."

So spake he, and the others took in their arms the dead from the ground, and lifted him on high in their great might; and thereat the host of the Trojans behind them shouted aloud, when they beheld the Achaeans lifting the corpse. And they charged straight upon them like hounds that in front of hunting youths dart upon a wounded wild boar: awhile they rush upon him fain to rend him asunder, but whenso he wheeleth among them trusting in his might, then they give ground and shrink in fear, one here, one there; even so the Trojans for a time ever followed on in throngs, thrusting with swords and two-edged spears, but whenso the twain Aiantes would wheel about and stand against them, then would their colour change, and no man dared dart forth and do battle for the dead.

Thus the twain were hasting to bear the corpse forth from out the battle to the hollow ships, and against them was strained a conflict fierce as fire that, rushing upon a city of men with sudden onset, setteth it aflame, and houses fall amid the mighty glare, and the might of the wind driveth it roaring on. Even so against them as they went came ever the ceaseless din of chariots and of spearmen. But as mules that, putting forth on either side their great strength, drag forth from the mountain down a rugged path a beam haply, or a great ship-timber, and within them their hearts as they strive are distressed with toil alike and sweat; even so these hasted

ὣς οἵ γ' ἐμμεμαῶτε νέκυν φέρον. αὐτὰρ ὄπισθεν
Αἴαντ' ἰσχανέτην, ὥς τε πρὼν ἰσχάνει ὕδωρ
ὑλήεις, πεδίοιο διαπρύσιον τετυχηκώς,
ὅς τε καὶ ἰφθίμων ποταμῶν ἀλεγεινὰ ῥέεθρα
ἴσχει, ἄφαρ δέ τε πᾶσι ῥόον πεδίονδε τίθησι
πλάζων· οὐδέ τί μιν σθένεϊ ῥηγνῦσι ῥέοντες.
ὣς αἰεὶ Αἴαντε μάχην ἀνέεργον ὀπίσσω
Τρώων· οἱ δ' ἅμ' ἕποντο, δύω δ' ἐν τοῖσι μάλιστα,
Αἰνείας τ' Ἀγχισιάδης καὶ φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ.
τῶν δ' ὥς τε ψαρῶν νέφος ἔρχεται ἠὲ κολοιῶν,
οὖλον κεκλήγοντες, ὅτε προΐδωσιν ἰόντα
κίρκον, ὅ τε σμικρῇσι φόνον φέρει ὀρνίθεσσιν,
ὣς ἄρ' ὑπ' Αἰνείᾳ τε καὶ Ἕκτορι κοῦροι Ἀχαιῶν
οὖλον κεκλήγοντες ἴσαν, λήθοντο δὲ χάρμης.
πολλὰ δὲ τεύχεα καλὰ πέσον περί τ' ἀμφί τε τάφρον
φευγόντων Δαναῶν· πολέμου δ' οὐ γίγνετ' ἐρωή.

to bear forth the corpse. And behind them the twain Aiantes held back the foe, as a ridge holdeth back a flood—some wooded ridge that chanceth to lie all athwart a plain and that holdeth back even the dread streams of mighty rivers, and forthwith turneth the current of them all to wander over the plain, neither doth the might of their flood avail to break through it; even so the twain Aiantes ever kept back the battle of the Trojans, but these ever followed after, and two among them above all others, even Aeneas, Anchises' son, and glorious Hector. And as flieth a cloud of starlings or of daws, shrieking cries of doom, when they see coming upon them a falcon that beareth death unto small birds; so before Aeneas and Hector fled the youths of the Achaeans, shrieking cries of doom, and forgat all fighting. And fair arms full many fell around and about the trench as the Danaans fled; but there was no ceasing from war.

ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Σ

Ὣς οἳ μὲν μάρναντο δέμας πυρὸς αἰθομένοιο,
Ἀντίλοχος δ' Ἀχιλῆϊ πόδας ταχὺς ἄγγελος ἦλθε.
τὸν δ' εὗρε προπάροιθε νεῶν ὀρθοκραιράων
τὰ φρονέοντ' ἀνὰ θυμὸν ἃ δὴ τετελεσμένα ἦεν·
ὀχθήσας δ' ἄρα εἶπε πρὸς ὃν μεγαλήτορα θυμόν·
"ὤ μοι ἐγώ, τί τ' ἄρ' αὖτε κάρη κομόωντες Ἀχαιοὶ
νηυσὶν ἔπι κλονέονται ἀτυζόμενοι πεδίοιο;
μὴ δή μοι τελέσωσι θεοὶ κακὰ κήδεα θυμῷ,
ὥς ποτέ μοι μήτηρ διεπέφραδε, καί μοι ἔειπε
Μυρμιδόνων τὸν ἄριστον ἔτι ζώοντος ἐμεῖο[1]
χερσὶν ὕπο Τρώων λείψειν φάος ἠελίοιο.
ἦ μάλα δὴ τέθνηκε Μενοιτίου ἄλκιμος υἱός,
σχέτλιος· ἦ τ' ἐκέλευον ἀπωσάμενον δήϊον πῦρ
ἂψ ἐπὶ νῆας ἴμεν, μηδ' Ἕκτορι ἶφι μάχεσθαι."
Ἧος ὁ ταῦθ' ὥρμαινε κατὰ φρένα καὶ κατὰ θυμόν,
τόφρα οἱ ἐγγύθεν ἦλθεν ἀγαυοῦ Νέστορος υἱός,
δάκρυα θερμὰ χέων, φάτο δ' ἀγγελίην ἀλεγεινήν·
"ὤ μοι, Πηλέος υἱὲ δαΐφρονος, ἦ μάλα λυγρῆς
πεύσεαι ἀγγελίης, ἣ μὴ ὤφελλε γενέσθαι.
κεῖται Πάτροκλος, νέκυος δὲ δὴ ἀμφιμάχονται

[1] Lines 10 f. were rejected by Aristophanes and Rhianus.

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[1] The vertical projections at the bow and stern of the Homeric ship (ἄφλαστα or κόρυμβα) justify here and in xix.

BOOK XVIII

So fought they like unto blazing fire, but Antilochus, swift of foot, came to bear tidings to Achilles. Him he found in front of his ships with upright horns,[1] boding in his heart the thing that even now was brought to pass; and sore troubled he spake unto his own great-hearted spirit: "Ah, woe is me, how is it that again the long-haired Achaeans are being driven toward the ships in rout over the plain? Let it not be that the gods have brought to pass grievous woes for my soul, even as on a time my mother declared unto me, and said that while yet I lived the best man of the Myrmidons should leave the light of the sun beneath the hands of the Trojans! In good sooth the valiant son of Menoetius must now be dead, foolhardy one! Surely I bade him come back again to the ships when he had thrust off the consuming fire, and not to fight amain with Hector."

While he pondered thus in mind and heart, there drew nigh unto him the son of lordly Nestor, shedding hot tears, and spake the grievous tidings: "Woe is me, thou son of wise-hearted Peleus, full grievous is the tidings thou must hear, such as I would had never been. Low lies Patroclus, and around his

344 the epithet elsewhere applied to cattle (below 573, and viii. 231).

γυμνοῦ· ἀτὰρ τά γε τεύχε' ἔχει κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ."
Ὣς φάτο, τὸν δ' ἄχεος νεφέλη ἐκάλυψε μέλαινα·
ἀμφοτέρῃσι δὲ χερσὶν ἑλὼν κόνιν αἰθαλόεσσαν
χεύατο κὰκ κεφαλῆς, χαρίεν δ' ᾔσχυνε πρόσωπον·
νεκταρέῳ δὲ χιτῶνι μέλαιν' ἀμφίζανε τέφρη.
αὐτὸς δ' ἐν κονίῃσι μέγας μεγαλωστὶ τανυσθεὶς
κεῖτο, φίλῃσι δὲ χερσὶ κόμην ᾔσχυνε δαΐζων.
δμῳαὶ δ' ἃς Ἀχιλεὺς ληΐσσατο Πάτροκλός τε
θυμὸν ἀκηχέμεναι μεγάλ' ἴαχον, ἐκ δὲ θύραζε
ἔδραμον ἀμφ' Ἀχιλῆα δαΐφρονα, χερσὶ δὲ πᾶσαι
στήθεα πεπλήγοντο, λύθεν δ' ὑπὸ γυῖα ἑκάστης.
Ἀντίλοχος δ' ἑτέρωθεν ὀδύρετο δάκρυα λείβων,
χεῖρας ἔχων Ἀχιλῆος· ὁ δ' ἔστενε κυδάλιμον κῆρ·
δείδιε γὰρ μὴ λαιμὸν ἀποτμήξειε[1] σιδήρῳ.
σμερδαλέον δ' ᾤμωξεν· ἄκουσε δὲ πότνια μήτηρ
ἡμένη ἐν βένθεσσιν ἁλὸς παρὰ πατρὶ γέροντι,
κώκυσέν τ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα· θεαὶ δέ μιν ἀμφαγέροντο,
πᾶσαι ὅσαι κατὰ βένθος ἁλὸς Νηρηΐδες ἦσαν.
ἔνθ' ἄρ' ἔην Γλαύκη τε Θάλειά τε Κυμοδόκη τε,[2]
Νησαίη Σπειώ τε Θόη θ' Ἁλίη τε βοῶπις,
Κυμοθόη τε καὶ Ἀκταίη καὶ Λιμνώρεια
καὶ Μελίτη καὶ Ἴαιρα καὶ Ἀμφιθόη καὶ Ἀγαύη,
Δωτώ τε Πρωτώ τε Φέρουσά τε Δυναμένη τε,
Δεξαμένη τε καὶ Ἀμφινόμη καὶ Καλλιάνειρα,
Δωρὶς καὶ Πανόπη καὶ ἀγακλειτὴ Γαλάτεια,
Νημερτής τε καὶ Ἀψευδὴς καὶ Καλλιάνασσα·
ἔνθα δ' ἔην Κλυμένη Ἰάνειρά τε καὶ Ἰάνασσα,
Μαῖρα καὶ Ὠρείθυια ἐϋπλόκαμός τ' Ἀμάθεια,
ἄλλαι θ' αἳ κατὰ βένθος ἁλὸς Νηρηΐδες ἦσαν.

[1] ἀποτμήξειε Zenodotus: ἀπαμήσειε Aristarchus.
[2] Lines 39-49 were rejected by Zenodotus and Aristarchus.

corpse are they fighting—his naked corpse; but his armour is held by Hector of the flashing helm."

So spake he, and a black cloud of grief enwrapped Achilles, and with both his hands he took the dark dust and strewed it over his head and defiled his fair face, and on his fragrant tunic the black ashes fell. And himself in the dust lay outstretched, mighty in his mightiness, and with his own hands he tore and marred his hair. And the handmaidens, that Achilles and Patroclus had got them as booty, shrieked aloud in anguish of heart, and ran forth around wise-hearted Achilles, and all beat their breasts with their hands, and the knees of each one were loosed beneath her. And over against them Antilochus wailed and shed tears, holding the hands of Achilles, that in his noble heart was moaning mightily; for he feared lest he should cut his throat asunder with the knife. Then terribly did Achilles groan aloud, and his queenly mother heard him as she sat in the depths of the sea beside the old man her father. Thereat she uttered a shrill cry, and the goddesses thronged about her, even all the daughters of Nereus that were in the deep of the sea. There were Glauce and Thaleia and Cymodoce, Nesaea and Speio and Thoë and ox-eyed Halië, and Cymothoë and Actaea and Limnoreia, and Melite and Iaera and Amphithoë and Agave, Doto and Proto and Pherousa and Dynamene, and Dexamene and Amphinone and Callianeira, Doris and Panope and glorious Galatea, Nemertes and Apseudes and Callianassa, and there were Clymene and Ianeira and Ianassa, Maera and Orithyia and fair-tressed Amatheia, and other Nereids that were in the deep of the sea. With

τῶν δὲ καὶ ἀργύφεον πλῆτο σπέος· αἱ δ' ἅμα πᾶσαι
στήθεα πεπλήγοντο, Θέτις δ' ἐξῆρχε γόοιο.
"κλῦτε, κασίγνηται Νηρηΐδες, ὄφρ' ἐῢ πᾶσαι
εἴδετ' ἀκούουσαι ὅσ' ἐμῷ ἔνι κήδεα θυμῷ.
ὤ μοι ἐγὼ δειλή, ὤ μοι δυσαριστοτόκεια,
ἥ τ' ἐπεὶ ἂρ τέκον υἱὸν ἀμύμονά τε κρατερόν τε,
ἔξοχον ἡρώων· ὁ δ' ἀνέδραμεν ἔρνεϊ ἶσος·
τὸν μὲν ἐγὼ θρέψασα, φυτὸν ὣς γουνῷ ἀλωῆς,
νηυσὶν ἐπιπροέηκα κορωνίσιν Ἴλιον εἴσω
Τρωσὶ μαχησόμενον· τὸν δ' οὐχ ὑποδέξομαι αὖτις
οἴκαδε νοστήσαντα δόμον Πηλήϊον εἴσω.
ὄφρα δέ μοι ζώει καὶ ὁρᾷ φάος ἠελίοιο
ἄχνυται, οὐδέ τί οἱ δύναμαι χραισμῆσαι ἰοῦσα.
ἀλλ' εἶμ', ὄφρα ἴδωμι φίλον τέκος, ἠδ' ἐπακούσω
ὅττι μιν ἵκετο πένθος ἀπὸ πτολέμοιο μένοντα."
Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσασα λίπε σπέος· αἱ δὲ σὺν αὐτῇ
δακρυόεσσαι ἴσαν, περὶ δέ σφισι κῦμα θαλάσσης
ῥήγνυτο· ταὶ δ' ὅτε δὴ Τροίην ἐρίβωλον ἵκοντο,
ἀκτὴν εἰσανέβαινον ἐπισχερώ, ἔνθα θαμειαὶ
Μυρμιδόνων εἴρυντο νέες ταχὺν ἀμφ' Ἀχιλῆα.
τῷ δὲ βαρὺ στενάχοντι παρίστατο πότνια μήτηρ,
ὀξὺ δὲ κωκύσασα κάρη λάβε παιδὸς ἑοῖο,[1]
καί ῥ' ὀλοφυρομένη ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
"τέκνον, τί κλαίεις; τί δέ σε φρένας ἵκετο πένθος;
ἐξαύδα, μὴ κεῦθε· τὰ μὲν δή τοι τετέλεσται
ἐκ Διός, ὡς ἄρα δὴ πρίν γ' εὔχεο χεῖρας ἀνασχών,
πάντας ἐπὶ πρύμνῃσιν ἀλήμεναι υἷας Ἀχαιῶν
σεῦ ἐπιδευομένους, παθέειν τ' ἀεκήλια ἔργα."

[1] ἑοῖο: ἑῆος.

these the bright cave was filled, and they all alike beat their breasts, and Thetis was leader in their lamenting: "Listen, sister Nereids, that one and all ye may hear and know all the sorrows that are in my heart. Ah, woe is me unhappy, woe is me that bare to my sorrow the best of men, for after I had borne a son peerless and stalwart, pre-eminent among warriors, and he shot up like a sapling; then when I had reared him as a tree in a rich orchard plot, I sent him forth in the beaked ships to Ilios to war with the Trojans; but never again shall I welcome him back to his home, to the house of Peleus. And while yet he liveth, and beholdeth the light of the sun, he hath sorrow, neither can I anywise help him, though I go to him. Howbeit go I will, that I may behold my dear child, and hear what grief has come upon him while yet he abideth aloof from the war."

So saying she left the cave, and the nymphs went with her weeping, and around them the waves of the sea were cloven asunder. And when they were come to the deep-soiled land of Troy they stepped forth upon the beach, one after the other, where the ships of the Myrmidons were drawn up in close lines round about swift Achilles. Then to his side, as he groaned heavily, came his queenly mother, and with a shrill cry she clasped the head of her son, and with wailing spake unto him winged words:

"My child, why weepest thou? What sorrow hath come upon thy heart. Speak out; hide it not. Thy wish has verily been brought to pass for thee by Zeus, as aforetime thou didst pray, stretching forth thy hands, even that one and all the sons of the Achaeans should be huddled at the sterns of the ships in sore need of thee, and should suffer cruel things."

Τὴν δὲ βαρὺ στενάχων προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·
“μῆτερ ἐμή, τὰ μὲν ἄρ μοι Ὀλύμπιος ἐξετέλεσσεν·
ἀλλὰ τί μοι τῶν ἦδος, ἐπεὶ φίλος ὤλεθ᾽ ἑταῖρος,
Πάτροκλος, τὸν ἐγὼ περὶ πάντων τῖον ἑταίρων,
ἶσον ἐμῇ κεφαλῇ· τὸν ἀπώλεσα, τεύχεα δ᾽ Ἕκτωρ
δῃώσας ἀπέδυσε πελώρια, θαῦμα ἰδέσθαι,
καλά· τὰ μὲν Πηλῆϊ θεοὶ δόσαν ἀγλαὰ δῶρα
ἤματι τῷ ὅτε σε βροτοῦ ἀνέρος ἔμβαλον εὐνῇ.
αἴθ᾽ ὄφελες σὺ μὲν αὖθι μετ᾽ ἀθανάτῃς ἁλίῃσι
ναίειν, Πηλεὺς δὲ θνητὴν ἀγαγέσθαι ἄκοιτιν.
νῦν δ᾽ ἵνα καὶ σοὶ πένθος ἐνὶ φρεσὶ μυρίον εἴη
παιδὸς ἀποφθιμένοιο, τὸν οὐχ ὑποδέξεαι αὖτις
οἴκαδε νοστήσαντ᾽, ἐπεὶ οὐδ᾽ ἐμὲ θυμὸς ἄνωγε
ζώειν οὐδ᾽ ἄνδρεσσι μετέμμεναι, αἴ κε μὴ Ἕκτωρ
πρῶτος ἐμῷ ὑπὸ δουρὶ τυπεὶς ἀπὸ θυμὸν ὀλέσσῃ,
Πατρόκλοιο δ᾽ ἕλωρα Μενοιτιάδεω ἀποτίσῃ.”
Τὸν δ᾽ αὖτε προσέειπε Θέτις κατὰ δάκρυ χέουσα·
“ὠκύμορος δή μοι, τέκος, ἔσσεαι, οἷ᾽ ἀγορεύεις·
αὐτίκα γάρ τοι ἔπειτα μεθ᾽ Ἕκτορα πότμος ἑτοῖμος.”
Τὴν δὲ μέγ᾽ ὀχθήσας προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·
“αὐτίκα τεθναίην, ἐπεὶ οὐκ ἄρ᾽ ἔμελλον ἑταίρῳ
κτεινομένῳ ἐπαμῦναι· ὁ μὲν μάλα τηλόθι πάτρης
ἔφθιτ᾽, ἐμεῖο δὲ δῆσεν ἀρῆς ἀλκτῆρα γενέσθαι.
νῦν δ᾽ ἐπεὶ οὐ νέομαί γε φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν,
οὐδέ τι Πατρόκλῳ γενόμην φάος οὐδ᾽ ἑτάροισι

Then groaning heavily swift-footed Achilles answered her: "My mother, these prayers verily hath the Olympian brought to pass for me; but what pleasure have I therein, seeing my dear comrade is dead, even Patroclus, whom I honoured above all my comrades, even as mine own self? Him have I lost, and his armour Hector that slew him hath stripped from him, that fair armour, huge of size, a wonder to behold, that the gods gave as a glorious gift to Peleus on the day when they laid thee in the bed of a mortal man. Would thou hadst remained where thou wast amid the immortal maidens of the sea, and that Peleus had taken to his home a mortal bride. But now—it was thus that thou too mightest have measureless grief at heart for thy dead son, whom thou shalt never again welcome to his home; for neither doth my own heart bid me live on and abide among men, unless Hector first, smitten by my spear, shall lose his life, and pay back the price for that he made spoil of Patroclus, son of Menoetius."

Then Thetis again spake unto him, shedding tears the while: "Doomed then to a speedy death, my child, shalt thou be, that thou speakest thus; for straightway after Hector is thine own death ready at hand."

Then, mightily moved, swift-footed Achilles spake to her: "Straightway may I die, seeing I was not to bear aid to my comrade at his slaying! Far, far from his own land hath he fallen, and had need of me to be a warder off of ruin. Now therefore, seeing I return not to my dear native land, neither proved anywise a light of deliverance to Patroclus nor to my other comrades, those many that have

τοῖς ἄλλοις, οἳ δὴ πολέες δάμεν Ἕκτορι δίῳ,
ἀλλ' ἧμαι παρὰ νηυσὶν ἐτώσιον ἄχθος ἀρούρης,
τοῖος ἐὼν οἷος οὔ τις Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων
ἐν πολέμῳ· ἀγορῇ δέ τ' ἀμείνονές εἰσι καὶ ἄλλοι.
ὡς ἔρις ἔκ τε θεῶν ἔκ τ' ἀνθρώπων ἀπόλοιτο,
καὶ χόλος, ὅς τ' ἐφέηκε πολύφρονά περ χαλεπῆναι,
ὅς τε πολὺ γλυκίων μέλιτος καταλειβομένοιο
ἀνδρῶν ἐν στήθεσσιν ἀέξεται ἠΰτε καπνός·
ὡς ἐμὲ νῦν ἐχόλωσεν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων.
ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν προτετύχθαι ἐάσομεν ἀχνύμενοί περ,
θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσι φίλον δαμάσαντες ἀνάγκῃ·
νῦν δ' εἶμ', ὄφρα φίλης κεφαλῆς ὀλετῆρα κιχείω,
Ἕκτορα· κῆρα δ' ἐγὼ τότε δέξομαι, ὁππότε κεν δὴ
Ζεὺς ἐθέλῃ τελέσαι ἠδ' ἀθάνατοι θεοὶ ἄλλοι.
οὐδὲ γὰρ οὐδὲ βίη Ἡρακλῆος φύγε κῆρα,
ὅς περ φίλτατος ἔσκε Διὶ Κρονίωνι ἄνακτι·
ἀλλά ἑ μοῖρ' ἐδάμασσε καὶ ἀργαλέος χόλος Ἥρης.
ὣς καὶ ἐγών, εἰ δή μοι ὁμοίη μοῖρα τέτυκται,
κείσομ' ἐπεί κε θάνω· νῦν δὲ κλέος ἐσθλὸν ἀροίμην,
καί τινα Τρωϊάδων καὶ Δαρδανίδων βαθυκόλπων
ἀμφοτέρῃσιν χερσὶ παρειάων ἁπαλάων
δάκρυ' ὀμορξαμένην ἁδινὸν στοναχῆσαι ἐφείην,
γνοῖεν δ' ὡς δὴ δηρὸν ἐγὼ πολέμοιο πέπαυμαι.
μηδέ μ' ἔρυκε μάχης φιλέουσά περ· οὐδέ με πείσεις."
Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα θεὰ Θέτις ἀργυρόπεζα·
"ναὶ δὴ ταῦτά γε, τέκνον, ἐτήτυμον οὐ κακόν ἐστι,
τειρομένοις ἑτάροισιν ἀμυνέμεν αἰπὺν ὄλεθρον.
ἀλλά τοι ἔντεα καλὰ μετὰ Τρώεσσιν ἔχονται,
χάλκεα μαρμαίροντα· τὰ μὲν κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ

been slain by goodly Hector, but abide here by the ships a profitless burden upon the earth—I that in war am such as is none other of the brazen-coated Achaeans, albeit in council there be others better—so may strife perish from among gods and men, and anger that setteth a man on to grow wroth, how wise soever he be, and that sweeter far than trickling honey waxeth like smoke in the breasts of men; even as but now the king of men, Agamemnon. moved me to wrath. Howbeit these things will we let be as past and done, for all our pain, curbing the heart in our breasts, because we must. But now will I go forth that I may light on the slayer of the man I loved, even on Hector; for my fate, I will accept it whenso Zeus willeth to bring it to pass, and the other immortal gods. For not even the mighty Heracles escaped death, albeit he was most dear to Zeus, son of Cronos, the king, but fate overcame him, and the dread wrath of Hera. So also shall I, if a like fate hath been fashioned for me, lie low when I am dead. But now let me win glorious renown, and set many a one among the deep-bosomed Trojan or Dardanian dames to wipe with both hands the tears from her tender cheeks, amid ceaseless moaning; and let them know that long in good sooth have I kept apart from the war. Seek not then to hold me back from battle, for all thou lovest me; thou shalt not persuade me."

Then answered him the goddess, silver-footed Thetis: "Aye, verily, as thou sayest, my child, it is in truth no ill thing to ward utter destruction from thy comrades, that are hard beset. But thy goodly armour is held among the Trojans, thine armour of bronze, all gleaming-bright. This doth Hector of the

αὐτὸς ἔχων ὤμοισιν ἀγάλλεται· οὐδέ ἕ φημι
δηρὸν ἐπαγλαϊεῖσθαι, ἐπεὶ φόνος ἐγγύθεν αὐτῷ.
ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν μή πω καταδύσεο μῶλον Ἄρηος,
πρίν γ᾽ ἐμὲ δεῦρ᾽ ἐλθοῦσαν ἐν ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἴδηαι·
ἠῶθεν γὰρ νεῦμαι ἅμ᾽ ἠελίῳ ἀνιόντι
τεύχεα καλὰ φέρουσα παρ᾽ Ἡφαίστοιο ἄνακτος."
Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσασα πάλιν τράπεθ᾽ υἷος ἑοῖο,[1]
καὶ στρεφθεῖσ᾽ ἁλίῃσι κασιγνήτῃσι μετηύδα·
"ὑμεῖς μὲν νῦν δῦτε θαλάσσης εὐρέα κόλπον,
ὀψόμεναί τε γέρονθ᾽ ἅλιον καὶ δώματα πατρός,
καί οἱ πάντ᾽ ἀγορεύσατ᾽· ἐγὼ δ᾽ ἐς μακρὸν Ὄλυμπον
εἶμι παρ᾽ Ἥφαιστον κλυτοτέχνην, αἴ κ᾽ ἐθέλῃσιν
υἱεῖ ἐμῷ δόμεναι κλυτὰ τεύχεα παμφανόωντα."
Ὣς ἔφαθ᾽, αἱ δ᾽ ὑπὸ κῦμα θαλάσσης αὐτίκ᾽ ἔδυσαν·
ἡ δ᾽ αὖτ᾽ Οὔλυμπόνδε θεὰ Θέτις ἀργυρόπεζα
ἤϊεν, ὄφρα φίλῳ παιδὶ κλυτὰ τεύχε᾽ ἐνείκαι.
Τὴν μὲν ἄρ᾽ Οὔλυμπόνδε πόδες φέρον· αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὶ
θεσπεσίῳ ἀλαλητῷ ὑφ᾽ Ἕκτορος ἀνδροφόνοιο
φεύγοντες νῆάς τε καὶ Ἑλλήσποντον ἵκοντο.
οὐδέ κε Πάτροκλόν περ ἐϋκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοὶ
ἐκ βελέων ἐρύσαντο νέκυν, θεράποντ᾽ Ἀχιλῆος·
αὖτις γὰρ δὴ τόν γε κίχον λαός τε καὶ ἵπποι
Ἕκτωρ τε Πριάμοιο πάϊς, φλογὶ[2] εἴκελος ἀλκήν.
τρὶς μέν μιν μετόπισθε ποδῶν λάβε φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ[3]
ἑλκέμεναι μεμαώς, μέγα δὲ Τρώεσσιν ὁμόκλα.
τρὶς δὲ δύ᾽ Αἴαντες, θοῦριν ἐπιειμένοι ἀλκήν,

[1] ἑοῖο: ἑῆος.
[2] φλογὶ: συὶ Zenodotus.
[3] In place of 155 f. Zenodotus gave the following:

ὅς μιν τρὶς μετόπισθε ποδῶν λάβε καὶ μέγ᾽ ἀΰτει
ἑλκέμεναι μεμαώς, κεφαλὴν δέ ἑ θυμὸς ἀνώγει
πῆξαι ἀνὰ σκολόπεσσι ταμόνθ᾽ ἁπαλῆς ἀπὸ δειρῆς,

flashing helm wear on his own shoulders, and exulteth therein. Yet I deem that not for long shall he glory therein, seeing his own death is nigh at hand. But do thou not enter into the turmoil of Ares until thine eyes shall behold me again coming hither. For in the morning will I return at the rising of the sun, bearing fair armour from the lord Hephaestus."

So saying she turned her to go back from her son, and being turned she spake among her sisters of the sea: "Do ye now plunge beneath the broad bosom of the deep, to visit the old man of the sea, and the halls of our father, and tell him all. But I will get me to high Olympus to the house of Hephaestus, the famed craftsman, if so be he will give to my son glorious shining armour."

So spake she, and they forthwith plunged beneath the surge of the sea, while she, the goddess, silver-footed Thetis, went her way to Olympus, that she might bring glorious armour for her dear son.

Her then were her feet bearing to Olympus, but the Achaeans fled with wondrous shouting from before man-slaying Hector, and came to the ships and the Hellespont. Howbeit Patroclus, the squire of Achilles, might the well-greaved Achaeans not draw forth from amid the darts; for now again there overtook him the host and the chariots of Troy, and Hector, son of Priam, in might as it were a flame. Thrice from behind did glorious Hector seize him by the feet, fain to drag him away, and called mightily upon the Trojans, and thrice did the two Aiantes, clothed in furious valour, hurl him back from the corpse.

"who thrice seized him from behind by the feet, and shouted mightily, being fain to hale him away, and his heart bade him cut the head from the tender neck and fix it upon the stakes of the wall." (*Cf.* 176 f.)

νεκροῦ ἀπεστυφέλιξαν. ὁ δ᾽ ἔμπεδον ἀλκὶ πεποιθὼς
ἄλλοτ᾽ ἐπαΐξασκε κατὰ μόθον, ἄλλοτε δ᾽ αὖτε
στάσκε μέγα ἰάχων·[1] ὀπίσω δ᾽ οὐ χάζετο πάμπαν.
ὡς δ᾽ ἀπὸ σώματος οὔ τι λέοντ᾽ αἴθωνα δύνανται
ποιμένες ἄγραυλοι μέγα πεινάοντα δίεσθαι,
ὥς ῥα τὸν οὐκ ἐδύναντο δύω Αἴαντε κορυστὰ
Ἕκτορα Πριαμίδην ἀπὸ νεκροῦ δειδίξασθαι.
καί νύ κεν εἴρυσσέν τε καὶ ἄσπετον ἤρατο κῦδος,
εἰ μὴ Πηλεΐωνι ποδήνεμος ὠκέα Ἶρις
ἄγγελος ἦλθε θέουσ᾽ ἀπ᾽ Ὀλύμπου θωρήσσεσθαι,
κρύβδα Διὸς ἄλλων τε θεῶν· πρὸ γὰρ ἧκέ μιν Ἥρη.
ἀγχοῦ δ᾽ ἱσταμένη ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
"ὄρσεο, Πηλεΐδη, πάντων ἐκπαγλότατ᾽ ἀνδρῶν·
Πατρόκλῳ ἐπάμυνον, οὗ εἵνεκα φύλοπις αἰνὴ
ἕστηκε πρὸ νεῶν. οἱ δ᾽ ἀλλήλους ὀλέκουσιν
οἱ μὲν ἀμυνόμενοι νέκυος πέρι τεθνηῶτος,
οἱ δὲ ἐρύσσασθαι ποτὶ Ἴλιον ἠνεμόεσσαν
Τρῶες ἐπιθύουσι· μάλιστα δὲ φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ
ἑλκέμεναι μέμονεν· κεφαλὴν δέ ἑ θυμὸς ἄνωγε[2]
πῆξαι ἀνὰ σκολόπεσσι ταμόνθ᾽ ἁπαλῆς ἀπὸ δειρῆς.
ἀλλ᾽ ἄνα, μηδ᾽ ἔτι κεῖσο· σέβας δέ σε θυμὸν ἱκέσθω
Πάτροκλον Τρῳῇσι κυσὶν μέλπηθρα γενέσθαι·
σοὶ λώβη, αἴ κέν τι νέκυς ᾐσχυμμένος ἔλθῃ."
Τὴν δ᾽ ἠμείβετ᾽ ἔπειτα ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς·
"Ἶρι θεά, τίς τ᾽ ἄρ᾽ σε θεῶν ἐμοὶ ἄγγελον ἧκε;"
Τὸν δ᾽ αὖτε προσέειπε ποδήνεμος ὠκέα Ἶρις·
"Ἥρη με προέηκε, Διὸς κυδρὴ παράκοιτις·
οὐδ᾽ οἶδε Κρονίδης ὑψίζυγος οὐδέ τις ἄλλος
ἀθανάτων, οἳ Ὄλυμπον ἀγάννιφον ἀμφινέμονται."

[1] ἰάχων: ἀχέων Zenodotus.
[2] Lines 176 f. were omitted by Zenodotus.

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[1] The word ᾐσχυμμένος implies mutilation.

But he, ever trusting in his might, would now charge upon them in the fray, and would now stand and shout aloud; but backward would he give never a whit. And as shepherds of the steading avail not in any wise to drive from a carcase a tawny lion when he hungereth sore, even so the twain warrior Aiantes availed not to affright Hector, Priam's son, away from the corpse. And now would he have dragged away the body, and have won glory unspeakable, had not wind-footed, swift Iris speeding from Olympus with a message that he array him for battle, come to the son of Peleus, all unknown of Zeus and the other gods, for Hera sent her forth. And she drew nigh, and spake to him winged words: "Rouse thee, son of Peleus, of all men most dread! Bear thou aid to Patroclus, for whose sake is a dread strife afoot before the ships. And men are slaying one another, these seeking to defend the corpse of the dead, while the Trojans charge on to drag him to windy Ilios; and above all glorious Hector is fain to drag him away; and his heart biddeth him shear the head from the tender neck, and fix it on the stakes of the wall. Nay, up then, lie here no more! Let awe come upon thy soul that Patroclus should become the sport of the dogs of Troy. Thine were the shame, if anywise he come, a corpse despitefully entreated.[1]"

Then swift-footed goodly Achilles answered her: "Goddess Iris, who of the gods sent thee a messenger to me?"

And to him again spake wind-footed, swift Iris: "Hera sent me forth, the glorious wife of Zeus; and the son of Cronos, throned on high, knoweth naught hereof, neither any other of the immortals that dwell upon snowy Olympus."

Τὴν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·
"πῶς τ' ἄρ' ἴω μετὰ μῶλον; ἔχουσι δὲ τεύχεα κεῖνοι·
μήτηρ δ' οὔ με φίλη πρίν γ' εἴα θωρήσσεσθαι,
πρίν γ' αὐτὴν ἐλθοῦσαν ἐν ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἴδωμαι·
στεῦτο γὰρ Ἡφαίστοιο πάρ' οἰσέμεν ἔντεα καλά.
ἄλλου δ' οὔ τευ οἶδα τεῦ ἂν κλυτὰ τεύχεα δύω,
εἰ μὴ Αἴαντός γε σάκος Τελαμωνιάδαο.
ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὸς ὅ γ', ἔλπομ', ἐνὶ πρώτοισιν[1] ὁμιλεῖ,
ἔγχεϊ δηϊόων περὶ Πατρόκλοιο θανόντος."
Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε ποδήνεμος ὠκέα Ἶρις·
"εὖ νυ καὶ ἡμεῖς ἴδμεν ὅ τοι κλυτὰ τεύχε' ἔχονται·
ἀλλ' αὔτως[2] ἐπὶ τάφρον ἰὼν Τρώεσσι φάνηθι,
αἴ κέ σ' ὑποδδείσαντες ἀπόσχωνται πολέμοιο
Τρῶες, ἀναπνεύσωσι δ' ἀρήϊοι υἷες Ἀχαιῶν
τειρόμενοι· ὀλίγη δέ τ' ἀνάπνευσις πολέμοιο."
Ἡ μὲν ἄρ' ὣς εἰποῦσ' ἀπέβη πόδας ὠκέα Ἶρις,
αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς ὦρτο διΐφιλος· ἀμφὶ δ' Ἀθήνη
ὤμοις ἰφθίμοισι βάλ' αἰγίδα θυσσανόεσσαν,
ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ κεφαλῇ νέφος ἔστεφε δῖα θεάων
χρύσεον, ἐκ δ' αὐτοῦ δαῖε φλόγα παμφανόωσαν.
ὡς δ' ὅτε καπνὸς ἰὼν ἐξ ἄστεος αἰθέρ' ἵκηται,[3]
τηλόθεν ἐκ νήσου, τὴν δήϊοι ἀμφιμάχωνται,
οἵ τε πανημέριοι στυγερῷ κρίνονται Ἄρηϊ
ἄστεος ἐκ σφετέρου·[4] ἅμα δ' ἠελίῳ καταδύντι
πυρσοί τε φλεγέθουσιν ἐπήτριμοι, ὑψόσε δ' αὐγὴ

[1] πρώτοισιν: Τρώεσσιν.
[2] αὔτως: αὐτὸς Zenodotus and Aristophanes.
[3] Line 207 was given by Aristarchus in the latter of his two editions in the form, ὡς δ' ὅτε πῦρ ἐπὶ πόντον ἀριπρεπές.
[4] ἄστεος ἐκ σφετέρου: ἄστυ ποτὶ σφέτερον Zenodotus.

Then in answer to her spake Achilles, swift of foot: "But how shall I enter the fray? They yonder hold my battle-gear; and my dear mother forbade that I array me for the fight until such time as mine eyes should behold her again coming hither; for she pledged her to bring goodly armour from Hephaestus. No other man know I whose glorious armour I might don, except it were the shield of Aias, son of Telamon. Howbeit himself, I ween, hath dalliance amid the foremost fighters, as he maketh havoc with his spear in defence of dead Patroclus."

And to him again spake wind-footed, swift Iris: "Well know we of ourselves that thy glorious armour is held of them; but even as thou art go thou to the trench, and show thyself to the men of Troy, if so be that, seized with fear of thee, the Trojans may desist from battle, and the warlike sons of the Achaeans may take breath, wearied as they are; for scant is the breathing-space in war."

When she had thus spoken swift-footed Iris departed; but Achilles, dear to Zeus, roused him, and round about his mighty shoulders Athene flung her tasselled aegis, and around his head the fair goddess set thick a golden cloud, and forth from the man made blaze a gleaming fire. And as when a smoke goeth up from a city and reacheth to heaven from afar, from an island that foes beleaguer, and the men thereof contend the whole day through in hateful war from their city's walls, and then at set of sun flame forth the beacon-fires one after another and high aloft darteth the glare thereof for dwellers

γίγνεται ἀΐσσουσα περικτιόνεσσιν ἰδέσθαι,
αἴ κέν πως σὺν νηυσὶν ἄρεω ἀλκτῆρες ἵκωνται·
ὣς ἀπ' Ἀχιλλῆος κεφαλῆς σέλας αἰθέρ' ἵκανε·
στῆ δ' ἐπὶ τάφρον ἰὼν ἀπὸ τείχεος, οὐδ' ἐς Ἀχαιοὺς
μίσγετο· μητρὸς γὰρ πυκινὴν ὠπίζετ' ἐφετμήν.
ἔνθα στὰς ἤϋσ', ἀπάτερθε δὲ Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη
φθέγξατ'· ἀτὰρ Τρώεσσιν ἐν ἄσπετον ὦρσε κυδοιμόν.
ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἀριζήλη φωνή, ὅτε τ' ἴαχε σάλπιγξ
ἄστυ περιπλομένων δηΐων ὕπο θυμοραϊστέων,
ὣς τότ' ἀριζήλη φωνὴ γένετ' Αἰακίδαο.
οἱ δ' ὡς οὖν ἄϊον ὄπα χάλκεον Αἰακίδαο,
πᾶσιν ὀρίνθη θυμός· ἀτὰρ καλλίτριχες ἵπποι
ἂψ ὄχεα τρόπεον· ὄσσοντο γὰρ ἄλγεα θυμῷ.
ἡνίοχοι δ' ἔκπληγεν, ἐπεὶ ἴδον ἀκάματον πῦρ
δεινὸν ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς μεγαθύμου Πηλεΐωνος
δαιόμενον· τὸ δὲ δαῖε θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη.
τρὶς μὲν ὑπὲρ τάφρου μεγάλ' ἴαχε δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς,
τρὶς δὲ κυκήθησαν Τρῶες κλειτοί τ' ἐπίκουροι.
ἔνθα δὲ καὶ τότ' ὄλοντο δυώδεκα φῶτες ἄριστοι[1]
ἀμφὶ σφοῖς ὀχέεσσι καὶ ἔγχεσιν. αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὶ
ἀσπασίως Πάτροκλον ὑπὲκ βελέων ἐρύσαντες
κάτθεσαν ἐν λεχέεσσι· φίλοι δ' ἀμφέσταν ἑταῖροι
μυρόμενοι· μετὰ δέ σφι ποδώκης εἵπετ' Ἀχιλλεὺς
δάκρυα θερμὰ χέων, ἐπεὶ εἴσιδε πιστὸν ἑταῖρον
κείμενον ἐν φέρτρῳ δεδαϊγμένον ὀξέϊ χαλκῷ.
τόν ῥ' ἤ τοι μὲν ἔπεμπε σὺν ἵπποισιν καὶ ὄχεσφιν
ἐς πόλεμον, οὐδ' αὖτις ἐδέξατο νοστήσαντα.
Ἠέλιον δ' ἀκάμαντα βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη

[1] Lines 230 f. were given by Zenodotus in the form,
ἔνθα δὲ κοῦροι ὄλοντο δυώδεκα πάντες ἄριστοι
οἷσιν ἐνὶ βελέεσσι.

round about to behold, if so be they may come in their ships to be warders off of bane; even so from the head of Achilles went up the gleam toward heaven. Then strode he from the wall to the trench, and there took his stand, yet joined him not to the company of the Achaeans, for he had regard to his mother's wise behest. There stood he and shouted, and from afar Pallas Athene uttered her voice; but amid the Trojans he roused confusion unspeakable. Clear as the trumpet's voice when it soundeth aloud beneath the press of murderous foemen that beleaguer a city, so clear was then the voice of the son of Aeacus. And when they heard the brazen voice of the son of Aeacus the hearts of all were dismayed; and the fair-maned horses turned their cars backward, for their spirits boded bane. And the charioteers were stricken with terror when they beheld the unwearied fire blaze in fearsome wise above the head of the great-souled son of Peleus; for the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene, made it blaze. Thrice over the trench shouted mightily the goodly Achilles, and thrice the Trojans and their famed allies were confounded. And there in that hour perished twelve men of their best amid their own chariots and their own spears. But the Achaeans with gladness drew Patroclus forth from out the darts and laid him on a bier, and his dear comrades thronged about him weeping; and amid them followed swift-footed Achilles, shedding hot tears, for that he beheld his trusty comrade lying on the bier, mangled by the sharp bronze. Him verily had he sent forth with horses and chariot into the war, but never again did he welcome his returning.

Then was the unwearying sun sent by ox-eyed,

πέμψεν ἐπ' Ὠκεανοῖο ῥοὰς ἀέκοντα νέεσθαι·
ἠέλιος μὲν ἔδυ, παύσαντο δὲ δῖοι Ἀχαιοὶ
φυλόπιδος κρατερῆς καὶ ὁμοιΐου πολέμοιο.
Τρῶες δ' αὖθ' ἑτέρωθεν ἀπὸ κρατερῆς ὑσμίνης
χωρήσαντες ἔλυσαν ὑφ' ἅρμασιν ὠκέας ἵππους,
ἐς δ' ἀγορὴν ἀγέροντο, πάρος δόρποιο μέδεσθαι.
ὀρθῶν δ' ἑσταότων ἀγορὴ γένετ', οὐδέ τις ἔτλη
ἕζεσθαι· πάντας γὰρ ἔχε τρόμος,[1] οὕνεκ' Ἀχιλλεὺς
ἐξεφάνη, δηρὸν δὲ μάχης ἐπέπαυτ' ἀλεγεινῆς.
τοῖσι δὲ Πουλυδάμας πεπνυμένος ἦρχ' ἀγορεύειν
Πανθοΐδης· ὁ γὰρ οἶος ὅρα πρόσσω καὶ ὀπίσσω·
Ἕκτορι δ' ἦεν ἑταῖρος, ἰῇ δ' ἐν νυκτὶ γένοντο,
ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ἂρ μύθοισιν, ὁ δ' ἔγχεϊ πολλὸν ἐνίκα·
ὅ σφιν ἐῢ φρονέων ἀγορήσατο καὶ μετέειπεν·
"ἀμφὶ μάλα φράζεσθε, φίλοι· κέλομαι γὰρ ἐγώ γε
ἄστυδε νῦν ἰέναι, μὴ μίμνειν ἠῶ δῖαν
ἐν πεδίῳ παρὰ νηυσίν· ἑκὰς δ' ἀπὸ τείχεός εἰμεν.
ὄφρα μὲν οὗτος ἀνὴρ Ἀγαμέμνονι μήνιε δίῳ,
τόφρα δὲ ῥηΐτεροι πολεμίζειν ἦσαν Ἀχαιοί·
χαίρεσκον γὰρ ἐγώ γε θοῇς ἐπὶ νηυσὶν ἰαύων
ἐλπόμενος νῆας αἱρησέμεν ἀμφιελίσσας.
νῦν δ' αἰνῶς δείδοικα ποδώκεα Πηλεΐωνα·
οἷος κείνου θυμὸς ὑπέρβιος, οὐκ ἐθελήσει
μίμνειν ἐν πεδίῳ, ὅθι περ Τρῶες καὶ Ἀχαιοὶ
ἐν μέσῳ ἀμφότεροι μένος Ἄρηος δατέονται,
ἀλλὰ περὶ πτόλιός τε μαχήσεται ἠδὲ γυναικῶν.
ἀλλ' ἴομεν προτὶ ἄστυ, πίθεσθέ μοι· ὧδε γὰρ ἔσται.
νῦν μὲν νὺξ ἀπέπαυσε ποδώκεα Πηλεΐωνα

[1] τρόμος: φόβος Zenodotus.

queenly Hera to go his way, full loath, to the stream of Ocean. So the sun set and the goodly Achaeans stayed them from the fierce strife and the evil war.

And on their side, the Trojans, when they were come back from the fierce conflict, loosed from beneath their cars their swift horses, and gathered themselves in assembly or ever they bethought them to sup. Upon their feet they stood while the gathering was held, neither had any man heart to sit; for they all were holden of fear, seeing Achilles was come forth, albeit he had long kept him aloof from grievous battle. Then among them wise Polydamas was first to speak, the son of Panthous; for he alone looked at once before and after. Comrade was he of Hector, and in the one night were they born: howbeit in speech was one far the best, the other with the spear. He with good intent addressed their gathering, and spake among them: "On both sides, my friends, bethink you well. For my own part I bid you return even now to the city, neither on the plain beside the ships await bright Dawn, for afar from the wall are we. As long as this man continued in wrath against goodly Agamemnon, even so long were the Achaeans easier to fight against; aye, and I too was glad, when hard by the swift ships I spent the night, in hope that we should take the curved ships. But now do I wondrously fear the swift-footed son of Peleus; so masterful is his spirit, he will not be minded to abide in the plain, where in the midst both Trojans and Achaeans share in the fury of Ares; but it is for our city that he will fight, and for our wives. Nay, let us go to the city; hearken ye unto me, for on this wise shall it be. For this present hath immortal night stayed the

ἀμβροσίῃ· εἰ δ' ἄμμε κιχήσεται ἐνθάδ' ἐόντας
αὔριον ὁρμηθεὶς σὺν τεύχεσιν, εὖ νύ τις αὐτὸν
γνώσεται· ἀσπασίως γὰρ ἀφίξεται Ἴλιον ἱρὴν
ὅς κε φύγῃ, πολλοὺς δὲ κύνες καὶ γῦπες ἔδονται
Τρώων· αἲ γὰρ δή μοι ἀπ' οὔατος ὧδε γένοιτο.
εἰ δ' ἂν ἐμοῖς ἐπέεσσι πιθώμεθα κηδόμενοί περ,
νύκτα μὲν εἰν ἀγορῇ σθένος ἕξομεν, ἄστυ δὲ πύργοι
ὑψηλαί τε πύλαι σανίδες τ' ἐπὶ τῇς ἀραρυῖαι
μακραὶ ἐΰξεστοι ἐζευγμέναι εἰρύσσονται·
πρῶϊ δ' ὑπηοῖοι σὺν τεύχεσι θωρηχθέντες
στησόμεθ' ἂμ πύργους· τῷ δ' ἄλγιον, αἴ κ' ἐθέλῃσιν
ἐλθὼν ἐκ νηῶν περὶ τείχεος ἄμμι μάχεσθαι.
ἂψ πάλιν εἶσ' ἐπὶ νῆας, ἐπεί κ' ἐριαύχενας ἵππους
παντοίου δρόμου ἄσῃ ὑπὸ πτόλιν ἠλασκάζων·
εἴσω δ' οὔ μιν θυμὸς ἐφορμηθῆναι ἐάσει,
οὐδέ ποτ' ἐκπέρσει· πρίν μιν κύνες ἀργοὶ ἔδονται."
Τὸν δ' ἄρ' ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν προσέφη κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ·
"Πουλυδάμα, σὺ μὲν οὐκέτ' ἐμοὶ φίλα ταῦτ' ἀγορεύεις,
ὃς κέλεαι κατὰ ἄστυ ἀλήμεναι αὖτις ἰόντας.
ἦ οὔ πω κεκόρησθε ἐελμένοι ἔνδοθι πύργων;
πρὶν μὲν γὰρ Πριάμοιο πόλιν μέροπες ἄνθρωποι
πάντες μυθέσκοντο πολύχρυσον πολύχαλκον·
νῦν δὲ δὴ ἐξαπόλωλε δόμων κειμήλια καλά,
πολλὰ δὲ δὴ Φρυγίην καὶ Μῃονίην ἐρατεινὴν
κτήματα περνάμεν' ἵκει, ἐπεὶ μέγας ὠδύσατο Ζεύς.
νῦν δ' ὅτε πέρ μοι ἔδωκε Κρόνου πάϊς ἀγκυλομήτεω
κῦδος ἀρέσθ' ἐπὶ νηυσί, θαλάσσῃ τ' ἔλσαι Ἀχαιούς,

swift-footed son of Peleus, but if on the morrow he shall come forth in harness and light on us yet abiding here, full well shall many a one come to know him; for with joy shall he that escapeth win to sacred Ilios, and many of the Trojans shall the dogs and vultures devour—far from my ear be the tale thereof. But and if we hearken to my words for all we be loath, this night shall we keep our forces in the place of gathering, and the city shall be guarded by the walls and high gates and by the tall well-polished doors that are set therein, bolted fast. But in the morning at the coming of Dawn arrayed in our armour will we take our stand upon the walls; and the worse will it be for him, if he be minded to come forth from the ships and fight with us to win the wall. Back again to his ships shall he hie him, when he hath given his horses, with high-arched necks, surfeit of coursing to and fro, as he driveth vainly beneath the city. But to force his way within will his heart not suffer him nor shall he lay it waste; ere that shall the swift dogs devour him."

Then with an angry glance from beneath his brows spake to him Hector of the flashing helm: "Polydamas, this that thou sayest is no longer to my pleasure, seeing thou biddest us go back and be pent within the city. In good sooth have ye not yet had your fill of being pent within the walls? Of old all mortal men were wont to tell of Priam's city, for its wealth of gold, its wealth of bronze; but now are its goodly treasures perished from its homes, and lo, possessions full many have been sold away to Phrygia and lovely Maeonia, since great Zeus waxed wroth. But now, when the son of crooked-counselling Cronos hath vouchsafed me to win glory at the ships, and to

νήπιε, μηκέτι ταῦτα νοήματα φαῖν' ἐνὶ δήμῳ·
οὐ γάρ τις Τρώων ἐπιπείσεται· οὐ γὰρ ἐάσω.
ἀλλ' ἄγεθ' ὡς ἂν ἐγὼ εἴπω, πειθώμεθα πάντες.
νῦν μὲν δόρπον ἕλεσθε κατὰ στρατὸν ἐν τελέεσσι,
καὶ φυλακῆς μνήσασθε, καὶ ἐγρήγορθε ἕκαστος·
Τρώων δ' ὃς κτεάτεσσιν ὑπερφιάλως ἀνιάζει,
συλλέξας λαοῖσι δότω καταδημοβορῆσαι·
τῶν τινὰ βέλτερόν ἐστιν ἐπαυρέμεν ἤ περ Ἀχαιούς.
πρῶϊ δ' ὑπηοῖοι σὺν τεύχεσι θωρηχθέντες
νηυσὶν ἔπι γλαφυρῇσιν ἐγείρομεν ὀξὺν Ἄρηα.
εἰ δ' ἐτεὸν παρὰ ναῦφιν ἀνέστη δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς,
ἄλγιον, αἴ κ' ἐθέλῃσι, τῷ ἔσσεται· οὔ μιν ἐγώ γε
φεύξομαι ἐκ πολέμοιο δυσηχέος, ἀλλὰ μάλ' ἄντην
στήσομαι, ἤ κε φέρῃσι μέγα κράτος, ἦ κε φεροίμην.
ξυνὸς Ἐνυάλιος, καί τε κτανέοντα κατέκτα."
Ὣς Ἕκτωρ ἀγόρευ', ἐπὶ δὲ Τρῶες κελάδησαν,
νήπιοι· ἐκ γάρ σφεων φρένας εἵλετο Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη.
Ἕκτορι μὲν γὰρ ἐπῄνησαν κακὰ μητιόωντι,
Πουλυδάμαντι δ' ἄρ' οὔ τις, ὃς ἐσθλὴν φράζετο βουλήν.
δόρπον ἔπειθ' εἵλοντο κατὰ στρατόν· αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὶ
παννύχιοι Πάτροκλον ἀνεστενάχοντο γοῶντες.
τοῖσι δὲ Πηλεΐδης ἁδινοῦ ἐξῆρχε γόοιο,
χεῖρας ἐπ' ἀνδροφόνους θέμενος στήθεσσιν ἑταίρου,
πυκνὰ μάλα στενάχων ὥς τε λὶς ἠϋγένειος,
ᾧ ῥά θ' ὑπὸ σκύμνους ἐλαφηβόλος ἁρπάσῃ ἀνὴρ
ὕλης ἐκ πυκινῆς· ὁ δέ τ' ἄχνυται ὕστερος ἐλθών,

[1] The thought is, if any one, being possessed of wealth, fears to spend the night in bivouac far from the city, let him give his goods outright to the folk, rather than allow them to be seized by the Achaeans—which, Hector implies, would be the inevitable result, if the counsel of Polydamas were followed.

pen the Achaeans beside the sea, no longer, thou fool, do thou show forth counsels such as these among the folk. For not a man of the Trojans will hearken to thee; I will not suffer it. Nay, come; even as I shall bid, let us all obey: for this present take ye your supper throughout the host by companies, and take heed to keep watch, and be wakeful every man. And of the Trojans whoso is distressed beyond measure for his goods, let him gather them together and give them to the folk for them to feast thereon in common;[1] better were it that they have profit thereof than the Achaeans! But in the morning, at the coming of Dawn, arrayed in our armour, let us arouse sharp battle at the hollow ships. But if in deed and in truth goodly Achilles is arisen by the ships, the worse shall it be for him, if he so will it. I verily will not flee from him out of dolorous war, but face to face will I stand against him, whether he shall win great victory, or haply I. Alike to all is the god of war, and lo, he slayeth him that would slay."

So Hector addressed their gathering, and thereat the Trojans shouted aloud, fools that they were! for from them Pallas Athene took away their wits. To Hector they all gave praise in his ill advising, but Polydamas no man praised, albeit he devised counsel that was good. So then they took supper throughout the host; but the Achaeans the whole night through made moan in lamentation for Patroclus. And among them the son of Peleus began the vehement lamentation, laying his man-slaying hands upon the breast of his comrade and uttering many a groan, even as a bearded lion whose whelps some hunter of stags hath snatched away from out the thick wood; and the lion coming back there-

πολλὰ δέ τ' ἄγκε' ἐπῆλθε μετ' ἀνέρος ἴχνι' ἐρευνῶν,
εἴ ποθεν ἐξεύροι· μάλα γὰρ δριμὺς χόλος αἱρεῖ·
ὣς ὁ βαρὺ στενάχων μετεφώνεε Μυρμιδόνεσσιν·
"Ὢ πόποι, ἦ ῥ' ἅλιον ἔπος ἔκβαλον ἤματι κείνῳ
θαρσύνων ἥρωα Μενοίτιον ἐν μεγάροισι·
φῆν δέ οἱ εἰς Ὀπόεντα περικλυτὸν υἱὸν ἀπάξειν
Ἴλιον ἐκπέρσαντα, λαχόντα τε ληΐδος αἶσαν.
ἀλλ' οὐ Ζεὺς ἄνδρεσσι νοήματα πάντα τελευτᾷ·
ἄμφω γὰρ πέπρωται ὁμοίην γαῖαν ἐρεῦσαι
αὐτοῦ ἐνὶ Τροίῃ, ἐπεὶ οὐδ' ἐμὲ νοστήσαντα
δέξεται ἐν μεγάροισι γέρων ἱππηλάτα Πηλεὺς
οὐδὲ Θέτις μήτηρ, ἀλλ' αὐτοῦ γαῖα καθέξει.
νῦν δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν, Πάτροκλε, σεῦ ὕστερος εἶμ' ὑπὸ γαῖαν,
οὔ σε πρὶν κτεριῶ, πρίν γ' Ἕκτορος ἐνθάδ' ἐνεῖκαι
τεύχεα καὶ κεφαλήν, μεγαθύμου σεῖο φονῆος·
δώδεκα δὲ προπάροιθε πυρῆς ἀποδειροτομήσω
Τρώων ἀγλαὰ τέκνα, σέθεν κταμένοιο χολωθείς.
τόφρα δέ μοι παρὰ νηυσὶ κορωνίσι κείσεαι αὔτως,
ἀμφὶ δὲ σὲ Τρῳαὶ καὶ Δαρδανίδες βαθύκολποι
κλαύσονται νύκτας τε καὶ ἤματα δάκρυ χέουσαι,
τὰς αὐτοὶ καμόμεσθα βίηφί τε δουρί τε μακρῷ,
πιείρας πέρθοντε πόλεις μερόπων ἀνθρώπων."
Ὣς εἰπὼν ἑτάροισιν ἐκέκλετο δῖος Ἀχιλλεὺς
ἀμφὶ πυρὶ στῆσαι τρίποδα μέγαν, ὄφρα τάχιστα
Πάτροκλον λούσειαν ἄπο βρότον αἱματόεντα.
οἱ δὲ λοετροχόον τρίποδ' ἵστασαν ἐν πυρὶ κηλέῳ,
ἐν δ' ἄρ' ὕδωρ ἔχεαν, ὑπὸ δὲ ξύλα δαῖον ἑλόντες.

after grieveth sore, and through many a glen he rangeth on the track of the footsteps of the man, if so be he may anywhere find him; for anger exceeding grim layeth hold of him. Even so with heavy groaning spake Achilles among the Myrmidons:

"Out upon it! Vain in sooth was the word I uttered on that day, when I sought to hearten the warrior Menoetius in our halls; and said that when I had sacked Ilios I would bring back to him unto Opoeis his glorious son with the share of the spoil that should fall to his lot. But lo, Zeus fulfilleth not for men all their purposes; for both of us twain are fated to redden the selfsame earth with our blood here in the land of Troy; since neither shall I come back to be welcomed of the old knight Peleus in his halls, nor of my mother Thetis, but even here shall the earth hold me fast. But now, Patroclus, seeing I shall after thee pass beneath the earth, I will not give thee burial till I have brought hither the armour and the head of Hector, the slayer of thee, the great-souled; and of twelve glorious sons of the Trojans will I cut the throats before thy pyre in my wrath at thy slaying. Until then beside the beaked ships shalt thou lie, even as thou art, and round about thee shall deep-bosomed Trojan and Dardanian women make lament night and day with shedding of tears, even they that we twain got us through toil by our might and our long spears, when we wasted rich cities of mortal men."

So saying, goodly Achilles bade his comrades set upon the fire a great cauldron, that with speed they might wash from Patroclus the bloody gore. And they set upon the blazing fire the cauldron for filling the bath, and poured in water, and took billets of

γάστρην μὲν τρίποδος πῦρ ἄμφεπε, θέρμετο δ' ὕδωρ·
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ δὴ ζέσσεν ὕδωρ ἐνὶ ἤνοπι χαλκῷ,
καὶ τότε δὴ λοῦσάν τε καὶ ἤλειψαν λίπ' ἐλαίῳ,
ἐν δ' ὠτειλὰς πλῆσαν ἀλείφατος ἐννεώροιο·
ἐν λεχέεσσι δὲ θέντες ἑανῷ λιτὶ κάλυψαν
ἐς πόδας ἐκ κεφαλῆς, καθύπερθε δὲ φάρεϊ λευκῷ.
παννύχιοι μὲν ἔπειτα πόδας ταχὺν ἀμφ' Ἀχιλῆα
Μυρμιδόνες Πάτροκλον ἀνεστενάχοντο γοῶντες·
Ζεὺς δ' Ἥρην προσέειπε κασιγνήτην ἄλοχόν τε·[1]
"ἔπρηξας καὶ ἔπειτα, βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη,
ἀνστήσασ' Ἀχιλῆα πόδας ταχύν· ἦ ῥά νυ σεῖο
ἐξ αὐτῆς ἐγένοντο κάρη κομόωντες Ἀχαιοί."
Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη·
"αἰνότατε Κρονίδη, ποῖον τὸν μῦθον ἔειπες.
καὶ μὲν δή πού τις μέλλει βροτὸς ἀνδρὶ τελέσσαι,
ὅς περ θνητός τ' ἐστὶ καὶ οὐ τόσα μήδεα οἶδε·
πῶς δὴ ἐγώ γ', ἥ φημι θεάων ἔμμεν ἀρίστη,
ἀμφότερον, γενεῇ τε καὶ οὕνεκα σὴ παράκοιτις
κέκλημαι, σὺ δὲ πᾶσι μετ' ἀθανάτοισιν ἀνάσσεις,
οὐκ ὄφελον Τρώεσσι κοτεσσαμένη κακὰ ῥάψαι;"
Ὣς οἱ μὲν τοιαῦτα πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἀγόρευον·
Ἡφαίστου δ' ἵκανε δόμον Θέτις ἀργυρόπεζα
ἄφθιτον ἀστερόεντα, μεταπρεπέ' ἀθανάτοισι,
χάλκεον, ὅν ῥ' αὐτὸς ποιήσατο κυλλοποδίων.
τὸν δ' εὗρ' ἱδρώοντα ἑλισσόμενον περὶ φύσας
σπεύδοντα· τρίποδας γὰρ ἐείκοσι πάντας ἔτευχεν
ἑστάμεναι περὶ τοῖχον ἐϋσταθέος μεγάροιο,

[1] Lines 356-367 were rejected by Zenodotus.

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[1] The number nine seems not infrequently to be used as a round number (*Odyssey* x. 19; xi. 311), and we must assume that the ointment was thought to improve with age.

wood and kindled them beneath it. Then the fire played about the belly of the cauldron, and the water grew warm. But when the water boiled in the bright bronze, then they washed him and anointed him richly with oil, filling his wounds with ointment of nine[1] years old; and they laid him upon his bed, and covered him with a soft linen cloth from head to foot, and thereover with a white robe. So the whole night through around Achilles, swift of foot, the Myrmidons made moan in lamentation for Patroclus; but Zeus spake unto Hera, his sister and his wife: "Thou hast then had thy way, O ox-eyed, queenly Hera; thou hast aroused Achilles, swift of foot. In good sooth must the long-haired Achaeans be children of thine own womb."

Then made answer to him the ox-eyed, queenly Hera: "Most dread son of Cronos, what a word hast thou said! Lo, even a man, I ween, is like to accomplish what he can for another man, one that is but mortal, and knoweth not all the wisdom that is mine. How then was I, that avow me to be highest of goddesses in twofold wise, for that I am eldest and am called thy wife, and thou art king among all the immortals—how was I not in my wrath against the Trojans to devise against them evil?"

On this wise spake they one to the other; but silver-footed Thetis came unto the house of Hephaestus, imperishable, decked with stars, preeminent among the houses of immortals, wrought all of bronze, that the crook-foot god himself had built him. Him she found sweating with toil as he moved to and fro about his bellows in eager haste; for he was fashioning tripods, twenty in all, to stand around

χρύσεα δέ σφ' ὑπὸ κύκλα ἑκάστῳ πυθμένι θῆκεν,
ὄφρα οἱ αὐτόματοι θεῖον δυσαίατ' ἀγῶνα
ἠδ' αὖτις πρὸς δῶμα νεοίατο, θαῦμα ἰδέσθαι.
οἱ δ' ἤ τοι τόσσον μὲν ἔχον τέλος, οὔατα δ' οὔ πω
δαιδάλεα προσέκειτο· τά ῥ' ἤρτυε, κόπτε δὲ δεσμούς.
ὄφρ' ὅ γε ταῦτα πονεῖτο ἰδυίῃσι πραπίδεσσι,
τόφρα οἱ ἐγγύθεν ἦλθε θεὰ Θέτις ἀργυρόπεζα.[1]
τὴν δὲ ἴδε προμολοῦσα Χάρις λιπαροκρήδεμνος
καλή, τὴν ὤπυιε περικλυτὸς ἀμφιγυήεις·
ἔν τ' ἄρα οἱ φῦ χειρὶ ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἔκ τ' ὀνόμαζε·
"τίπτε, Θέτι τανύπεπλε, ἱκάνεις ἡμέτερον δῶ
αἰδοίη τε φίλη τε; πάρος γε μὲν οὔ τι θαμίζεις.
ἀλλ' ἕπεο προτέρω, ἵνα τοι πὰρ ξείνια θείω."
Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσασα πρόσω ἄγε δῖα θεάων.
τὴν μὲν ἔπειτα καθεῖσεν ἐπὶ θρόνου ἀργυροήλου
καλοῦ δαιδαλέου· ὑπὸ δὲ θρῆνυς ποσὶν ἦεν·
κέκλετο δ' Ἥφαιστον κλυτοτέχνην εἶπέ τε μῦθον·
"Ἥφαιστε, πρόμολ' ὧδε· Θέτις νύ τι σεῖο χατίζει."
τὴν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα περικλυτὸς ἀμφιγυήεις·
"ἦ ῥά νύ μοι δεινή τε καὶ αἰδοίη θεὸς ἔνδον,
ἥ μ' ἐσάωσ', ὅτε μ' ἄλγος ἀφίκετο τῆλε πεσόντα
μητρὸς ἐμῆς ἰότητι κυνώπιδος, ἥ μ' ἐθέλησε
κρύψαι χωλὸν ἐόντα· τότ' ἂν πάθον ἄλγεα θυμῷ,
εἰ μή μ' Εὐρυνόμη τε Θέτις θ' ὑπεδέξατο κόλπῳ,
Εὐρυνόμη, θυγάτηρ ἀψορρόου Ὠκεανοῖο.
τῇσι παρ' εἰνάετες χάλκευον δαίδαλα πολλά,[2]

[1] Line 381 is omitted in many MSS.
[2] πολλά: πάντα Zenodotus and Aristophanes.

the wall of his well-builded hall, and golden wheels had he set beneath the base of each that of themselves they might enter the gathering of the gods at his wish and again return to his house, a wonder to behold. Thus much were they fully wrought, that not yet were the cunningly fashioned ears set thereon; these was he making ready, and was forging the rivets. And while he laboured thereat with cunning skill, meanwhile there drew nigh to him the goddess, silver-footed Thetis. And Charis of the gleaming veil came forward and marked her—fair Charis, whom the famed god of the two strong arms had wedded. And she clasped her by the hand, and spake, and addressed her: "Wherefore, long-robed Thetis, art thou come to our house, an honoured guest, and a welcome? Heretofore thou hast not been wont to come. But follow me further, that I may set before thee entertainment."

So saying the bright goddess led her on. Then she made her to sit on a silver-studded chair, a beautiful chair, richly-wrought, and beneath was a footstool for the feet; and she called to Hephaestus, the famed craftsman, and spake to him, saying: "Hephaestus, come forth hither; Thetis hath need of thee." And the famous god of the two strong arms answered her: "Verily then a dread and honoured goddess is within my halls, even she that saved me when pain was come upon me after I had fallen afar through the will of my shameless mother, that was fain to hide me away by reason of my lameness. Then had I suffered woes in heart, had not Eurynome and Thetis received me into their bosom—Eurynome, daughter of backward-flowing Oceanus. With them then for nine years' space I

πόρπας τε γναμπτάς θ' ἕλικας κάλυκάς τε καὶ ὅρμους
ἐν σπῆϊ γλαφυρῷ· περὶ δὲ ῥόος Ὠκεανοῖο
ἀφρῷ μορμύρων ῥέεν ἄσπετος· οὐδέ τις ἄλλος
ᾔδεεν οὔτε θεῶν οὔτε θνητῶν ἀνθρώπων,
ἀλλὰ Θέτις τε καὶ Εὐρυνόμη ἴσαν, αἵ μ' ἐσάωσαν.
ἣ νῦν ἡμέτερον δόμον ἵκει· τῶ με μάλα χρεὼ
πάντα Θέτι καλλιπλοκάμῳ ζῳάγρια τίνειν.
ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν νῦν οἱ παράθες ξεινήϊα καλά,
ὄφρ' ἂν ἐγὼ φύσας ἀποθείομαι ὅπλα τε πάντα."
Ἦ, καὶ ἀπ' ἀκμοθέτοιο πέλωρ αἴητον ἀνέστη
χωλεύων· ὑπὸ δὲ κνῆμαι ῥώοντο ἀραιαί.
φύσας μέν ῥ' ἀπάνευθε τίθει πυρός, ὅπλα τε πάντα
λάρνακ' ἐς ἀργυρέην συλλέξατο, τοῖς ἐπονεῖτο·
σπόγγῳ δ' ἀμφὶ πρόσωπα καὶ ἄμφω χεῖρ' ἀπομόργνυ
αὐχένα τε στιβαρὸν καὶ στήθεα λαχνήεντα,
δῦ δὲ χιτῶν', ἕλε δὲ σκῆπτρον παχύ, βῆ δὲ θύραζε
χωλεύων· ὑπὸ δ' ἀμφίπολοι ῥώοντο ἄνακτι
χρύσειαι, ζωῇσι νεήνισιν εἰοικυῖαι.
τῇς ἐν μὲν νόος ἐστὶ μετὰ φρεσίν, ἐν δὲ καὶ αὐδὴ
καὶ σθένος, ἀθανάτων δὲ θεῶν ἄπο ἔργα ἴσασιν.
αἱ μὲν ὕπαιθα ἄνακτος ἐποίπνυον· αὐτὰρ ὁ ἔρρων
πλησίον, ἔνθα Θέτις περ, ἐπὶ θρόνου ἷζε φαεινοῦ,
ἔν τ' ἄρα οἱ φῦ χειρὶ ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἔκ τ' ὀνόμαζε·
"τίπτε, Θέτι τανύπεπλε, ἱκάνεις ἡμέτερον δῶ
αἰδοίη τε φίλη τε; πάρος γε μὲν οὔ τι θαμίζεις.
αὔδα ὅ τι φρονέεις· τελέσαι δέ με θυμὸς ἄνωγεν,
εἰ δύναμαι τελέσαι γε καὶ εἰ τετελεσμένον ἐστίν."

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[1] The precise meaning of the words denoting the various articles of Hephaestus' fashioning it is impossible to determine with certainty, except in the case of ὅρμοι.

[2] The epithet αἴητον, which occurs only here, is wholly obscure.

forged much cunning handiwork, brooches, and spiral arm-bands, and rosettes and necklaces,[1] within their hollow cave; and round about me flowed, murmuring with foam, the stream of Oceanus, a flood unspeakable. Neither did any other know thereof, either of gods or of mortal men, but Thetis knew and Eurynome, even they that saved me. And now is Thetis come to my house; wherefore it verily behoveth me to pay unto fair-tressed Thetis the full price for the saving of my life. But do thou set before her fair entertainment, while I put aside my bellows and all my tools."

He spake, and from the anvil rose, a huge, panting[2] bulk, halting the while, but beneath him his slender legs moved nimbly. The bellows he set away from the fire, and gathered all the tools wherewith he wrought into a silver chest; and with a sponge wiped he his face and his two hands withal, and his mighty neck and shaggy breast, and put upon him a tunic, and grasped a stout staff, and went forth halting; but there moved swiftly to support their lord handmaidens wrought of gold in the semblance of living maids. In them is understanding in their hearts, and in them speech and strength, and they know cunning handiwork by gift of the immortal gods. These busily moved to support their lord, and he, limping nigh to where Thetis was, sat him down upon a shining chair; and he clasped her by the hand, and spake, and addressed her: "Wherefore, long-robed Thetis, art thou come to our house, an honoured guest and a welcome? Heretofore thou hast not been wont to come. Speak what is in thy mind; my heart bids me fulfil it, if fulfil it I can, and it is a thing that hath fulfilment."

Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα Θέτις κατὰ δάκρυ χέουσα·
"Ἥφαιστ', ἦ ἄρα δή τις, ὅσαι θεαί εἰσ' ἐν Ὀλύμπῳ,
τοσσάδ' ἐνὶ φρεσὶν ᾗσιν ἀνέσχετο κήδεα λυγρά,
ὅσσ' ἐμοὶ ἐκ πασέων Κρονίδης Ζεὺς ἄλγε' ἔδωκεν;
ἐκ μέν μ' ἀλλάων ἁλιάων ἀνδρὶ δάμασσεν,
Αἰακίδῃ Πηλῆϊ, καὶ ἔτλην ἀνέρος εὐνὴν
πολλὰ μάλ' οὐκ ἐθέλουσα. ὁ μὲν δὴ γήραϊ λυγρῷ
κεῖται ἐνὶ μεγάροις ἀρημένος, ἄλλα δέ μοι νῦν·
υἱὸν ἐπεί μοι δῶκε γενέσθαι τε τραφέμεν τε,
ἔξοχον ἡρώων· ὁ δ' ἀνέδραμεν ἔρνεϊ ἶσος·
τὸν μὲν ἐγὼ θρέψασα φυτὸν ὣς γουνῷ ἀλωῆς,
νηυσὶν ἐπιπροέηκα κορωνίσιν Ἴλιον εἴσω
Τρωσὶ μαχησόμενον· τὸν δ' οὐχ ὑποδέξομαι αὖτις
οἴκαδε νοστήσαντα δόμον Πηλήϊον εἴσω.[1]
ὄφρα δέ μοι ζώει καὶ ὁρᾷ φάος ἠελίοιο,
ἄχνυται, οὐδέ τί οἱ δύναμαι χραισμῆσαι ἰοῦσα.
κούρην ἣν ἄρα οἱ γέρας ἔξελον υἷες Ἀχαιῶν,[2]
τὴν ἂψ ἐκ χειρῶν ἕλετο κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων.
ἦ τοι ὁ τῆς ἀχέων φρένας ἔφθιεν· αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὺς
Τρῶες ἐπὶ πρύμνῃσιν ἐείλεον, οὐδὲ θύραζε
εἴων ἐξιέναι· τὸν δὲ λίσσοντο γέροντες
Ἀργείων, καὶ πολλὰ περικλυτὰ δῶρ' ὀνόμαζον.
ἔνθ' αὐτὸς μὲν ἔπειτ' ἠναίνετο λοιγὸν ἀμῦναι,
αὐτὰρ ὁ Πάτροκλον περὶ μὲν τὰ ἃ τεύχεα ἕσσε,
πέμπε δέ μιν πόλεμόνδε, πολὺν δ' ἅμα λαὸν ὄπασσε.
πᾶν δ' ἦμαρ μάρναντο περὶ Σκαιῇσι πύλῃσι·
καί νύ κεν αὐτῆμαρ πόλιν ἔπραθον, εἰ μὴ Ἀπόλλων
πολλὰ κακὰ ῥέξαντα Μενοιτίου ἄλκιμον υἱὸν
ἔκταν' ἐνὶ προμάχοισι καὶ Ἕκτορι κῦδος ἔδωκε.

[1] Line 441 was lacking in some ancient editions.
[2] Lines 444-456 were rejected by Aristarchus.

And Thetis made answer to him, shedding tears the while: "Hephaestus, is there now any goddess, of all those that are in Olympus, that hath endured so many grievous woes in her heart as are the sorrows that Zeus, son of Cronos, hath given me beyond all others? Of all the daughters of the sea he subdued me alone to a mortal, even to Peleus, son of Aeacus, and I endured the bed of a mortal albeit sore against my will. And lo, he lieth in his halls fordone with grievous old age, but now other griefs are mine. A son he gave me to bear and to rear, pre-eminent among warriors, and he shot up like a sapling; then when I had reared him as a tree in a rich orchard plot, I sent him forth in the beaked ships to Ilios to war with the Trojans; but never again shall I welcome him back to his home, to the house of Peleus. And while yet he liveth, and beholdeth the light of the sun, he hath sorrow, nor can I any wise help him, though I go to him. The girl that the sons of the Achaeans chose out for him as a prize, her hath the lord Agamemnon taken back from out his arms. Verily in grief for her was he wasting his heart; but the Achaeans were the Trojans penning at the sterns of the ships, and would not suffer them to go forth. And to him the elders of the Argives made prayer, and named many glorious gifts. Then albeit he refused himself to ward from them ruin, yet clad he Patroclus in his own armour and sent him into the war, and added therewithal much people. All day long they fought around the Scaean gates, and on that selfsame day had laid the city waste, but that, after the valiant son of Menoetius had wrought sore harm, Apollo slew him amid the foremost fighters and gave glory to Hector.

τοὔνεκα νῦν τὰ σὰ γούναθ' ἱκάνομαι, αἴ κ' ἐθέλῃσθα
υἷ' ἐμῷ ὠκυμόρῳ δόμεν ἀσπίδα καὶ τρυφάλειαν
καὶ καλὰς κνημῖδας ἐπισφυρίοις ἀραρυίας,
καὶ θώρηχ'· ὃ γὰρ ἦν οἱ ἀπώλεσε πιστὸς ἑταῖρος
Τρωσὶ δαμείς· ὁ δὲ κεῖται ἐπὶ χθονὶ θυμὸν ἀχεύων."
Τὴν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα περικλυτὸς ἀμφιγυήεις·
"θάρσει· μή τοι ταῦτα μετὰ φρεσὶ σῇσι μελόντων.
αἲ γάρ μιν θανάτοιο δυσηχέος ὧδε δυναίμην
νόσφιν ἀποκρύψαι, ὅτε μιν μόρος αἰνὸς ἱκάνοι,
ὥς οἱ τεύχεα καλὰ παρέσσεται,[1] οἷά τις αὖτε
ἀνθρώπων πολέων θαυμάσσεται, ὅς κεν ἴδηται."
Ὣς εἰπὼν τὴν μὲν λίπεν αὐτοῦ, βῆ δ' ἐπὶ φύσας·
τὰς δ' ἐς πῦρ ἔτρεψε κέλευσέ τε ἐργάζεσθαι.
φῦσαι δ' ἐν χοάνοισιν ἐείκοσι πᾶσαι ἐφύσων,
παντοίην εὔπρηστον ἀϋτμὴν ἐξανιεῖσαι,
ἄλλοτε μὲν σπεύδοντι παρέμμεναι, ἄλλοτε δ' αὖτε,
ὅππως Ἥφαιστός τ' ἐθέλοι καὶ ἔργον ἄνοιτο.
χαλκὸν δ' ἐν πυρὶ βάλλεν ἀτειρέα κασσίτερόν τε
καὶ χρυσὸν τιμῆντα καὶ ἄργυρον· αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα
θῆκεν ἐν ἀκμοθέτῳ μέγαν ἄκμονα, γέντο δὲ χειρὶ
ῥαιστῆρα κρατερήν, ἑτέρηφι δὲ γέντο πυράγρην.
Ποίει δὲ πρώτιστα σάκος μέγα τε στιβαρόν τε
πάντοσε δαιδάλλων, περὶ δ' ἄντυγα βάλλε φαεινὴν
τρίπλακα μαρμαρέην, ἐκ δ' ἀργύρεον τελαμῶνα.
πέντε δ' ἄρ' αὐτοῦ ἔσαν σάκεος πτύχες· αὐτὰρ ἐν αὐτῷ
ποίει δαίδαλα πολλὰ ἰδυίῃσι πραπίδεσσιν.
Ἐν μὲν γαῖαν ἔτευξ', ἐν δ' οὐρανόν, ἐν δὲ θάλασσαν,[2]

[1] παρέσσεται: παρέξομαι Zenodotus and Aristophanes.
[2] Lines 483-608 were rejected by Zenodotus.

Therefore am I now come to thy knees, if so be thou wilt be minded to give my son, that is doomed to a speedy death, shield and helmet, and goodly greaves fitted with ankle-pieces, and corselet. For the harness that was his aforetime his trusty comrade lost, when he was slain by the Trojans; and my son lieth on the ground in anguish of heart."

Then the famous god of the two strong arms answered her: "Be of good cheer, neither let these things distress thy heart. Would that I might so surely avail to hide him afar from dolorous death, when dread fate cometh upon him, as verily goodly armour shall be his, such that in aftertime many a one among the multitude of men shall marvel, whosoever shall behold it."

So saying he left her there and went unto his bellows, and he turned these toward the fire and bade them work. And the bellows, twenty in all, blew upon the melting-vats, sending forth a ready blast of every force, now to further him as he laboured hard, and again in whatsoever way Hephaestus might wish and his work go on. And on the fire he put stubborn bronze and tin and precious gold and silver; and thereafter he set on the anvil-block a great anvil, and took in one hand a massive hammer, and in the other took he the tongs.

First fashioned he a shield, great and sturdy, adorning it cunningly in every part, and round about it set a bright rim, threefold and glittering, and therefrom made fast a silver baldric. Five were the layers of the shield itself; and on it he wrought many curious devices with cunning skill.

Therein he wrought the earth, therein the heavens

ἠέλιόν τ' ἀκάμαντα σελήνην τε πλήθουσαν,
ἐν δὲ τὰ τείρεα πάντα, τά τ' οὐρανὸς ἐστεφάνωται,[1]
Πληϊάδας θ' Ὑάδας τε τό τε σθένος Ὠρίωνος
Ἄρκτον θ', ἣν καὶ Ἄμαξαν ἐπίκλησιν καλέουσιν,
ἥ τ' αὐτοῦ στρέφεται καί τ' Ὠρίωνα δοκεύει,
οἴη δ' ἄμμορός ἐστι λοετρῶν Ὠκεανοῖο.
Ἐν δὲ δύω ποίησε πόλεις μερόπων ἀνθρώπων
καλάς. ἐν τῇ μέν ῥα γάμοι τ' ἔσαν εἰλαπίναι τε,
νύμφας δ' ἐκ θαλάμων δαΐδων ὕπο λαμπομενάων
ἠγίνεον ἀνὰ ἄστυ, πολὺς δ' ὑμέναιος ὀρώρει.
κοῦροι δ' ὀρχηστῆρες ἐδίνεον, ἐν δ' ἄρα τοῖσιν
αὐλοὶ φόρμιγγές τε βοὴν ἔχον· αἱ δὲ γυναῖκες
ἱστάμεναι θαύμαζον ἐπὶ προθύροισιν ἑκάστη.
λαοὶ δ' εἰν ἀγορῇ ἔσαν ἀθρόοι· ἔνθα δὲ νεῖκος
ὠρώρει, δύο δ' ἄνδρες ἐνείκεον εἵνεκα ποινῆς
ἀνδρὸς ἀποκταμένου·[2] ὁ μὲν εὔχετο πάντ' ἀποδοῦναι
δήμῳ πιφαύσκων, ὁ δ' ἀναίνετο μηδὲν ἑλέσθαι·
ἄμφω δ' ἱέσθην ἐπὶ ἴστορι πεῖραρ ἑλέσθαι.

[1] οὐρανὸς ἐστεφάνωται: οὐρανὸν ἐστεφάνωκε Aristarchus, οὐρανὸν ἐστήρικται Zenodotus.
[2] ἀποκταμένου Zenodotus: ἀποφθιμένου.

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[1] This difficult but interesting passage is fully discussed by Leaf in the *Journal of Hellenic Studies*, viii. pp. 122 ff., and in his *Iliad*, ii. 610 ff. The question at issue is one of paramount importance in early society: whether or not, namely, the shedder of blood should be allowed to settle with the kinsfolk of the man slain by payment of a blood-price. Others prefer to render the clause ὁ δ' ἀναίνετο μηδὲν ἑλέσθαι, "but the other denied that he had received aught," thus making the debate turn upon a question of fact merely, whether or not the price had been paid—an interpretation which lessens the significance of the scene, and somewhat strains the use of ἀναίνομαι. In either case it is plain that the disputants lay the matter in the hands of an umpire,

therein the sea, and the unwearied sun, and the moon at the full, and therein all the constellations wherewith heaven is crowned—the Pleiades, and the Hyades and the mighty Orion, and the Bear, that men call also the Wain, that circleth ever in her place, and watcheth Orion, and alone hath no part in the baths of Ocean.

Therein fashioned he also two cities of mortal men exceeding fair. In the one there were marriages and feastings, and by the light of the blazing torches they were leading the brides from their bowers through the city, and loud rose the bridal song. And young men were whirling in the dance, and in their midst flutes and lyres sounded continually; and there the women stood each before her door and marvelled. But the folk were gathered in the place of assembly; for there a strife had arisen, and two men were striving about the blood-price of a man slain; the one avowed that he had paid all, declaring his cause to the people, but the other refused to accept aught;[1] and each was fain to win the issue on the word of a daysman. Moreover, the folk were

or "daysman," who in turn, upon learning that it is a question of homicide, refers the matter to "the elders." The two talents of gold (too small a sum to be taken to represent the blood-price itself) are to be understood as a fee, one talent presumably having been deposited by each litigant, for that one among the "judges" whose decision should meet with the most general approbation. The alternative view, that the two talents were to be paid to him "who should best plead his cause," does violence to the meaning both of *δίκαζον* and *ἰθύντατα*. (The relatively small value of the Homeric talent is proved *e.g.* by xxiii. 262-270, where two talents form only the *fourth* prize. See Ridgeway, *Journal of Philology*, x. 30, and *Journal of Hellenic Studies*, viii. 133 ff.)

λαοὶ δ' ἀμφοτέροισιν ἐπήπυον, ἀμφὶς ἀρωγοί.
κήρυκες δ' ἄρα λαὸν ἐρήτυον· οἱ δὲ γέροντες
ἥατ' ἐπὶ ξεστοῖσι λίθοις ἱερῷ ἐνὶ κύκλῳ,
σκῆπτρα δὲ κηρύκων ἐν χέρσ' ἔχον ἠεροφώνων·
τοῖσιν ἔπειτ' ἤϊσσον, ἀμοιβηδὶς δὲ δίκαζον.
κεῖτο δ' ἄρ' ἐν μέσσοισι δύω χρυσοῖο τάλαντα,
τῷ δόμεν ὃς μετὰ τοῖσι δίκην ἰθύντατα εἴποι.
Τὴν δ' ἑτέρην πόλιν ἀμφὶ δύω στρατοὶ ἥατο λαῶν
τεύχεσι λαμπόμενοι· δίχα δέ σφισιν ἥνδανε βουλή,
ἠὲ διαπραθέειν ἢ ἄνδιχα πάντα δάσασθαι,
κτῆσιν ὅσην πτολίεθρον ἐπήρατον ἐντὸς ἔεργεν·
οἱ δ' οὔ πω πείθοντο, λόχῳ δ' ὑπεθωρήσσοντο.
τεῖχος μέν ῥ' ἄλοχοί τε φίλαι καὶ νήπια τέκνα
ῥύατ' ἐφεσταότες, μετὰ δ' ἀνέρες οὓς ἔχε γῆρας·
οἱ δ' ἴσαν· ἦρχε δ' ἄρα σφιν Ἄρης καὶ Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη,
ἄμφω χρυσείω, χρύσεια δὲ εἵματα ἕσθην,
καλὼ καὶ μεγάλω σὺν τεύχεσιν, ὥς τε θεώ περ
ἀμφὶς ἀριζήλω· λαοὶ δ' ὑπ' ὀλίζονες ἦσαν.
οἱ δ' ὅτε δή ῥ' ἵκανον ὅθι σφίσιν εἶκε λοχῆσαι,
ἐν ποταμῷ, ὅθι τ' ἀρδμὸς ἔην πάντεσσι βοτοῖσιν,
ἔνθ' ἄρα τοί γ' ἵζοντ' εἰλυμένοι αἴθοπι χαλκῷ.
τοῖσι δ' ἔπειτ' ἀπάνευθε δύω σκοποὶ ἥατο λαῶν,
δέγμενοι ὁππότε μῆλα ἰδοίατο καὶ ἕλικας βοῦς.
οἱ δὲ τάχα προγένοντο, δύω δ' ἅμ' ἕποντο νομῆες
τερπόμενοι σύριγξι· δόλον δ' οὔ τι προνόησαν.

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[1] The thought is that the besiegers might be "bought off," and led to spare the city, if half the possessions of the townsfolk were handed over to them as ransom. In xxii. 117-121 Hector debates whether he should not make this very proposal to Achilles.

cheering both, shewing favour to this side and to that. And heralds held back the folk, and the elders were sitting upon polished stones in the sacred circle, holding in their hands the staves of the loud-voiced heralds. Therewith then would they spring up and give judgment, each in turn. And in the midst lay two talents of gold, to be given to him whoso among them should utter the most righteous judgment.

But around the other city lay in leaguer two hosts of warriors gleaming in armour. And twofold plans found favour with them, either to lay waste the town or to divide in portions twain all the substance that the lovely city contained within.[1] Howbeit the besieged would nowise hearken thereto, but were arming to meet the foe in an ambush. The wall were their dear wives and little children guarding, as they stood thereon, and therewithal the men that were holden of old age; but the rest were faring forth, led of Ares and Pallas Athene, both fashioned in gold, and of gold was the raiment wherewith they were clad. Goodly were they and tall in their harness, as beseemeth gods, clear to view amid the rest, and the folk at their feet were smaller. But when they were come to the place where it seemed good unto them to set their ambush, in a river-bed where was a watering-place for all herds alike, there they sate them down, clothed about with flaming bronze. Thereafter were two scouts set by them apart from the host, waiting till they should have sight of the sheep and sleek cattle. And these came presently, and two herdsmen followed with them playing upon pipes; and of the guile wist they not at all. But the liers-in-wait, when they saw

οἱ μὲν τὰ προϊδόντες ἐπέδραμον, ὦκα δ' ἔπειτα
τάμνοντ' ἀμφὶ βοῶν ἀγέλας καὶ πώεα καλὰ[1]
ἀργεννέων οἰῶν, κτεῖνον δ' ἐπὶ μηλοβοτῆρας.
οἱ δ' ὡς οὖν ἐπύθοντο πολὺν κέλαδον παρὰ βουσὶν
εἰράων προπάροιθε καθήμενοι, αὐτίκ' ἐφ' ἵππων
βάντες ἀερσιπόδων μετεκίαθον, αἶψα δ' ἵκοντο.
στησάμενοι δ' ἐμάχοντο μάχην ποταμοῖο παρ' ὄχθας,
βάλλον δ' ἀλλήλους χαλκήρεσιν ἐγχείῃσιν.
ἐν δ' Ἔρις ἐν δὲ Κυδοιμὸς ὁμίλεον, ἐν δ' ὀλοὴ Κήρ,
ἄλλον ζωὸν ἔχουσα νεούτατον, ἄλλον ἄουτον,
ἄλλον τεθνηῶτα κατὰ μόθον ἕλκε ποδοῖιν·
εἶμα δ' ἔχ' ἀμφ' ὤμοισι δαφοινεὸν αἵματι φωτῶν.
ὡμίλευν δ' ὥς τε ζωοὶ βροτοὶ ἠδ' ἐμάχοντο,
νεκρούς τ' ἀλλήλων ἔρυον κατατεθνηῶτας.
Ἐν δ' ἐτίθει νειὸν μαλακήν, πίειραν ἄρουραν,
εὐρεῖαν τρίπολον· πολλοὶ δ' ἀροτῆρες ἐν αὐτῇ
ζεύγεα δινεύοντες ἐλάστρεον ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα.
οἱ δ' ὁπότε στρέψαντες ἱκοίατο τέλσον ἀρούρης,
τοῖσι δ' ἔπειτ' ἐν χερσὶ δέπας μελιηδέος οἴνου
δόσκεν ἀνὴρ ἐπιών· τοὶ δὲ στρέψασκον ἀν' ὄγμους,
ἱέμενοι νειοῖο βαθείης τέλσον ἱκέσθαι.
ἡ δὲ μελαίνετ' ὄπισθεν, ἀρηρομένῃ δὲ ἐῴκει,
χρυσείη περ ἐοῦσα· τὸ δὴ περὶ θαῦμα τέτυκτο.
Ἐν δ' ἐτίθει τέμενος βασιλήϊον·[2] ἔνθα δ' ἔριθοι
ἤμων ὀξείας δρεπάνας ἐν χερσὶν ἔχοντες.
δράγματα δ' ἄλλα μετ' ὄγμον ἐπήτριμα πῖπτον ἔραζε,

[1] πώεα καλὰ: πῶυ μέγ' οἰῶν Zenodotus.
[2] βασιλήϊον: βαθυλήϊον.

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[1] The word εἰράων, occurring here only, was thus interpreted in antiquity.

these coming on, rushed forth against them and speedily cut off the herds of cattle and fair flocks of white-fleeced sheep, and slew the herdsmen withal. But the besiegers, as they sat before the places of gathering [1] and heard much tumult among the kine, mounted forthwith behind their high-stepping horses, and set out thitherward, and speedily came upon them. Then set they their battle in array and fought beside the river banks, and were ever smiting one another with bronze-tipped spears. And amid them Strife and Tumult joined in the fray, and deadly Fate, grasping one man alive, fresh-wounded, another without a wound, and another she dragged dead through the mellay by the feet; and the raiment that she had about her shoulders was red with the blood of men. Even as living mortals joined they in the fray and fought; and they were haling away each the bodies of the others' slain.

Therein he set also soft fallow-land, rich tilth and wide, that was three times ploughed; and ploughers full many therein were wheeling their yokes and driving them this way and that. And whensoever after turning they came to the headland of the field, then would a man come forth to each and give into his hands a cup of honey-sweet wine; and the ploughmen would turn them in the furrows, eager to reach the headland of the deep tilth. And the field grew black behind and seemed verily as it had been ploughed, for all that it was of gold; herein was the great marvel of the work.

Therein he set also a king's demesne-land, wherein labourers were reaping, bearing sharp sickles in their hands. Some handfuls were falling in rows to the ground along the swathe, while others the binders

ἄλλα δ' ἀμαλλοδετῆρες ἐν ἐλλεδανοῖσι δέοντο.
τρεῖς δ' ἄρ' ἀμαλλοδετῆρες ἐφέστασαν· αὐτὰρ ὄπισθε
παῖδες δραγμεύοντες, ἐν ἀγκαλίδεσσι φέροντες,
ἀσπερχὲς πάρεχον· βασιλεὺς δ' ἐν τοῖσι σιωπῇ
σκῆπτρον ἔχων ἑστήκει ἐπ' ὄγμου γηθόσυνος κῆρ.
κήρυκες δ' ἀπάνευθεν ὑπὸ δρυῒ δαῖτα πένοντο,
βοῦν δ' ἱερεύσαντες μέγαν ἄμφεπον· αἱ δὲ γυναῖκες
δεῖπνον ἐρίθοισιν λεύκ' ἄλφιτα πολλὰ πάλυνον.
Ἐν δὲ τίθει σταφυλῇσι μέγα βρίθουσαν ἀλωὴν
καλὴν χρυσείην· μέλανες δ' ἀνὰ βότρυες ἦσαν,
ἑστήκει δὲ κάμαξι διαμπερὲς ἀργυρέῃσιν.
ἀμφὶ δὲ κυανέην κάπετον, περὶ δ' ἕρκος ἔλασσε
κασσιτέρου· μία δ' οἴη ἀταρπιτὸς ἦεν ἐπ' αὐτήν,
τῇ νίσοντο φορῆες, ὅτε τρυγόῳεν ἀλωήν.
παρθενικαὶ δὲ καὶ ἠΐθεοι ἀταλὰ φρονέοντες
πλεκτοῖς ἐν ταλάροισι φέρον μελιηδέα καρπόν.
τοῖσιν δ' ἐν μέσσοισι πάϊς φόρμιγγι λιγείῃ
ἱμερόεν κιθάριζε, λίνον[1] δ' ὑπὸ καλὸν ἄειδε
λεπταλέῃ φωνῇ· τοὶ δὲ ῥήσσοντες ἁμαρτῇ
μολπῇ τ' ἰυγμῷ τε ποσὶ σκαίροντες ἕποντο.
Ἐν δ' ἀγέλην ποίησε βοῶν ὀρθοκραιράων·
αἱ δὲ βόες χρυσοῖο τετεύχατο κασσιτέρου τε,
μυκηθμῷ δ' ἀπὸ κόπρου ἐπεσσεύοντο νομόνδε
πὰρ ποταμὸν κελάδοντα, παρὰ ῥοδανὸν δονακῆα.
χρύσειοι δὲ νομῆες ἅμ' ἐστιχόωντο βόεσσι
τέσσαρες, ἐννέα δέ σφι κύνες πόδας ἀργοὶ ἕποντο.
σμερδαλέω δὲ λέοντε δύ' ἐν πρώτῃσι βόεσσι

[1] λίνον: λίνος Zenodotus.

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[1] The Linos-song was a dirge for the departing summer. This rendering follows Aristarchus. Zenodotus read λίνος, which gives the sense, "the string (of the lyre) sang sweetly in accompaniment of his delicate voice."

of sheaves were binding with twisted ropes of straw. Three binders stood hard by them, while behind them boys would gather the handfuls, and bearing them in their arms would busily give them to the binders; and among them the king, staff in hand, was standing in silence at the swathe, joying in his heart. And heralds apart beneath an oak were making ready a feast, and were dressing a great ox they had slain for sacrifice; and the women sprinkled the flesh with white barley in abundance, for the workers' mid-day meal.

Therein he set also a vineyard heavily laden with clusters, a vineyard fair and wrought of gold; black were the grapes, and the vines were set up throughout on silver poles. And around it he drave a trench of cyanus, and about that a fence of tin; and one single path led thereto, whereby the vintagers went and came, whensoever they gathered the vintage. And maidens and youths in childish glee were bearing the honey-sweet fruit in wicker baskets. And in their midst a boy made pleasant music with a clear-toned lyre, and thereto sang sweetly the Linos-song [1] with his delicate voice; and his fellows beating the earth in unison therewith followed on with bounding feet mid dance and shoutings.

And therein he wrought a herd of straight-horned kine: the kine were fashioned of gold and tin, and with lowing hasted they forth from byre to pasture beside the sounding river, beside the waving reed. And golden were the herdsmen that walked beside the kine, four in number, and nine dogs swift of foot followed after them. But two dread lions amid the foremost kine were holding a loud-lowing bull, and

ταῦρον ἐρύγμηλον ἐχέτην· ὁ δὲ μακρὰ μεμυκὼς
ἕλκετο· τὸν δὲ κύνες μετεκίαθον ἠδ᾽ αἰζηοί.
τὼ μὲν ἀναρρήξαντε βοὸς μεγάλοιο βοείην
ἔγκατα καὶ μέλαν αἷμα λαφύσσετον· οἱ δὲ νομῆες
αὔτως[1] ἐνδίεσαν ταχέας κύνας ὀτρύνοντες.
οἱ δ᾽ ἤ τοι δακέειν μὲν ἀπετρωπῶντο λεόντων,
ἱστάμενοι δὲ μάλ᾽ ἐγγὺς ὑλάκτεον ἔκ τ᾽ ἀλέοντο.
'Εν δὲ νομὸν ποίησε περικλυτὸς ἀμφιγυήεις
ἐν καλῇ βήσσῃ μέγαν οἰῶν ἀργεννάων,
σταθμούς τε κλισίας τε κατηρεφέας ἰδὲ σηκούς.
'Εν δὲ χορὸν ποίκιλλε περικλυτὸς ἀμφιγυήεις
τῷ ἴκελον οἷόν ποτ᾽ ἐνὶ Κνωσῷ εὐρείῃ
Δαίδαλος ἤσκησεν καλλιπλοκάμῳ 'Αριάδνῃ.
ἔνθα μὲν ἠΐθεοι καὶ παρθένοι ἀλφεσίβοιαι
ὠρχεῦντ᾽, ἀλλήλων ἐπὶ καρπῷ χεῖρας ἔχοντες.
τῶν δ᾽ αἱ μὲν λεπτὰς ὀθόνας ἔχον, οἱ δὲ χιτῶνας
εἵατ᾽ ἐϋννήτους, ἦκα στίλβοντας ἐλαίῳ·
καί ῥ᾽ αἱ μὲν καλὰς στεφάνας ἔχον, οἱ δὲ μαχαίρας[2]
εἶχον χρυσείας ἐξ ἀργυρέων τελαμώνων.
οἱ δ᾽ ὁτὲ μὲν θρέξασκον ἐπισταμένοισι πόδεσσι
ῥεῖα μάλ᾽, ὡς ὅτε τις τροχὸν ἄρμενον ἐν παλάμῃσιν
ἑζόμενος κεραμεὺς πειρήσεται, αἴ κε θέῃσιν·
ἄλλοτε δ᾽ αὖ θρέξασκον ἐπὶ στίχας ἀλλήλοισι.
πολλὸς δ᾽ ἱμερόεντα χορὸν περιίσταθ᾽ ὅμιλος
τερπόμενοι· δοιὼ δὲ κυβιστητῆρε κατ᾽ αὐτοὺς
μολπῆς ἐξάρχοντες ἐδίνευον κατὰ μέσσους.
'Εν δὲ τίθει ποταμοῖο μέγα σθένος 'Ωκεανοῖο
ἄντυγα πὰρ πυμάτην σάκεος πύκα ποιητοῖο.
Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ δὴ τεῦξε σάκος μέγα τε στιβαρόν τε,

[1] αὔτως: οὕτως Zenodotus.
[2] Lines 597 f. were rejected by Aristophanes and Aristarchus.

he, bellowing mightily, was haled of them, while after him pursued the dogs and young men. The lions twain had rent the hide of the great bull, and were devouring the inward parts and the black blood, while the herdsmen vainly sought to fright them, tarring on the swift hounds. Howbeit these shrank from fastening on the lions, but stood hard by and barked and sprang aside.

Therein also the famed god of the two strong arms wrought a pasture in a fair dell, a great pasture of white-fleeced sheep, and folds, and roofed huts, and pens.

Therein furthermore the famed god of the two strong arms cunningly wrought a dancing-floor like unto that which in wide Cnosus Daedalus fashioned of old for fair-tressed Ariadne. There were youths dancing and maidens of the price of many cattle, holding their hands upon the wrists one of the other. Of these the maidens were clad in fine linen, while the youths wore well-woven tunics faintly glistening with oil; and the maidens had fair chaplets, and the youths had daggers of gold hanging from silver baldrics. Now would they run round with cunning feet exceeding lightly, as when a potter sitteth by his wheel that is fitted between his hands and maketh trial of it whether it will run; and now again would they run in rows toward each other. And a great company stood around the lovely dance, taking joy therein; and two tumblers whirled up and down through the midst of them as leaders in the dance.

Therein he set also the great might of the river Oceanus, around the uttermost rim of the strongly-wrought shield.

But when he had wrought the shield, great and

τεῦξ' ἄρα οἱ θώρηκα φαεινότερον πυρὸς αὐγῆς,
τεῦξε δέ οἱ κόρυθα βριαρὴν κροτάφοις ἀραρυῖαν,
καλὴν δαιδαλέην, ἐπὶ δὲ χρύσεον λόφον ἧκε,
τεῦξε δέ οἱ κνημῖδας ἑανοῦ κασσιτέροιο.
Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ πάνθ' ὅπλα κάμε κλυτὸς ἀμφιγυήεις,
μητρὸς Ἀχιλλῆος θῆκε προπάροιθεν ἀείρας.
ἡ δ' ἴρηξ ὣς ἆλτο κατ' Οὐλύμπου νιφόεντος,
τεύχεα μαρμαίροντα παρ' Ἡφαίστοιο φέρουσα.

sturdy, then wrought he for him a corselet brighter than the blaze of fire, and he wrought for him a heavy helmet, fitted to his temples, a fair helm, richly-dight, and set thereon a crest of gold; and he wrought him greaves of pliant tin.

But when the glorious god of the two strong arms had fashioned all the armour, he took and laid it before the mother of Achilles. And like a falcon she sprang down from snowy Olympus, bearing the flashing armour from Hephaestus.

ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Τ

Ἠὼς μὲν κροκόπεπλος ἀπ᾽ Ὠκεανοῖο ῥοάων
ὄρνυθ᾽, ἵν᾽ ἀθανάτοισι φόως φέροι ἠδὲ βροτοῖσιν·
ἡ δ᾽ ἐς νῆας ἵκανε θεοῦ πάρα δῶρα φέρουσα.
εὗρε δὲ Πατρόκλῳ περικείμενον ὃν φίλον υἱόν,
κλαίοντα λιγέως· πολέες δ᾽ ἀμφ᾽ αὐτὸν ἑταῖροι
μύρονθ᾽· ἡ δ᾽ ἐν τοῖσι παρίστατο δῖα θεάων,
ἔν τ᾽ ἄρα οἱ φῦ χειρὶ ἔπος τ᾽ ἔφατ᾽ ἔκ τ᾽ ὀνόμαζε·
“τέκνον ἐμόν, τοῦτον μὲν ἐάσομεν ἀχνύμενοί περ
κεῖσθαι, ἐπεὶ δὴ πρῶτα θεῶν ἰότητι δαμάσθη·
τύνη δ᾽ Ἡφαίστοιο πάρα κλυτὰ τεύχεα δέξο,
καλὰ μάλ᾽, οἷ᾽ οὔ πώ τις ἀνὴρ ὤμοισι φόρησεν.”
Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσασα θεὰ κατὰ τεύχε᾽ ἔθηκε
πρόσθεν Ἀχιλλῆος· τὰ δ᾽ ἀνέβραχε δαίδαλα πάντα.
Μυρμιδόνας δ᾽ ἄρα πάντας ἕλε τρόμος,[1] οὐδέ τις ἔτλη
ἄντην εἰσιδέειν, ἀλλ᾽ ἔτρεσαν. αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς
ὡς εἶδ᾽, ὥς μιν μᾶλλον ἔδυ χόλος, ἐν δέ οἱ ὄσσε
δεινὸν ὑπὸ βλεφάρων ὡς εἰ σέλας ἐξεφάανθεν·
τέρπετο δ᾽ ἐν χείρεσσιν ἔχων θεοῦ ἀγλαὰ δῶρα.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ φρεσὶν ᾗσι τετάρπετο δαίδαλα λεύσσων,
αὐτίκα μητέρα ἣν ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
“μῆτερ ἐμή, τὰ μὲν ὅπλα θεὸς πόρεν οἷ᾽ ἐπιεικὲς

[1] *τρόμος*: *φόβος* Zenodotus.

BOOK XIX

Now Dawn the saffron-robed arose from the streams of Oceanus to bring light to immortals and to mortal men, and Thetis came to the ships bearing the gifts from the god. And she found her dear son as he lay, clasping Patroclus, and wailing aloud; and in throngs round about him his comrades were weeping. Then in the midst of them the bright goddess came to his side, and she clasped his hand, and spake and addressed him: "My child, this man must we let be, for all our sorrow, to lie as he is, seeing he hath been slain once for all by the will of the gods. But receive thou from Hephaestus glorious armour, exceeding fair, such as never yet a man bare upon his shoulders."

So saying the goddess set down the arms in front of Achilles, and they all rang aloud in their splendour. Then trembling seized all the Myrmidons, neither dared any man to look thereon, but they shrank in fear. Howbeit, when Achilles saw the arms, then came wrath upon him yet the more, and his eyes blazed forth in terrible wise from beneath their lids, as it had been flame; and he was glad as he held in his arms the glorious gifts of the god. But when in his soul he had taken delight in gazing on the glory of them, forthwith to his mother he spake winged words: "My mother, the arms that the god hath

ἔργ' ἔμεν ἀθανάτων, μηδὲ βροτὸν ἄνδρα τελέσσαι.
νῦν δ' ἤ τοι μὲν ἐγὼ θωρήξομαι· ἀλλὰ μάλ' αἰνῶς
δείδω μή μοι τόφρα Μενοιτίου ἄλκιμον υἱὸν
μυῖαι καδδῦσαι κατὰ χαλκοτύπους ὠτειλὰς
εὐλὰς ἐγγείνωνται, ἀεικίσσωσι δὲ νεκρόν—
ἐκ δ' αἰὼν πέφαται—κατὰ δὲ χρόα πάντα σαπήῃ."
Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα θεὰ Θέτις ἀργυρόπεζα·
"τέκνον, μή τοι ταῦτα μετὰ φρεσὶ σῇσι μελόντων.
τῷ μὲν ἐγὼ πειρήσω ἀλαλκεῖν ἄγρια φῦλα,
μυίας, αἵ ῥά τε φῶτας ἀρηϊφάτους κατέδουσιν·
ἤν περ γὰρ κεῖταί γε τελεσφόρον εἰς ἐνιαυτόν,
αἰεὶ τῷ γ' ἔσται χρὼς ἔμπεδος, ἢ καὶ ἀρείων.
ἀλλὰ σύ γ' εἰς ἀγορὴν καλέσας ἥρωας Ἀχαιούς,
μῆνιν ἀποειπὼν Ἀγαμέμνονι, ποιμένι λαῶν,
αἶψα μάλ' ἐς πόλεμον θωρήσσεο, δύσεο δ' ἀλκήν."
Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσασα μένος πολυθαρσὲς ἐνῆκε,
Πατρόκλῳ δ' αὖτ' ἀμβροσίην καὶ νέκταρ ἐρυθρὸν
στάξε κατὰ ῥινῶν, ἵνα οἱ χρὼς ἔμπεδος εἴη.
Αὐτὰρ ὁ βῆ παρὰ θῖνα θαλάσσης δῖος Ἀχιλλεὺς
σμερδαλέα ἰάχων, ὦρσεν δ' ἥρωας Ἀχαιούς.
καί ῥ' οἵ περ τὸ πάρος γε νεῶν ἐν ἀγῶνι μένεσκον,
οἵ τε κυβερνῆται καὶ ἔχον οἰήϊα νηῶν
καὶ ταμίαι παρὰ νηυσὶν ἔσαν, σίτοιο δοτῆρες,
καὶ μὴν οἱ τότε γ' εἰς ἀγορὴν ἴσαν, οὕνεκ' Ἀχιλλεὺς
ἐξεφάνη, δηρὸν δὲ μάχης ἐπέπαυτ' ἀλεγεινῆς.
τὼ δὲ δύω σκάζοντε βάτην Ἄρεος θεράποντε,
Τυδεΐδης τε μενεπτόλεμος καὶ δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς,

given are such as the works of immortals should fitly be, such as no mortal man could fashion. Now therefore will I array me for battle; yet am I sore afraid lest meantime flies enter the wounds that the bronze hath dealt on the corpse of the valiant son of Menoetius, and breed worms therein, and work shame upon his corpse—for the life is slain out of him—and so all his flesh shall rot."

Then the goddess, silver-footed Thetis, answered him: "My child, let not these things distress thy heart. From him will I essay to ward off the savage tribes, the flies that feed upon men slain in battle. For even though he lie for the full course of a year, yet shall his flesh be sound continually, or better even than now it is. But do thou call to the place of gathering the Achaean warriors, and renounce thy wrath against Agamemnon, shepherd of the host, and then array thee with all speed for battle and clothe thee in thy might."

So saying, she filled him with dauntless courage, and on Patroclus she shed ambrosia and ruddy nectar through his nostrils, that his flesh might be sound continually.

But goodly Achilles strode along the shore of the sea, crying a terrible cry, and aroused the Achaean warriors. And even they that aforetime were wont to abide in the gathering of the ships—they that were pilots and wielded the steering-oars of the ships, or were stewards that dealt out food—even these came then to the place of gathering, because Achilles was come forth, albeit he had long kept him aloof from grievous war. Twain there were, squires of Ares, that came limping, even Tydeus' son, staunch in fight, and goodly Odysseus, leaning each on his spear,

ἔγχει ἐρειδομένω· ἔτι γὰρ ἔχον ἕλκεα λυγρά·
κὰδ δὲ μετὰ πρώτῃ ἀγορῇ ἵζοντο κιόντες.
αὐτὰρ ὁ δεύτατος ἦλθεν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων,
ἕλκος ἔχων· καὶ γὰρ τὸν ἐνὶ κρατερῇ ὑσμίνῃ
οὖτα Κόων Ἀντηνορίδης χαλκήρεϊ δουρί.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ δὴ πάντες ἀολλίσθησαν Ἀχαιοί,
τοῖσι δ' ἀνιστάμενος μετέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·
"Ἀτρεΐδη, ἦ ἄρ τι τόδ' ἀμφοτέροισιν ἄρειον
ἔπλετο, σοὶ καὶ ἐμοί, ὅτε νῶΐ περ ἀχνυμένω κῆρ
θυμοβόρῳ ἔριδι μενεήναμεν εἵνεκα κούρης;
τὴν ὄφελ' ἐν νήεσσι κατακτάμεν Ἄρτεμις ἰῷ,
ἤματι τῷ ὅτ' ἐγὼν ἑλόμην Λυρνησσὸν ὀλέσσας·
τῶ κ' οὐ τόσσοι Ἀχαιοὶ ὀδὰξ ἕλον ἄσπετον οὖδας
δυσμενέων ὑπὸ χερσίν, ἐμεῦ ἀπομηνίσαντος.
Ἕκτορι μὲν καὶ Τρωσὶ τὸ κέρδιον· αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὺς
δηρὸν ἐμῆς καὶ σῆς ἔριδος μνήσεσθαι ὀΐω.
ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν προτετύχθαι ἐάσομεν ἀχνύμενοί περ,
θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσι φίλον δαμάσαντες ἀνάγκῃ·
νῦν δ' ἦ τοι μὲν ἐγὼ παύω χόλον, οὐδέ τί με χρὴ
ἀσκελέως αἰεὶ μενεαινέμεν· ἀλλ' ἄγε θᾶσσον
ὄτρυνον πόλεμόνδε κάρη κομόωντας Ἀχαιούς,
ὄφρ' ἔτι καὶ Τρώων πειρήσομαι ἀντίον ἐλθών,
αἴ κ' ἐθέλωσ' ἐπὶ νηυσὶν ἰαύειν· ἀλλά τιν' οἴω
ἀσπασίως αὐτῶν γόνυ κάμψειν, ὅς κε φύγῃσι
δηΐου[1] ἐκ πολέμοιο ὑπ' ἔγχεος ἡμετέροιο."
Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἐχάρησαν ἐϋκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοὶ
μῆνιν ἀπειπόντος μεγαθύμου Πηλεΐωνος.

[1] δηΐου: φεύγων.

for their wounds were grievous still; and they went and sat them down in the front of the gathering. And last of all came the king of men, Agamemnon, burdened with his wound; for him too in the fierce conflict had Coön, Antenor's son, wounded with a thrust of his bronze-shod spear. But when all the Achaeans were gathered together, Achilles, swift of foot, arose among them and said: "Son of Atreus, was this then the better for us twain, for thee and for me, what time with grief at heart we raged in soul-devouring strife for the sake of a girl? Would that amid the ships Artemis had slain her with an arrow on the day when I took her from out the spoil after I had laid waste Lyrnessus! Then had not so many Achaeans bitten the vast earth with their teeth beneath the hands of the foemen, by reason of the fierceness of my wrath. For Hector and the Trojans was this the better, but long shall the Achaeans, methinks, remember the strife betwixt me and thee. Howbeit, these things will we let be as past and done, for all our pain, curbing the heart in our breasts because we must. Now verily make I my wrath to cease: it beseemeth me not to be wroth for ever unrelentingly; but come, rouse thou speedily to battle the long-haired Achaeans, to the end that I may go forth against the Trojans and make trial of them yet again, whether they be fain to spend the night hard by the ships. Nay, many a one of them, methinks, will be glad to bend his knees in rest, whosoever shall escape from the fury of war, and from my spear."

So spake he, and the well-greaved Achaeans waxed glad, for that the great-souled son of Peleus renounced his wrath. And among them spake the

τοῖσι δὲ καὶ μετέειπεν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων[1]
αὐτόθεν ἐξ ἕδρης, οὐδ' ἐν μέσσοισιν ἀναστάς·[2]
"ὦ φίλοι ἥρωες Δαναοί, θεράποντες Ἄρηος,
ἑσταότος μὲν καλὸν ἀκούειν, οὐδὲ ἔοικεν
ὑββάλλειν· χαλεπὸν γὰρ ἐπισταμένῳ περ ἐόντι.
ἀνδρῶν δ' ἐν πολλῷ ὁμάδῳ πῶς κέν τις ἀκούσαι
ἢ εἴποι; βλάβεται δὲ λιγύς περ ἐὼν ἀγορητής.
Πηλεΐδῃ μὲν ἐγὼν ἐνδείξομαι· αὐτὰρ οἱ ἄλλοι
σύνθεσθ' Ἀργεῖοι, μῦθόν τ' εὖ γνῶτε ἕκαστος.
πολλάκι δή μοι τοῦτον Ἀχαιοὶ μῦθον ἔειπον,
καί τέ με νεικείεσκον· ἐγὼ δ' οὐκ αἴτιός εἰμι,
ἀλλὰ Ζεὺς καὶ Μοῖρα καὶ ἠεροφοῖτις Ἐρινύς,
οἵ τέ μοι εἰν ἀγορῇ φρεσὶν ἔμβαλον ἄγριον ἄτην,
ἤματι τῷ ὅτ' Ἀχιλλῆος γέρας αὐτὸς ἀπηύρων.
ἀλλὰ τί κεν ῥέξαιμι; θεὸς διὰ πάντα τελευτᾷ.
πρέσβα Διὸς θυγάτηρ Ἄτη, ἣ πάντας ἀᾶται,
οὐλομένη· τῇ μέν θ' ἁπαλοὶ πόδες· οὐ γὰρ ἐπ' οὔδει
πίλναται, ἀλλ' ἄρα ἥ γε κατ' ἀνδρῶν κράατα βαίνει
βλάπτουσ' ἀνθρώπους· κατὰ δ' οὖν ἕτερόν γε πέδησε.
καὶ γὰρ δή νύ ποτε Ζῆν'[3] ἄσατο, τόν περ ἄριστον
ἀνδρῶν ἠδὲ θεῶν φασ' ἔμμεναι· ἀλλ' ἄρα καὶ τὸν

[1] Line 76 was giveu by Zenodotus in the form,
τοῖσι δ' ἀνιστάμενος μετέφη κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων
[2] Line 77 was omitted by Zenodotus.
[3] Ζῆν': Ζεὺς Aristarchus.

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[1] If the text be correct, we must understand this to mean that Agamemnon (who appears to have come to the assembly with much reluctance, and to have been much embarrassed by the applause so frankly given to Achilles) arose and spoke from the place where he sat without coming forward into the midst of the assembly. It is clearly stated that he came last of all, after Diomedes and Odysseus, of whom it is expressly said that they took their seats μετὰ πρώτῃ ἀγορῇ,

king of men, Agamemnon, even from the place where he sat, not standing forth in their midst:[1] "My friends, Danaan warriors, squires of Ares, meet is it to give ear to him that standeth to speak, nor is it seemly to break in upon his words; grievous were that even for one well-skilled. And amid the uproar of many how should a man either hear or speak?—hampered is he then, clear-voiced talker though he be. To the son of Peleus will I declare my mind, but do ye other Argives give heed, and mark well my words each man of you. Full often have the Achaeans spoken unto me this word, and were ever fain to chide me; howbeit it is not I that am at fault, but Zeus and Fate and Erinys, that walketh in darkness, seeing that in the midst of the place of gathering they cast upon my soul fierce blindness on that day, when of mine own arrogance I took from Achilles his prize. But what could I do? it is God that bringeth all things to their issue. Eldest daughter of Zeus is Ate that blindeth all—a power fraught with bane; delicate are her feet, for it is not upon the ground that she fareth, but she walketh over the heads of men, bringing men to harm, and this one or that she ensnareth. Aye, and on a time she blinded Zeus, albeit men say that he is the greatest among men and gods; yet even him Hera,

and such nervousness on the part of the king is in entire harmony with the tone of his opening words. This view does not necessarily imply the existence of a rostrum from which the speakers habitually spoke, although, if the obscure εἰράων in xviii. 531 really means "speech-places," it would indicate something of the sort. Zenodotus rejected line 77, and modern editors have been inclined to follow him, holding that it flatly contradicts the ἑσταότος of line 79. If the interpretation given above (largely after Lendrum, *Classical Review*, iv. 47) be correct, there is no contradiction.

Ἥρη θῆλυς ἐοῦσα δολοφροσύνῃς ἀπάτησεν,
ἤματι τῷ ὅτ' ἔμελλε βίην Ἡρακληείην
Ἀλκμήνη τέξεσθαι ἐϋστεφάνῳ ἐνὶ Θήβῃ.
ἤ τοι ὅ γ' εὐχόμενος μετέφη πάντεσσι θεοῖσι·
'κέκλυτέ μευ, πάντες τε θεοὶ πᾶσαί τε θέαιναι,
ὄφρ' εἴπω τά με θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ἀνώγει.
σήμερον ἄνδρα φόωσδε μογοστόκος Εἰλείθυια
ἐκφανεῖ, ὃς πάντεσσι περικτιόνεσσιν ἀνάξει,
τῶν ἀνδρῶν γενεῆς οἵ θ' αἵματος ἐξ ἐμεῦ εἰσι.'
τὸν δὲ δολοφρονέουσα προσηύδα πότνια Ἥρη·
'ψευστήσεις, οὐδ' αὖτε τέλος μύθῳ ἐπιθήσεις.
εἰ δ' ἄγε νῦν μοι ὄμοσσον, Ὀλύμπιε, καρτερὸν ὅρκον,
ἦ μὲν τὸν πάντεσσι περικτιόνεσσιν ἀνάξειν,
ὅς κεν ἐπ' ἤματι τῷδε πέσῃ μετὰ ποσσὶ γυναικὸς
τῶν ἀνδρῶν οἳ σῆς ἐξ αἵματός εἰσι γενέθλης.'
ὣς ἔφατο· Ζεὺς δ' οὔ τι δολοφροσύνην ἐνόησεν,
ἀλλ' ὄμοσεν μέγαν ὅρκον, ἔπειτα δὲ πολλὸν ἀάσθη.
Ἥρη δ' ἀΐξασα λίπεν ῥίον Οὐλύμποιο,
καρπαλίμως δ' ἵκετ' Ἄργος Ἀχαιικόν, ἔνθ' ἄρα ᾔδη
ἰφθίμην ἄλοχον Σθενέλου Περσηϊάδαο.
ἡ δ' ἐκύει φίλον υἱόν, ὁ δ' ἕβδομος ἑστήκει μείς·
ἐκ δ' ἄγαγε πρὸ φόωσδε καὶ ἠλιτόμηνον ἐόντα,
Ἀλκμήνης δ' ἀπέπαυσε τόκον, σχέθε δ' Εἰλειθυίας.
αὐτὴ δ' ἀγγελέουσα Δία Κρονίωνα προσηύδα·
'Ζεῦ πάτερ ἀργικέραυνε, ἔπος τί τοι ἐν φρεσὶ θήσω·
ἤδη ἀνὴρ γέγον' ἐσθλός, ὃς Ἀργείοισιν ἀνάξει,
Εὐρυσθεύς, Σθενέλοιο πάϊς Περσηϊάδαο,
σὸν γένος· οὔ οἱ ἀεικὲς ἀνασσέμεν Ἀργείοισιν.'

that was but a woman, beguiled in her craftiness on the day when Alcmene in fair-crowned Thebe was to bring forth the mighty Heracles. Zeus verily spake vauntingly among all the gods: 'Hearken unto me, all ye gods and goddesses, that I may speak what the heart in my breast biddeth me. This day shall Eileithyia, the goddess of childbirth, bring to the light a man that shall be the lord of all them that dwell round about, even one of the race of those men who are of me by blood.' But with crafty mind the queenly Hera spake unto him: 'Thou wilt play the cheat, and not bring thy word to fulfilment. Nay, come, Olympian, swear me now a mighty oath that in very truth that man shall be lord of all them that dwell round about, whoso this day shall fall between a woman's feet, even one of those men who are of the blood of thy stock.' So spake she; howbeit Zeus in no wise marked her craftiness, but sware a great oath, and therewithal was blinded sore. But Hera darted down and left the peak of Olympus, and swiftly came to Achaean Argos, where she knew was the stately wife of Sthenelus, son of Perseus, that bare a son in her womb, and lo, the seventh month was come. This child Hera brought forth to the light even before the full tale of the months, but stayed Alcmene's bearing, and held back the Eileithyiae. And herself spake to Zeus, son of Cronos, to bear him word: 'Father Zeus, lord of the bright lightning, a word will I speak for thy heeding. Lo, even now is born a valiant man that shall be lord over the Argives, even Eurystheus, son of Sthenelus, the son of Perseus, of thine own lineage; not unmeet is it that he be lord over the Argives.' So spake she, and

ὣς φάτο, τὸν δ' ἄχος ὀξὺ κατὰ φρένα τύψε βαθεῖαν·
αὐτίκα δ' εἷλ' Ἄτην κεφαλῆς λιπαροπλοκάμοιο
χωόμενος φρεσὶν ᾗσι, καὶ ὤμοσε καρτερὸν ὅρκον
μή ποτ' ἐς Οὔλυμπόν τε καὶ οὐρανὸν ἀστερόεντα
αὖτις ἐλεύσεσθαι Ἄτην, ἣ πάντας ἀᾶται.
ὣς εἰπὼν ἔρριψεν ἀπ' οὐρανοῦ ἀστερόεντος
χειρὶ περιστρέψας, τάχα δ' ἵκετο ἔργ' ἀνθρώπων.
τὴν αἰεὶ στενάχεσχ', ὅθ' ἑὸν φίλον υἱὸν ὁρῷτο
ἔργον ἀεικὲς ἔχοντα ὑπ' Εὐρυσθῆος ἀέθλων.
ὣς καὶ ἐγών, ὅτε δὴ αὖτε μέγας κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ
Ἀργείους ὀλέκεσκεν ἐπὶ πρυμνῇσι νέεσσιν,
οὐ δυνάμην λελαθέσθ' Ἄτης, ᾗ πρῶτον ἀάσθην.
ἀλλ' ἐπεὶ ἀασάμην καί μευ φρένας ἐξέλετο Ζεύς,
ἂψ ἐθέλω ἀρέσαι, δόμεναί τ' ἀπερείσι' ἄποινα·
ἀλλ' ὄρσευ πόλεμόνδε, καὶ ἄλλους ὄρνυθι λαούς.
δῶρα δ' ἐγὼν ὅδε πάντα παρασχέμεν, ὅσσα τοι ἐλθὼν
χθιζὸς ἐνὶ κλισίῃσιν ὑπέσχετο δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς.
εἰ δ' ἐθέλεις, ἐπίμεινον ἐπειγόμενός περ Ἄρηος,
δῶρα δέ τοι θεράποντες ἐμῆς παρὰ νηὸς ἑλόντες
οἴσουσ', ὄφρα ἴδηαι ὅ τοι μενοεικέα δώσω."

Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλ-
λεύς·
"Ἀτρεΐδη κύδιστε, ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγάμεμνον,
δῶρα μὲν αἴ κ' ἐθέλῃσθα παρασχέμεν, ὡς ἐπιεικές,
ἤ τ' ἐχέμεν, παρὰ σοί· νῦν δὲ μνησώμεθα χάρμης
αἶψα μάλ'· οὐ γὰρ χρὴ κλοτοπεύειν ἐνθάδ' ἐόντας
οὐδὲ διατρίβειν· ἔτι γὰρ μέγα ἔργον ἄρεκτον·
ὥς κέ τις αὖτ' Ἀχιλῆα μετὰ πρώτοισιν ἴδηται

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[1] It was really, of course, the night before the last: a day of fighting and a night of mourning have intervened (xviii. 354).

sharp pain smote him in the deep of his heart, and forthwith he seized Ate by her bright-tressed head, wroth in his soul, and sware a mighty oath that never again unto Olympus and the starry heaven should Ate come, she that blindeth all. So said he, and whirling her in his hand flung her from the starry heaven, and quickly she came to the tilled fields of men. At thought of her would he ever groan, whenso he beheld his dear son in unseemly travail beneath Eurystheus' tasks. Even so I also, what time great Hector of the flashing helm was making havoc of the Argives at the sterns of the ships, could not forget Ate, of whom at the first I was made blind. Howbeit seeing I was blinded, and Zeus robbed me of my wits, fain am I to make amends and to give requital past counting. Nay, rouse thee for battle, and rouse withal the rest of thy people. Gifts am I here ready to offer thee, even all that goodly Odysseus promised thee yesternight,[1] when he had come to thy hut. Or, if thou wilt, abide a while, eager though thou be for war, and the gifts shall squires take and bring thee from my ship, to the end that thou mayest see that I will give what will satisfy thy heart."

Then swift-footed Achilles answered him, and said: "Most glorious son of Atreus, Agamemnon, king of men, for the gifts, to give them if thou wilt, as is but seemly, or to withhold them, rests with thee. But now let us bethink us of battle with all speed; it beseemeth not to dally here in talk,[2] neither to make delay, for yet is a great work undone—to the end that many a one may again behold Achilles amid

[2] The meaning of κλοτοπεύειν, which occurs only here in all Greek, must be inferred from the context.

ἔγχεϊ χαλκείῳ Τρώων ὀλέκοντα φάλαγγας.
ὧδέ τις ὑμείων μεμνημένος ἀνδρὶ μαχέσθω."
Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεύς·
"μὴ δὴ οὕτως ἀγαθός περ ἐών, θεοείκελ' Ἀχιλλεῦ,
νήστιας ὄτρυνε προτὶ Ἴλιον υἷας Ἀχαιῶν
Τρωσὶ μαχησομένους, ἐπεὶ οὐκ ὀλίγον χρόνον ἔσται
φύλοπις, εὖτ' ἂν πρῶτον ὁμιλήσωσι φάλαγγες
ἀνδρῶν, ἐν δὲ θεὸς πνεύσῃ μένος ἀμφοτέροισιν.
ἀλλὰ πάσασθαι ἄνωχθι θοῇς ἐπὶ νηυσὶν Ἀχαιοὺς
σίτου καὶ οἴνοιο· τὸ γὰρ μένος ἐστὶ καὶ ἀλκή.
οὐ γὰρ ἀνὴρ πρόπαν ἦμαρ ἐς ἠέλιον καταδύντα
ἄκμηνος σίτοιο δυνήσεται ἄντα μάχεσθαι·
εἴ περ γὰρ θυμῷ γε μενοινάᾳ πολεμίζειν,
ἀλλά τε λάθρῃ γυῖα βαρύνεται, ἠδὲ κιχάνει
δίψα τε καὶ λιμός, βλάβεται δέ τε γούνατ' ἰόντι.
ὃς δέ κ' ἀνὴρ οἴνοιο κορεσσάμενος καὶ ἐδωδῆς
ἀνδράσι δυσμενέεσσι πανημέριος πολεμίζῃ,
θαρσαλέον νύ οἱ ἦτορ ἐνὶ φρεσίν, οὐδέ τι γυῖα
πρὶν κάμνει, πρὶν πάντας ἐρωῆσαι πολέμοιο.
ἀλλ' ἄγε λαὸν μὲν σκέδασον καὶ δεῖπνον ἄνωχθι
ὅπλεσθαι· τὰ δὲ δῶρα ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων
οἰσέτω ἐς μέσσην ἀγορήν, ἵνα πάντες Ἀχαιοὶ
ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἴδωσι, σὺ δὲ φρεσὶ σῇσιν ἰανθῇς.
ὀμνυέτω δέ τοι ὅρκον ἐν Ἀργείοισιν ἀναστάς,
μή ποτε τῆς εὐνῆς ἐπιβήμεναι ἠδὲ μιγῆναι·
ἣ θέμις ἐστίν, ἄναξ, ἤ τ' ἀνδρῶν ἤ τε γυναικῶν·[1]
καὶ δὲ σοὶ αὐτῷ θυμὸς ἐνὶ φρεσὶν ἵλαος ἔστω.

[1] Line 177 is omitted in many MSS.

the foremost laying waste with his spear of bronze the battalions of the men of Troy. Thereon let each one of you take thought as he fighteth with his man."

Then Odysseus of many wiles answered him and said: "Nay, valiant though thou art, godlike Achilles, urge not on this wise the sons of the Achaeans to go fasting against Ilios to do battle with the men of Troy, since not for a short space shall the battle last when once the ranks of men are met and the god breathes might into either host. But bid thou the Achaeans by their swift ships to taste of food and wine; since therein is courage and strength. For there is no man that shall be able the whole day long until set of sun to fight against the foe, fasting the while from food; for though in his heart he be eager for battle, yet his limbs wax heavy unawares and thirst cometh upon him and hunger withal, and his knees grow weary as he goeth. But whoso, having had his fill of wine and food, fighteth the whole day long against the foemen, lo, his heart within him is of good cheer, and his limbs wax not weary until all withdraw them from battle. Come then, dismiss thou the host, and bid them make ready their meal. And as touching the gifts, let Agamemnon, king of men, bring them forth into the midst of the place of gathering, that all the Achaeans may behold them with their eyes, and thou be made glad at heart. And let him rise up in the midst of the Argives and swear to thee an oath, that never hath he gone up into the woman's bed neither had dalliance with her, as is the appointed way, O king, of men and of women; and let the heart in thine own breast be open to appeasement. Thereafter let him make

αὐτὰρ ἔπειτά σε δαιτὶ ἐνὶ κλισίῃς ἀρεσάσθω
πιείρῃ, ἵνα μή τι δίκης ἐπιδευὲς ἔχῃσθα.
Ἀτρεΐδη, σὺ δ' ἔπειτα δικαιότερος καὶ ἐπ' ἄλλῳ
ἔσσεαι. οὐ μὲν γάρ τι νεμεσσητὸν βασιλῆα
ἄνδρ' ἀπαρέσσασθαι, ὅτε τις πρότερος χαλεπήνῃ."
Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπεν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων·
"χαίρω σεῦ, Λαερτιάδη, τὸν μῦθον ἀκούσας·
ἐν μοίρῃ γὰρ πάντα διίκεο καὶ κατέλεξας.
ταῦτα δ' ἐγὼν ἐθέλω ὀμόσαι, κέλεται δέ με θυμός,
οὐδ' ἐπιορκήσω πρὸς δαίμονος. αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς
μιμνέτω αὐτόθι τῆος ἐπειγόμενός περ Ἄρηος·
μίμνετε δ' ἄλλοι πάντες ἀολλέες, ὄφρα κε δῶρα
ἐκ κλισίης ἔλθῃσι καὶ ὅρκια πιστὰ τάμωμεν.
σοὶ δ' αὐτῷ τόδ' ἐγὼν ἐπιτέλλομαι ἠδὲ κελεύω·
κρινάμενος κούρητας ἀριστῆας Παναχαιῶν
δῶρα ἐμῆς παρὰ νηὸς ἐνεικέμεν, ὅσσ' Ἀχιλῆϊ
χθιζὸν ὑπέστημεν δώσειν, ἀγέμεν τε γυναῖκας.
Ταλθύβιος δέ μοι ὦκα κατὰ στρατὸν εὐρὺν Ἀχαιῶν
κάπρον ἑτοιμασάτω, ταμέειν Διί τ' Ἠελίῳ τε."
Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·
"Ἀτρεΐδη κύδιστε, ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγάμεμνον,
ἄλλοτέ περ καὶ μᾶλλον ὀφέλλετε ταῦτα πένεσθαι,
ὁππότε τις μετὰ παυσωλὴ πολέμοιο γένηται
καὶ μένος οὐ τόσον ᾖσιν ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ἐμοῖσι.
νῦν δ' οἱ μὲν κέαται δεδαϊγμένοι, οὓς ἐδάμασσεν
Ἕκτωρ Πριαμίδης, ὅτε οἱ Ζεὺς κῦδος ἔδωκεν,
ὑμεῖς δ' ἐς βρωτὺν ὀτρύνετον· ἦ τ' ἂν ἐγώ γε
νῦν μὲν ἀνώγοιμι πτολεμίζειν υἷας Ἀχαιῶν

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[1] The rendering given above is unobjectionable in point of sense, but does not harmonize with the parallel passages, xxiv. 369, *Od.* xvi. 72, and xxi. 133. In all of these τις refers

amends to thee in his hut with a feast full rich, that thou mayest have nothing lacking of thy due. Son of Atreus, towards others also shalt thou be more righteous hereafter; for in no wise is it blame for a king to make amends to another, if so be he wax wroth without a cause."[1]

To him then spake again the king of men, Agamemnon: "Glad am I, son of Laërtes, to hear thy words, for duly hast thou set forth the whole matter, and told the tale thereof. This oath am I ready to swear, and my heart biddeth me thereto, nor shall I forswear myself before the god. But let Achilles abide here the while, eager though he be for war, and abide all ye others together, until the gifts be brought from my hut, and we make oaths of faith with sacrifice. And to thine own self do I thus give charge and commandment: Choose thee young men, princes of the host of the Achaeans, and bear from my ship the gifts, even all that we promised yesternight to give Achilles, and bring the women withal. And let Talthybius forthwith make me ready a boar in the midst of the wide camp of the Achaeans, to sacrifice to Zeus and to the Sun."

But swift-footed Achilles answered him, and said: "Most glorious son of Atreus, Agamemnon, king of men, at some other time were it e'en better that ye be busied thus, when haply there shall come between some pause in war, and the fury in my breast be not so great. Now are they lying mangled, they that Hector, son of Priam, slew, when Zeus vouchsafed him glory, and ye twain are bidding us to meat! Verily for mine own part would I even now bid the

to the object of the preceding infinitive, while here it refers to the subject.

νήστιας ἀκμήνους, ἅμα δ' ἠελίῳ καταδύντι
τεύξασθαι μέγα δόρπον, ἐπὴν τισαίμεθα λώβην.
πρὶν δ' οὔ πως ἂν ἐμοί γε φίλον κατὰ λαιμὸν ἰείη
οὐ πόσις οὐδὲ βρῶσις, ἑταίρου τεθνηῶτος,
ὅς μοι ἐνὶ κλισίῃ δεδαϊγμένος ὀξέϊ χαλκῷ
κεῖται ἀνὰ πρόθυρον τετραμμένος, ἀμφὶ δ' ἑταῖροι
μύρονται· τό μοι οὔ τι μετὰ φρεσὶ ταῦτα μέμηλεν,
ἀλλὰ φόνος τε καὶ αἷμα καὶ ἀργαλέος στόνος ἀνδρῶν."

Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεύς·
"ὦ Ἀχιλεῦ, Πηλῆος υἱέ, μέγα φέρτατ' Ἀχαιῶν,
κρείσσων εἰς ἐμέθεν καὶ φέρτερος οὐκ ὀλίγον περ
ἔγχει, ἐγὼ δέ κε σεῖο νοήματί γε προβαλοίμην
πολλόν, ἐπεὶ πρότερος γενόμην καὶ πλείονα οἶδα·
τῶ τοι ἐπιτλήτω κραδίη μύθοισιν ἐμοῖσιν.
αἶψά τε φυλόπιδος πέλεται κόρος ἀνθρώποισιν,
ἧς τε πλείστην μὲν καλάμην χθονὶ χαλκὸς ἔχευεν,
ἄμητος δ' ὀλίγιστος, ἐπὴν κλίνῃσι τάλαντα
Ζεύς, ὅς τ' ἀνθρώπων ταμίης πολέμοιο τέτυκται.
γαστέρι δ' οὔ πως ἔστι νέκυν πενθῆσαι Ἀχαιούς·
λίην γὰρ πολλοὶ καὶ ἐπήτριμοι ἤματα πάντα
πίπτουσιν· πότε κέν τις ἀναπνεύσειε πόνοιο;
ἀλλὰ χρὴ τὸν μὲν καταθάπτειν ὅς κε θάνῃσι,
νηλέα θυμὸν ἔχοντας, ἐπ' ἤματι δακρύσαντας·
ὅσσοι δ' ἂν πολέμοιο περὶ στυγεροῖο λίπωνται,
μεμνῆσθαι πόσιος καὶ ἐδητύος, ὄφρ' ἔτι μᾶλλον
ἀνδράσι δυσμενέεσσι μαχώμεθα νωλεμὲς αἰεί,
ἑσσάμενοι χροῒ χαλκὸν ἀτειρέα. μηδέ τις ἄλλην

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[1] Possibly merely as a symbol of departure, although Rohde (*Psyche*, p. 22 n.) and others find the origin of the

sons of the Achaeans do battle fasting and unfed, and at set of sun make them ready a mighty meal, when we shall have avenged the shame. Till that shall be, down my throat, at least, neither drink nor food shall pass, seeing my comrade is dead, who in my hut lieth mangled by the sharp bronze, his feet turned toward the door,[1] while round about him our comrades mourn; wherefore it is nowise on these things that my heart is set, but on slaying, and blood, and the grievous groanings of men."

Then Odysseus of many wiles answered him, and said: "O Achilles, son of Peleus, far the mightiest of the Achaeans, better art thou than I and mightier not a little with the spear, howbeit in counsel might I surpass thee by far, seeing I am the elder-born and know the more; wherefore let thine heart endure to hearken to my words. Quickly have men surfeit of battle, wherein the bronze streweth most straw upon the ground, albeit the harvest is scantiest, whenso Zeus inclineth his balance, he that is for men the dispenser of battle. But with the belly may it nowise be that the Achaeans should mourn a corpse, for full many are ever falling one after another day by day; when then could one find respite from toil?[2] Nay, it behoveth to bury him that is slain, steeling our hearts and weeping but the one day's space; but all they that are left alive from hateful war must needs bethink them of drink and of food, to the end that yet the more we may fight with the foemen ever incessantly, clothed about with stubborn bronze.

custom in the belief that the position made it more difficult for the ghost to come back.

[2] *i.e.* toilsome fasting for the dead, not, as usually, the toil of war.

λαῶν ὀτρυντὺν ποτιδέγμενος ἰσχαναάσθω·
ἧδε γὰρ ὀτρυντύς· κακὸν ἔσσεται ὅς κε λίπηται
νηυσὶν ἐπ' Ἀργείων· ἀλλ' ἀθρόοι ὁρμηθέντες
Τρωσὶν ἐφ' ἱπποδάμοισιν ἐγείρομεν ὀξὺν Ἄρηα."
Ἦ, καὶ Νέστορος υἷας ὀπάσσατο κυδαλίμοιο,
Φυλεΐδην τε Μέγητα Θόαντά τε Μηριόνην τε
καὶ Κρειοντιάδην Λυκομήδεα καὶ Μελάνιππον·
βὰν δ' ἴμεν ἐς κλισίην Ἀγαμέμνονος Ἀτρεΐδαο.
αὐτίκ' ἔπειθ' ἅμα μῦθος ἔην, τετέλεστο δὲ ἔργον·
ἑπτὰ μὲν ἐκ κλισίης τρίποδας φέρον, οὕς οἱ ὑπέστη,
αἴθωνας δὲ λέβητας ἐείκοσι, δώδεκα δ' ἵππους·
ἐκ δ' ἄγον αἶψα γυναῖκας ἀμύμονα ἔργα ἰδυίας
ἕπτ', ἀτὰρ ὀγδοάτην[1] Βρισηΐδα καλλιπάρῃον.
χρυσοῦ δὲ στήσας Ὀδυσεὺς δέκα πάντα τάλαντα
ἦρχ', ἅμα δ' ἄλλοι δῶρα φέρον κούρητες Ἀχαιῶν.
καὶ τὰ μὲν ἐν μέσσῃ ἀγορῇ θέσαν, ἂν δ' Ἀγαμέμνων
ἵστατο· Ταλθύβιος δὲ θεῷ ἐναλίγκιος αὐδὴν
κάπρον ἔχων ἐν χερσὶ παρίστατο ποιμένι λαῶν.
Ἀτρεΐδης δὲ ἐρυσσάμενος χείρεσσι μάχαιραν,
ἥ οἱ πὰρ ξίφεος μέγα κουλεὸν αἰὲν ἄωρτο,
κάπρου ἀπὸ τρίχας ἀρξάμενος, Διὶ χεῖρας ἀνασχὼν
εὔχετο· τοὶ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἐπ' αὐτόφιν ἥατο σιγῇ
Ἀργεῖοι κατὰ μοῖραν, ἀκούοντες βασιλῆος.
εὐξάμενος δ' ἄρα εἶπεν ἰδὼν εἰς οὐρανὸν εὐρύν·
"ἴστω νῦν Ζεὺς πρῶτα, θεῶν ὕπατος καὶ ἄριστος,
Γῆ τε καὶ Ἠέλιος καὶ Ἐρινύες, αἵ θ' ὑπὸ γαῖαν
ἀνθρώπους τίνυνται, ὅτις κ' ἐπίορκον ὀμόσσῃ,
μὴ μὲν ἐγὼ κούρῃ Βρισηΐδι χεῖρ' ἐπένεικα,

[1] ἕπτ', ἀτὰρ ὀγδοάτην: ἕξ, ἀτὰρ ἑβδομάτην Zenodotus.

And let no man of all the host hold back awaiting other summons beside, for the summons is this: Ill shall it be for him whoso is left at the ships of the Argives. Nay, setting out in one throng let us rouse keen battle against the horse-taming Trojans."

He spake, and took to him the sons of glorious Nestor, and Meges, son of Phyleus, and Thoas and Meriones and Lycomedes, son of Creon, and Melanippus; and they went their way to the hut of Agamemnon, son of Atreus. Then straightway in the one moment was the word said, and the deed fulfilled. Seven tripods bare they from the hut, even as he promised him, and twenty gleaming cauldrons and twelve horses; and forth they speedily led women skilled in goodly handiwork; seven they were, and the eighth was fair-cheeked Briseïs. Then Odysseus weighed out ten talents of gold in all, and led the way, and with him the other youths of the Achaeans bare the gifts. These then they set in the midst of the place of gathering, and Agamemnon rose up, and Talthybius, whose voice was like a god's, took his stand by the side of the shepherd of the people, holding a boar in his hands. And the son of Atreus drew forth with his hand the knife that ever hung beside the great sheath of his sword, and cut the firstling hairs from the boar, and lifting up his hands made prayer to Zeus; and all the Argives sat thereby in silence, hearkening as was meet unto the king. And he spake in prayer, with a look up to the wide heaven: "Be Zeus my witness first, highest and best of gods, and Earth and Sun, and the Erinyes, that under earth take vengeance on men, whosoever hath sworn a false oath, that never laid I hand upon the girl Briseïs

οὔτ᾽ εὐνῆς πρόφασιν κεχρημένος οὔτε τευ ἄλλου.
ἀλλ᾽ ἔμεν᾽ ἀπροτίμαστος ἐνὶ κλισίῃσιν ἐμῇσιν.
εἰ δέ τι τῶνδ᾽ ἐπίορκον, ἐμοὶ θεοὶ ἄλγεα δοῖεν
πολλὰ μάλ᾽, ὅσσα διδοῦσιν ὅτίς σφ᾽ ἀλίτηται ὀμόσσας."
῏Η, καὶ ἀπὸ στόμαχον κάπρου τάμε νηλέϊ χαλκῷ.
τὸν μὲν Ταλθύβιος πολιῆς ἁλὸς ἐς μέγα λαῖτμα
ῥῖψ᾽ ἐπιδινήσας, βόσιν ἰχθύσιν· αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς
ἀνστὰς Ἀργείοισι φιλοπτολέμοισι μετηύδα·
"Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἦ μεγάλας ἄτας ἄνδρεσσι διδοῖσθα·
οὐκ ἂν δή ποτε θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ἐμοῖσιν
Ἀτρεΐδης ὤρινε διαμπερές, οὐδέ κε κούρην
ἦγεν ἐμεῦ ἀέκοντος ἀμήχανος· ἀλλά ποθι Ζεὺς
ἤθελ᾽ Ἀχαιοῖσιν θάνατον πολέεσσι γενέσθαι.
νῦν δ᾽ ἔρχεσθ᾽ ἐπὶ δεῖπνον, ἵνα ξυνάγωμεν Ἄρηα."
῝Ως ἄρ᾽ ἐφώνησεν, λῦσεν δ᾽ ἀγορὴν αἰψηρήν.
οἱ μὲν ἄρ᾽ ἐσκίδναντο ἑὴν ἐπὶ νῆα ἕκαστος,
δῶρα δὲ Μυρμιδόνες μεγαλήτορες ἀμφεπένοντο,
βὰν δ᾽ ἐπὶ νῆα φέροντες Ἀχιλλῆος θείοιο.
καὶ τὰ μὲν ἐν κλισίῃσι θέσαν, κάθισαν δὲ γυναῖκας,
ἵππους δ᾽ εἰς ἀγέλην ἔλασαν θεράποντες ἀγαυοί.
Βρισηῒς δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἔπειτ᾽, ἰκέλη χρυσέῃ Ἀφροδίτῃ,
ὡς ἴδε Πάτροκλον δεδαϊγμένον ὀξέϊ χαλκῷ,
ἀμφ᾽ αὐτῷ χυμένη λίγ᾽ ἐκώκυε, χερσὶ δ᾽ ἄμυσσε
στήθεά τ᾽ ἠδ᾽ ἁπαλὴν δειρὴν ἰδὲ καλὰ πρόσωπα.
εἶπε δ᾽ ἄρα κλαίουσα γυνὴ ἐϊκυῖα θεῇσι·
"Πάτροκλέ μοι δειλῇ πλεῖστον κεχαρισμένε θυμῷ,
ζωὸν μέν σε ἔλειπον ἐγὼ κλισίηθεν ἰοῦσα,
νῦν δέ σε τεθνηῶτα κιχάνομαι, ὄρχαμε λαῶν,
ἂψ ἀνιοῦσ᾽· ὥς μοι δέχεται κακὸν ἐκ κακοῦ αἰεί.

either by way of a lover's embrace or anywise else, but she ever abode untouched in my huts. And if aught of this oath be false, may the gods give me woes full many, even all that they are wont to give to him whoso sinneth against them in his swearing."

He spake, and cut the boar's throat with the pitiless bronze, and the body Talthybius whirled and flung into the great gulf of the grey sea, to be food for the fishes; but Achilles uprose, and spake among the war-loving Argives:

"Father Zeus, great in good sooth is the blindness thou sendest upon men. Never would the son of Atreus have utterly roused the wrath within my breast, nor led off the girl ruthlessly in my despite, but mayhap it was the good pleasure of Zeus that on many of the Achaeans death should come. But now go ye to your meal, that we may join in battle."

So spake he, and hastily brake up the gathering. Then the others scattered, each to his own ship, but the great-hearted Myrmidons busied themselves about the gifts, and bare them forth to the ship of godlike Achilles. And they bestowed them in the huts, and set the women there, and the horses proud squires drave off to the herd.

But Briseïs, that was like unto golden Aphrodite, when she had sight of Patroclus mangled with the sharp bronze, flung herself about him and shrieked aloud, and with her hands she tore her breast and tender neck and beautiful face. And amid her wailing spake the woman like unto the goddesses: "Patroclus, dearest to my hapless heart, alive I left thee when I went from the hut, and now I find thee dead, thou leader of hosts, as I return thereto: thus for me doth evil ever follow hard on evil. My

ἄνδρα μὲν ᾧ ἔδοσάν με πατὴρ καὶ πότνια μήτηρ
εἶδον πρὸ πτόλιος δεδαϊγμένον ὀξέϊ χαλκῷ,
τρεῖς τε κασιγνήτους, τούς μοι μία γείνατο μήτηρ,
κηδείους, οἳ πάντες ὀλέθριον ἦμαρ ἐπέσπον.
οὐδὲ μὲν οὐδέ μ' ἔασκες, ὅτ' ἄνδρ' ἐμὸν ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεὺς
ἔκτεινεν, πέρσεν δὲ πόλιν θείοιο Μύνητος,
κλαίειν, ἀλλά μ' ἔφασκες Ἀχιλλῆος θείοιο
κουριδίην ἄλοχον θήσειν, ἄξειν τ' ἐνὶ νηυσὶν
ἐς Φθίην, δαίσειν δὲ γάμον μετὰ Μυρμιδόνεσσι.
τῶ σ' ἄμοτον κλαίω τεθνηότα, μείλιχον αἰεί."
῝Ως ἔφατο κλαίουσ', ἐπὶ δὲ στενάχοντο γυναῖκες,
Πάτροκλον πρόφασιν, σφῶν δ' αὐτῶν κήδε' ἑκάστη.
αὐτὸν δ' ἀμφὶ γέροντες Ἀχαιῶν ἠγερέθοντο
λισσόμενοι δειπνῆσαι· ὁ δ' ἠρνεῖτο στεναχίζων·
"λίσσομαι, εἴ τις ἐμοί γε φίλων ἐπιπείθεθ' ἑταίρων,
μή με πρὶν σίτοιο κελεύετε μηδὲ ποτῆτος
ἄσασθαι φίλον ἦτορ, ἐπεί μ' ἄχος αἰνὸν ἱκάνει·
δύντα δ' ἐς ἠέλιον μενέω καὶ τλήσομαι ἔμπης."
῝Ως εἰπὼν ἄλλους μὲν ἀπεσκέδασεν βασιλῆας,
δοιὼ δ' Ἀτρεΐδα μενέτην καὶ δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς,
Νέστωρ Ἰδομενεύς τε γέρων θ' ἱππηλάτα Φοῖνιξ,
τέρποντες πυκινῶς ἀκαχήμενον· οὐδέ τι θυμῷ
τέρπετο, πρὶν πολέμου στόμα δύμεναι αἱματόεντος.

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1 That Patroclus promised more than it would have been possible for him to perform is in keeping with the kindliness of his character which is so often emphasized. As to the question of marriage, however, between a Greek prince and a captive, it must be remembered that Achilles calls Briseïs his wife, explicitly in the text of ix. 336 as commonly read, and implicitly in any case. *Cf.* the note on ix. 336.

2 It seems more in keeping with the simplicity of Homeric thought to take πρόφασιν of a real cause, rather than to render, as is commonly done, "in semblance for Patroclus,"

husband, unto whom my father and queenly mother gave me, I beheld mangled with the sharp bronze before our city, and my three brethren whom mine own mother bare, brethren beloved, all these met their day of doom. But thou, when swift Achilles slew my husband, and laid waste the city of godlike Mynes, wouldst not even suffer me to weep, but saidest that thou wouldst make me the wedded wife of Achilles,[1] and that he would bear me in his ships to Phthia, and make me a marriage-feast among the Myrmidons. Wherefore I wail for thee in thy death and know no ceasing, for thou wast ever kind."

So spake she wailing, and thereto the women added their laments; Patroclus indeed they mourned,[2] but therewithal each one her own sorrows. But around Achilles gathered the elders of the Achaeans, beseeching him that he would eat; but he refused them, moaning the while: "I beseech you, if any of my dear comrades will hearken unto me, bid me not before the time sate my heart with food or drink, seeing dread grief is come upon me. Till set of sun will I abide, and endure even as I am."

So spake he, and sent from him the other chieftains, but the two sons of Atreus abode, and goodly Odysseus, and Nestor and Idomeneus and the old man Phoenix, driver of chariots, seeking to comfort him in his exceeding sorrow; but no whit would his heart be comforted until he entered the mouth of bloody war. And as he thought thereon he

whereby the pretended lamentation for him covers the expression of the individual woes of the women. As interpreted above the passage is as true psychologically, and we may compare lines 338 f. and xxiv. 167 ff. (Leaf), in which a grief really felt calls up the memory of other and deeper sorrows.

μνησάμενος δ' ἁδινῶς ἀνενείκατο φώνησέν τε·
"ἦ ῥά νύ μοί ποτε καὶ σύ, δυσάμμορε, φίλταθ' ἑταίρων,
αὐτὸς ἐνὶ κλισίῃ λαρὸν παρὰ δεῖπνον ἔθηκας
αἶψα καὶ ὀτραλέως, ὁπότε σπερχοίατ' Ἀχαιοὶ
Τρωσὶν ἐφ' ἱπποδάμοισι φέρειν πολύδακρυν Ἄρηα.
νῦν δὲ σὺ μὲν κεῖσαι δεδαϊγμένος, αὐτὰρ ἐμὸν κῆρ
ἄκμηνον πόσιος καὶ ἐδητύος, ἔνδον ἐόντων,
σῇ ποθῇ· οὐ μὲν γάρ τι κακώτερον ἄλλο πάθοιμι,
οὐδ' εἴ κεν τοῦ πατρὸς ἀποφθιμένοιο πυθοίμην,
ὅς που νῦν Φθίηφι τέρεν κατὰ δάκρυον εἴβει
χήτεϊ τοιοῦδ' υἷος· ὁ δ' ἀλλοδαπῷ ἐνὶ δήμῳ
εἵνεκα ῥιγεδανῆς Ἑλένης Τρωσὶν πολεμίζω·
ἠὲ τὸν ὃς Σκύρῳ μοι ἔνι τρέφεται φίλος υἱός,
εἴ που ἔτι ζώει γε Νεοπτόλεμος θεοειδής.[1]
πρὶν μὲν γάρ μοι θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ἐόλπει
οἶον ἐμὲ φθίσεσθαι ἀπ' Ἄργεος ἱπποβότοιο
αὐτοῦ ἐνὶ Τροίῃ, σὲ δέ τε Φθίηνδε νέεσθαι,
ὡς ἄν μοι τὸν παῖδα θοῇ ἐνὶ νηῒ μελαίνῃ
Σκυρόθεν ἐξαγάγοις καί οἱ δείξειας ἕκαστα,
κτῆσιν ἐμὴν δμῶάς τε καὶ ὑψερεφὲς μέγα δῶμα.
ἤδη γὰρ Πηλῆά γ' ὀΐομαι ἢ κατὰ πάμπαν
τεθνάμεν, ἤ που τυτθὸν ἔτι ζώοντ' ἀκάχησθαι
γήραΐ τε στυγερῷ καὶ ἐμὴν ποτιδέγμενον αἰεὶ
λυγρὴν ἀγγελίην, ὅτ' ἀποφθιμένοιο πύθηται."
Ὣς ἔφατο κλαίων, ἐπὶ δὲ στενάχοντο γέροντες,
μνησάμενοι τὰ ἕκαστος ἐνὶ μεγάροισιν ἔλειπεν.

[1] Line 327 was rejected by Aristophanes and Aristarchus.

heaved a heavy sigh and spake, saying: "Ah verily of old, thou too, O hapless one, dearest of my comrades, thyself wast wont to set forth in our hut with nimble haste a savoury meal, whenso the Achaeans made haste to bring tearful war against the horse-taming Trojans. But now thou liest here mangled, and my heart will have naught of meat and drink, though they be here at hand, through yearning for thee. Naught more grievous than this could I suffer, not though I should hear of the death of mine own father, who now haply in Phthia is shedding round tears for lack of a son like me, while I in a land of alien folk for the sake of abhorred Helen am warring with the men of Troy; nay, nor though it were he that in Scyrus is reared for me, my son[1] well-beloved —if so be godlike Neoptolemus still liveth. For until now the heart in my breast had hope that I alone should perish far from horse-pasturing Argos, here in the land of Troy, but that thou shouldest return to Phthia, that so thou mightest take my child in thy swift, black ship from Scyrus, and show him all things—my possessions, my slaves, and my great high-roofed house. For by now I ween is Peleus either dead and gone, or else, though haply he still liveth feebly, is sore distressed with hateful old age, and with waiting ever for woeful tidings of me, when he shall hear that I am dead."

So spake he weeping, and thereto the elders added their laments, bethinking them each one of what he had left at home. And as they mourned the son of

[1] Mention of a son of Achilles—the Neoptolemus so prominent in later developments of the tale of Troy—is made again in xxiv. 467, but seems out of harmony with the *Iliad* as a whole.

μυρομένους δ' ἄρα τούς γε ἰδὼν ἐλέησε Κρονίων,
αἶψα δ' Ἀθηναίην ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
"τέκνον ἐμόν, δὴ πάμπαν ἀποίχεαι ἀνδρὸς ἑοῖο.[1]
ἦ νύ τοι οὐκέτι πάγχυ μετὰ φρεσὶ μέμβλετ' Ἀχιλλεύς;
κεῖνος ὅ γε προπάροιθε νεῶν ὀρθοκραιράων
ἧσται ὀδυρόμενος ἕταρον φίλον· οἱ δὲ δὴ ἄλλοι
οἴχονται μετὰ δεῖπνον, ὁ δ' ἄκμηνος καὶ ἄπαστος.
ἀλλ' ἴθι οἱ νέκταρ τε καὶ ἀμβροσίην ἐρατεινὴν
στάξον ἐνὶ στήθεσσ', ἵνα μή μιν λιμὸς ἵκηται."
Ὣς εἰπὼν ὄρνυτο πάρος μεμαυῖαν Ἀθήνην·
ἡ δ' ἅρπῃ ἐϊκυῖα τανυπτέρυγι λιγυφώνῳ
οὐρανοῦ ἔκ κατεπᾶλτο δι' αἰθέρος. αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὶ
αὐτίκα θωρήσσοντο κατὰ στρατόν· ἡ δ' Ἀχιλῆϊ
νέκταρ ἐνὶ στήθεσσι καὶ ἀμβροσίην ἐρατεινὴν
στάξ', ἵνα μή μιν λιμὸς ἀτερπὴς γούναθ' ἵκοιτο·
αὐτὴ δὲ πρὸς πατρὸς ἐρισθενέος πυκινὸν δῶ
ᾤχετο, τοὶ δ' ἀπάνευθε νεῶν ἐχέοντο θοάων.
ὡς δ' ὅτε ταρφειαὶ νιφάδες Διὸς ἐκποτέονται,
ψυχραί, ὑπὸ ῥιπῆς αἰθρηγενέος Βορέαο,
ὣς τότε ταρφειαὶ κόρυθες λαμπρὸν γανόωσαι
νηῶν ἐκφορέοντο καὶ ἀσπίδες ὀμφαλόεσσαι
θώρηκές τε κραταιγύαλοι καὶ μείλινα δοῦρα.
αἴγλη δ' οὐρανὸν ἷκε, γέλασσε δὲ πᾶσα περὶ χθὼν
χαλκοῦ ὑπὸ στεροπῆς· ὑπὸ δὲ κτύπος ὤρνυτο ποσσὶν
ἀνδρῶν· ἐν δὲ μέσοισι κορύσσετο δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς.
τοῦ καὶ ὀδόντων μὲν καναχὴ πέλε, τὼ δέ οἱ ὄσσε[2]

[1] ἑοῖο Zenodotus: ἑῆος.

[2] Lines 365-368 were at first rejected by Aristarchus, though he afterwards removed the "obeli" (marks of condemnation).

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[1] We can go no further than say that the ἅρπη was certainly some bird of prey.

Cronos had sight of them, and was touched with pity; and forthwith he spake winged words unto Athene:

"My child, lo thou forsakest utterly thine own warrior. Is there then no place in thy thought any more for Achilles? Yonder he sitteth in front of his ships with upright horns, mourning for his dear comrade; the others verily are gone to their meal, but he fasteth and will have naught of food. Nay go, shed thou into his breast nectar and pleasant ambrosia, that hunger-pangs come not upon him."

So saying he urged on Athene, that was already eager: and she like a falcon,[1] wide of wing and shrill of voice, leapt down upon him from out of heaven through the air. Then while the Achaeans were arraying them speedily for battle throughout the camp, into the breast of Achilles she shed nectar and pleasant ambrosia that grievous hunger-pangs should not come upon his limbs; and then herself was gone to the stout-builded house of her mighty sire, and the Achaeans poured forth from the swift ships. As when thick and fast the snowflakes flutter down from Zeus, chill beneath the blast of the North Wind, born in the bright heaven; even so then thick and fast from the ships were borne the helms, bright-gleaming, and the bossed shields, the corselets with massive plates, and the ashen spears. And the gleam thereof went up to heaven, and all the earth round about laughed by reason of the flashing of bronze; and there went up a din from beneath the feet of men; and in their midst goodly Achilles arrayed him for battle. There was a gnashing of his teeth, and his two eyes blazed as it had been a flame

λαμπέσθην ὡς εἴ τε πυρὸς σέλας, ἐν δέ οἱ ἦτορ
δῦν' ἄχος ἄτλητον· ὁ δ' ἄρα Τρωσὶν μενεαίνων
δύσετο δῶρα θεοῦ, τά οἱ Ἥφαιστος κάμε τεύχων.
κνημῖδας μὲν πρῶτα περὶ κνήμῃσιν ἔθηκε
καλάς, ἀργυρέοισιν ἐπισφυρίοις ἀραρυίας·
δεύτερον αὖ θώρηκα περὶ στήθεσσιν ἔδυνεν.
ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' ὤμοισιν βάλετο ξίφος ἀργυρόηλον
χάλκεον· αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα σάκος μέγα τε στιβαρόν τε
εἵλετο, τοῦ δ' ἀπάνευθε σέλας γένετ' ἠΰτε μήνης.
ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἂν ἐκ πόντοιο σέλας ναύτῃσι φανήῃ
καιομένοιο πυρός, τό τε καίεται ὑψόθ' ὄρεσφι
σταθμῷ ἐν οἰοπόλῳ· τοὺς δ' οὐκ ἐθέλοντας ἄελλαι
πόντον ἐπ' ἰχθυόεντα φίλων ἀπάνευθε φέρουσιν·
ὣς ἀπ' Ἀχιλλῆος σάκεος σέλας αἰθέρ' ἵκανε
καλοῦ δαιδαλέου· περὶ δὲ τρυφάλειαν ἀείρας
κρατὶ θέτο βριαρήν· ἡ δ' ἀστὴρ ὣς ἀπέλαμπεν
ἵππουρις τρυφάλεια, περισσείοντο δ' ἔθειραι
χρύσεαι, ἃς Ἥφαιστος ἵει λόφον ἀμφὶ θαμειάς.
πειρήθη δ' ἕο αὐτοῦ ἐν ἔντεσι δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς,
εἰ οἷ ἐφαρμόσσειε καὶ ἐντρέχοι ἀγλαὰ γυῖα.[1]
τῷ δ' εὖτε πτερὰ γίγνετ', ἄειρε δὲ ποιμένα λαῶν.
ἐκ δ' ἄρα σύριγγος πατρώϊον ἐσπάσατ' ἔγχος,
βριθὺ μέγα στιβαρόν· τὸ μὲν οὐ δύνατ' ἄλλος Ἀχαιῶν[2]
πάλλειν, ἀλλά μιν οἶος ἐπίστατο πῆλαι Ἀχιλλεύς,
Πηλιάδα μελίην, τὴν πατρὶ φίλῳ πόρε Χείρων
Πηλίου ἐκ κορυφῆς, φόνον ἔμμεναι ἡρώεσσιν.
ἵππους δ' Αὐτομέδων τε καὶ Ἄλκιμος ἀμφιέποντες
ζεύγνυον· ἀμφὶ δὲ καλὰ λέπαδν' ἕσαν, ἐν δὲ χαλινοὺς

[1] γυῖα: δῶρα.
[2] Lines 388-391 were rejected by Aristarchus.

of fire, and into his heart there entered grief that might not be borne. Thus in fierce wrath against the Trojans he clad him in the gifts of the god, that Hephaestus had wrought for him with toil. The greaves first he set about his legs: beautiful they were, and fitted with silver ankle-pieces, and next he did on the corselet about his chest. And about his shoulders he cast the silver-studded sword of bronze, and thereafter grasped the shield great and sturdy, wherefrom went forth afar a gleam as of the moon. And as when forth over the sea there appeareth to seamen the gleam of blazing fire, and it burneth high up in the mountains in a lonely steading—but sore against their will the storm-winds bear them over the teeming deep afar from their friends; even so from the shield of Achilles went up a gleam to heaven, from that shield fair and richly-dight. And he lifted the mighty helm and set it upon his head; and it shone as it were a star—the helm with crest of horse-hair, and around it waved the plumes of gold, that Hephaestus had set thick about the crest. And goodly Achilles made proof of himself in his armour, whether it fitted him, and his glorious limbs moved free; and it became as it were wings to him, and lifted up the shepherd of the people. And forth from its stand he drew his father's spear, heavy and huge and strong, that none other of the Achaeans could wield, but Achilles alone was skilled to wield it, even the Pelian spear of ash that Cheiron had given to his dear father from the peak of Pelion, to be for the slaying of warriors. And Automedon and Alcimus set them busily to yoke the horses, and about them they set the fair breast-straps, and cast

γαμφηλῇς ἔβαλον, κατὰ δ' ἡνία τεῖναν ὀπίσσω
κολλητὸν ποτὶ δίφρον. ὁ δὲ μάστιγα φαεινὴν
χειρὶ λαβὼν ἀραρυῖαν ἐφ' ἵπποιιν ἀνόρουσεν,
Αὐτομέδων· ὄπιθεν δὲ κορυσσάμενος βῆ 'Αχιλλεύς,
τεύχεσι παμφαίνων ὥς τ' ἠλέκτωρ Ὑπερίων,
σμερδαλέον δ' ἵπποισιν ἐκέκλετο πατρὸς ἑοῖο·
"Ξάνθε τε καὶ Βαλίε, τηλεκλυτὰ τέκνα Ποδάργης,
ἄλλως δὴ φράζεσθε σαωσέμεν ἡνιοχῆα
ἂψ Δαναῶν ἐς ὅμιλον, ἐπεί χ' ἕωμεν πολέμοιο,
μηδ' ὡς Πάτροκλον λίπετ' αὐτόθι τεθνηῶτα."
Τὸν δ' ἄρ' ὑπὸ ζυγόφι προσέφη πόδας αἰόλος ἵππος
Ξάνθος, ἄφαρ δ' ἤμυσε καρήατι, πᾶσα δὲ χαίτη
ζεύγλης ἐξεριποῦσα παρὰ ζυγὸν οὖδας ἵκανεν·
αὐδήεντα δ' ἔθηκε θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη·[1]
"καὶ λίην σ' ἔτι νῦν γε σαώσομεν, ὄβριμ' 'Αχιλλεῦ·
ἀλλά τοι ἐγγύθεν ἦμαρ ὀλέθριον· οὐδέ τοι ἡμεῖς
αἴτιοι, ἀλλὰ θεός τε μέγας καὶ Μοῖρα κραταιή.
οὐδὲ γὰρ ἡμετέρῃ βραδυτῆτί τε νωχελίῃ τε
Τρῶες ἀπ' ὤμοιιν Πατρόκλου τεύχε' ἕλοντο·
ἀλλὰ θεῶν ὥριστος, ὃν ἠΰκομος τέκε Λητώ,
ἔκταν' ἐνὶ προμάχοισι καὶ Ἕκτορι κῦδος ἔδωκε.
νῶϊ δὲ καί κεν ἅμα πνοιῇ Ζεφύροιο θέοιμεν,
ἥν περ ἐλαφροτάτην φάσ' ἔμμεναι· ἀλλὰ σοὶ αὐτῷ[2]
μόρσιμόν ἐστι θεῷ τε καὶ ἀνέρι ἶφι δαμῆναι."
Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσαντος 'Ερινύες ἔσχεθον αὐδήν.

[1] Line 407 was rejected by Aristarchus.
[2] Lines 416 f. were rejected by Aristarchus.

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[1] There is no parallel in Homer to this episode of the speaking horse, but it is not un-Greek (Hesiod, *Works and Days*, 203 ff.). In any case this splendid passage is its own best justification.

bits within their jaws, and drew the reins behind to the jointed car. And Automedon grasped in his hand the bright lash, that fitted it well, and leapt upon the car; and behind him stepped Achilles harnessed for fight, gleaming in his armour like the bright Hyperion. Then terribly he called aloud to the horses of his father:

"Xanthus and Balius, ye far-famed children of Podarge, in some other wise bethink you to bring your charioteer back safe to the host of the Danaans, when we have had our fill of war, and leave ye not him there dead, as ye did Patroclus."

Then from beneath the yoke spake to him the horse Xanthus, of the swift-glancing feet; on a sudden he bowed his head, and all his mane streamed from beneath the yoke-pad beside the yoke, and touched the ground; and the goddess, white-armed Hera, gave him speech:[1] "Aye verily, yet for this time will we save thee, mighty Achilles, albeit the day of doom is nigh thee, nor shall we be the cause thereof, but a mighty god and overpowering Fate. For it was not through sloth or slackness of ours that the Trojans availed to strip the harness from the shoulders of Patroclus, but one, far the best of gods, even he that fair-haired Leto bare, slew him amid the foremost fighters and gave glory to Hector. But for us twain, we could run swift as the blast of the West Wind, which, men say, is of all winds the fleetest; nay, it is thine own self that art fated to be slain in fight by a god and a mortal."

When he had thus spoken, the Erinyes checked

τὸν δὲ μέγ᾽ ὀχθήσας προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·
“Ξάνθε, τί μοι θάνατον μαντεύεαι; οὐδέ τί σε χρή.
εὖ νυ τὸ οἶδα καὶ αὐτὸς ὅ μοι μόρος ἐνθάδ᾽ ὀλέσθαι,
νόσφι φίλου πατρὸς καὶ μητέρος· ἀλλὰ καὶ ἔμπης
οὐ λήξω πρὶν Τρῶας ἅδην ἐλάσαι πολέμοιο.”
Ἦ ῥα, καὶ ἐν πρώτοις ἰάχων ἔχε μώνυχας ἵππους.

his voice. Then, his heart mightily stirred, spake to him swift-footed Achilles:

"Xanthus, why dost thou prophesy my death? Thou needest not at all. Well know I even of myself that it is my fate to perish here, far from my father dear, and my mother; howbeit even so will I not cease, until I have driven the Trojans to surfeit of war."

He spake, and with a cry drave amid the foremost his single-hooved horses.

ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Υ

Ὣς οἱ μὲν παρὰ νηυσὶ κορωνίσι θωρήσσοντο
ἀμφὶ σέ, Πηλέος υἱέ, μάχης ἀκόρητον Ἀχαιοί,
Τρῶες δ' αὖθ' ἑτέρωθεν ἐπὶ θρωσμῷ πεδίοιο·
Ζεὺς δὲ Θέμιστα κέλευσε θεοὺς ἀγορήνδε καλέσσαι
κρατὸς ἀπ' Οὐλύμποιο πολυπτύχου· ἡ δ' ἄρα πάντῃ
φοιτήσασα κέλευσε Διὸς πρὸς δῶμα νέεσθαι.
οὔτε τις οὖν ποταμῶν ἀπέην, νόσφ' Ὠκεανοῖο,
οὔτ' ἄρα νυμφάων, αἵ τ' ἄλσεα καλὰ νέμονται
καὶ πηγὰς ποταμῶν καὶ πίσεα ποιήεντα.
ἐλθόντες δ' ἐς δῶμα Διὸς νεφεληγερέταο
ξεστῇς αἰθούσῃσιν ἐνίζανον, ἃς Διὶ πατρὶ
Ἥφαιστος ποίησεν ἰδυίῃσι πραπίδεσσιν.
Ὣς οἱ μὲν Διὸς ἔνδον ἀγηγέρατ'· οὐδ' ἐνοσίχθων
νηκούστησε θεᾶς, ἀλλ' ἐξ ἁλὸς ἦλθε μετ' αὐτούς,
ἷζε δ' ἄρ' ἐν μέσσοισι, Διὸς δ' ἐξείρετο βουλήν·
"τίπτ' αὖτ', ἀργικέραυνε, θεοὺς ἀγορήνδε κάλεσσας;
ἦ τι περὶ Τρώων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν μερμηρίζεις;
τῶν γὰρ νῦν ἄγχιστα μάχη πόλεμός τε δέδηε."
Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεύς·
"ἔγνως, ἐννοσίγαιε, ἐμὴν ἐν στήθεσι βουλήν,

BOOK XX

So by the beaked ships around thee, O son of Peleus, insatiate of fight, the Achaeans arrayed them for battle; and likewise the Trojans over against them on the rising ground of the plain. But Zeus bade Themis summon the gods to the place of gathering from the brow of many-ridged Olympus; and she sped everywhither, and bade them come to the house of Zeus. There was no river that came not, save only Oceanus, nor any nymph, of all that haunt the fair copses, the springs that feed the rivers, and the grassy meadows. And being come to the house of Zeus they sate them down within the polished colonnades which for father Zeus Hephaestus had builded with cunning skill.

Thus were they gathered within the house of Zeus; nor did the Shaker of Earth fail to heed the call of the goddess, but came forth from the sea to join their company; and he sate him in the midst, and made question concerning the purpose of Zeus: "Wherefore, thou lord of the bright lightning, hast thou called the gods to the place of gathering? Is it that thou art pondering on somewhat concerning the Trojans and Achaeans? for now is their battle and fighting kindled hard at hand."

Then Zeus, the cloud-gatherer, answered him, and said: "Thou knowest, O Shaker of Earth, the pur-

ὧν ἕνεκα ξυνάγειρα· μέλουσί μοι ὀλλύμενοί περ.
ἀλλ' ἦ τοι μὲν ἐγὼ μενέω πτυχὶ Οὐλύμποιο
ἥμενος, ἔνθ' ὁρόων φρένα τέρψομαι· οἱ δὲ δὴ ἄλλοι
ἔρχεσθ' ὄφρ' ἂν ἵκησθε μετὰ Τρῶας καὶ Ἀχαιούς,
ἀμφοτέροισι δ' ἀρήγεθ', ὅπῃ νόος ἐστὶν ἑκάστου.
εἰ γὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς οἶος ἐπὶ Τρώεσσι μαχεῖται,
οὐδὲ μίνυνθ' ἕξουσι ποδώκεα Πηλεΐωνα.
καὶ δέ τί μιν καὶ πρόσθεν ὑποτρομέεσκον ὁρῶντες·
νῦν δ' ὅτε δὴ καὶ θυμὸν ἑταίρου χώεται αἰνῶς,
δείδω μὴ καὶ τεῖχος ὑπὲρ μόρον ἐξαλαπάξῃ."
Ὣς ἔφατο Κρονίδης, πόλεμον δ' ἀλίαστον ἔγειρε
βὰν δ' ἴμεναι πόλεμόνδε θεοί, δίχα θυμὸν ἔχοντες·
Ἥρη μὲν μετ' ἀγῶνα νεῶν καὶ Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη
ἠδὲ Ποσειδάων γαιήοχος ἠδ' ἐριούνης
Ἑρμείας, ὃς ἐπὶ φρεσὶ πευκαλίμῃσι κέκασται·
Ἥφαιστος δ' ἅμα τοῖσι κίε σθένεϊ βλεμεαίνων,
χωλεύων, ὑπὸ δὲ κνῆμαι ῥώοντο ἀραιαί.
ἐς δὲ Τρῶας Ἄρης κορυθαίολος, αὐτὰρ ἅμ' αὐτῷ
Φοῖβος ἀκερσεκόμης ἠδ' Ἄρτεμις ἰοχέαιρα
Λητώ τε Ξάνθος τε φιλομμειδής τ' Ἀφροδίτη.
Ἧος μέν ῥ' ἀπάνευθε θεοὶ θνητῶν ἔσαν ἀνδρῶν,
τῆος Ἀχαιοὶ μὲν μέγ' ἐκύδανον, οὕνεκ' Ἀχιλλεὺς
ἐξεφάνη, δηρὸν δὲ μάχης ἐπέπαυτ' ἀλεγεινῆς·
Τρῶας δὲ τρόμος αἰνὸς ὑπήλυθε γυῖα ἕκαστον,
δειδιότας, ὅθ' ὁρῶντο ποδώκεα Πηλεΐωνα

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[1] *i.e.* without any interference on the part of the gods.

pose in my breast, for the which I gathered you hither; I have regard unto them, even though they die. Yet verily, for myself will I abide here sitting in a fold of Olympus, wherefrom I will gaze and make glad my heart; but do ye others all go forth till ye be come among the Trojans and Achaeans, and bear aid to this side or that, even as the mind of each may be. For if Achilles shall fight alone[1] against the Trojans, not even for a little space will they hold back the swift-footed son of Peleus. Nay, even aforetime were they wont to tremble as they looked upon him, and now when verily his heart is grievously in wrath for his friend, I fear me lest even beyond what is ordained he lay waste the wall."

So spake the son of Cronos, and roused war unabating. And the gods went their way into the battle, being divided in counsel: Hera gat her to the gathering of the ships, and with her Pallas Athene, and Poseidon, the Shaker of Earth, and the helper Hermes, that was beyond all in the cunning of his mind; and together with these went Hephaestus, exulting in his might, halting, but beneath him his slender legs moved nimbly; but unto the Trojans went Ares, of the flashing helm, and with him Phoebus, of the unshorn locks, and Artemis, the archer, and Leto and Xanthus and laughter-loving Aphrodite.

Now as long as the gods were afar from the mortal men, even for so long triumphed the Achaeans mightily, seeing Achilles was come forth, albeit he had long kept him aloof from grievous battle; but upon the Trojans came dread trembling on the limbs of every man in their terror, when they beheld the swift-footed son of Peleus, flaming in his harness,

τεύχεσι λαμπόμενον, βροτολοιγῷ ἶσον Ἄρηϊ.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ μεθ᾽ ὅμιλον Ὀλύμπιοι ἤλυθον ἀνδρῶν,
ὦρτο δ᾽ Ἔρις κρατερὴ λαοσσόος, αὖε δ᾽ Ἀθήνη,
στᾶσ᾽ ὁτὲ μὲν παρὰ τάφρον ὀρυκτὴν τείχεος ἐκτός,
ἄλλοτ᾽ ἐπ᾽ ἀκτάων ἐριδούπων μακρὸν ἄϋτει.
αὖε δ᾽ Ἄρης ἑτέρωθεν, ἐρεμνῇ λαίλαπι ἶσος,
ὀξὺ κατ᾽ ἀκροτάτης πόλιος Τρώεσσι κελεύων,
ἄλλοτε πὰρ Σιμόεντι θέων[1] ἐπὶ Καλλικολώνῃ.
Ὣς τοὺς ἀμφοτέρους μάκαρες θεοὶ ὀτρύνοντες
σύμβαλον, ἐν δ᾽ αὐτοῖς ἔριδα ῥήγνυντο βαρεῖαν·
δεινὸν δὲ βρόντησε πατὴρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε
ὑψόθεν· αὐτὰρ νέρθε Ποσειδάων ἐτίναξε
γαῖαν ἀπειρεσίην ὀρέων τ᾽ αἰπεινὰ κάρηνα.
πάντες δ᾽ ἐσσείοντο πόδες πολυπίδακος Ἴδης
καὶ κορυφαί, Τρώων τε πόλις καὶ νῆες Ἀχαιῶν.
ἔδδεισεν δ᾽ ὑπένερθεν ἄναξ ἐνέρων Ἀϊδωνεύς,
δείσας δ᾽ ἐκ θρόνου ἆλτο καὶ ἴαχε, μή οἱ ὕπερθε
γαῖαν ἀναρρήξειε Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων,
οἰκία δὲ θνητοῖσι καὶ ἀθανάτοισι φανείη
σμερδαλέ᾽ εὐρώεντα, τά τε στυγέουσι θεοί περ·
τόσσος ἄρα κτύπος ὦρτο θεῶν ἔριδι ξυνιόντων.
ἤ τοι μὲν γὰρ ἔναντα Ποσειδάωνος ἄνακτος
ἵστατ᾽ Ἀπόλλων Φοῖβος, ἔχων ἰὰ πτερόεντα,
ἄντα δ᾽ Ἐνυαλίοιο θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη·
Ἥρῃ δ᾽ ἀντέστη χρυσηλάκατος κελαδεινὴ
Ἄρτεμις ἰοχέαιρα, κασιγνήτη ἑκάτοιο·
Λητοῖ δ᾽ ἀντέστη σῶκος ἐριούνιος Ἑρμῆς,

[1] *θέων*: *θεῶν* Aristarchus.

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[1] Callicolone ("Beauty Hill") is mentioned again in

the peer of Ares, the bane of men. But when the Olympians were come into the midst of the throng of men, then up leapt mighty Strife, the rouser of hosts, and Athene cried aloud,—now would she stand beside the digged trench without the wall, and now upon the loud-sounding shores would she utter her loud cry. And over against her shouted Ares, dread as a dark whirlwind, calling with shrill tones to the Trojans from the topmost citadel, and now again as he sped by the shore of Simoïs over Callicolone.[1]

Thus did the blessed gods urge on the two hosts to clash in battle, and amid them made grievous strife to burst forth. Then terribly thundered the father of gods and men from on high ; and from beneath did Poseidon cause the vast earth to quake, and the steep crests of the mountains. All the roots of many-fountained Ida were shaken, and all her peaks, and the city of the Trojans, and the ships of the Achaeans. And seized with fear in the world below was Aïdoneus, lord of the shades, and in fear leapt he from his throne and cried aloud, lest above him the earth be cloven by Poseidon, the Shaker of Earth, and his abode be made plain to view for mortals and immortals—the dread and dank abode, wherefor the very gods have loathing : so great was the din that arose when the gods clashed in strife. For against king Poseidon stood Phoebus Apollo with his winged arrows, and against Enyalius the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene ; against Hera stood forth the huntress of the golden arrows, and the echoing chase, even the archer Artemis, sister of the god that smiteth afar ; against Leto stood forth the

line 151 of this book, but is otherwise unknown. According to tradition it was the scene of the judgment of Paris.

ἄντα δ' ἄρ' Ἡφαίστοιο μέγας ποταμὸς βαθυδίνης,
ὃν Ξάνθον καλέουσι θεοί, ἄνδρες δὲ Σκάμανδρον.
Ὣς οἱ μὲν θεοὶ ἄντα θεῶν ἴσαν· αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς
Ἕκτορος ἄντα μάλιστα λιλαίετο δῦναι ὅμιλον
Πριαμίδεω· τοῦ γάρ ῥα μάλιστά ἑ θυμὸς ἀνώγει
αἵματος ἆσαι Ἄρηα ταλαύρινον πολεμιστήν.
Αἰνείαν δ' ἰθὺς λαοσσόος ὦρσεν Ἀπόλλων
ἀντία Πηλεΐωνος, ἐνῆκε δέ οἱ μένος ἠΰ·
υἱέϊ δὲ Πριάμοιο Λυκάονι εἴσατο φωνήν·
τῷ μιν ἐεισάμενος προσέφη Διὸς υἱὸς Ἀπόλλων·
"Αἰνεία, Τρώων βουληφόρε, ποῦ τοι ἀπειλαί,
ἃς Τρώων βασιλεῦσιν ὑπίσχεο οἰνοποτάζων,
Πηλεΐδεω Ἀχιλῆος ἐναντίβιον πολεμίξειν;"
Τὸν δ' αὖτ' Αἰνείας ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέειπε·
"Πριαμίδη, τί με ταῦτα καὶ οὐκ ἐθέλοντα κελεύεις,
ἀντία Πηλεΐωνος ὑπερθύμοιο μάχεσθαι;
οὐ μὲν γὰρ νῦν πρῶτα ποδώκεος ἄντ' Ἀχιλῆος
στήσομαι, ἀλλ' ἤδη με καὶ ἄλλοτε δουρὶ φόβησεν
ἐξ Ἴδης, ὅτε βουσὶν ἐπήλυθεν ἡμετέρῃσι,
πέρσε δὲ Λυρνησσὸν καὶ Πήδασον· αὐτὰρ ἐμὲ Ζεὺς
εἰρύσαθ', ὅς μοι ἐπῶρσε μένος λαιψηρά τε γοῦνα.
ἦ κ' ἐδάμην ὑπὸ χερσὶν Ἀχιλλῆος καὶ Ἀθήνης,
ἥ οἱ πρόσθεν ἰοῦσα τίθει φάος ἠδ' ἐκέλευεν
ἔγχεϊ χαλκείῳ Λέλεγας καὶ Τρῶας ἐναίρειν.
τῶ οὐκ ἔστ' Ἀχιλῆος ἐναντίον ἄνδρα μάχεσθαι·
αἰεὶ γὰρ πάρα εἷς γε θεῶν, ὃς λοιγὸν ἀμύνει.
καὶ δ' ἄλλως τοῦ γ' ἰθὺ βέλος πέτετ', οὐδ' ἀπολήγει

strong helper, Hermes, and against Hephaestus the great, deep-eddying river, that gods call Xanthus, and men Scamander.

Thus gods went forth to meet with gods. But Achilles was fain to meet with Hector, Priam's son, above all others in the throng, for with his blood as with that of none other did his spirit bid him glut Ares, the warrior with tough shield of hide. Howbeit Aeneas did Apollo, rouser of hosts, make to go forth to face the son of Peleus, and he put into him great might: and he likened his own voice to that of Lycaon, son of Priam. In his likeness spake unto Aeneas the son of Zeus, Apollo: "Aeneas, counsellor of the Trojans, where be now thy threats, wherewith thou wast wont to declare unto the princes of the Trojans over thy wine, that thou wouldst do battle man to man against Achilles, son of Peleus?"

Then Aeneas answered him, and said: "Son of Priam, why on this wise dost thou bid me face in fight the son of Peleus, high of heart, though I be not minded thereto? Not now for the first time shall I stand forth against swift-footed Achilles; nay, once ere now he drave me with his spear from Ida, when he had come forth against our kine, and laid Lyrnessus waste and Pedasus withal; howbeit Zeus saved me, who roused my strength and made swift my knees. Else had I been slain beneath the hands of Achilles and of Athene, who ever went before him and set there a light of deliverance, and bade him slay Leleges and Trojans with spear of bronze. Wherefore may it not be that any man face Achilles in fight, for that ever by his side is some god, that wardeth from him ruin. Aye, and of itself his spear flieth straight, and ceaseth not till it have pierced

πρὶν χροὸς ἀνδρομέοιο διελθέμεν. εἰ δὲ θεός περ
ἶσον τείνειεν πολέμου τέλος, οὔ κε μάλα ῥέα
νικήσει', οὐδ' εἰ παγχάλκεος εὔχεται εἶναι."
  Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπεν ἄναξ Διὸς υἱὸς Ἀπόλλων·
"ἥρως, ἀλλ' ἄγε καὶ σὺ θεοῖς αἰειγενέτῃσιν
εὔχεο· καὶ δὲ σέ φασι Διὸς κούρης Ἀφροδίτης
ἐκγεγάμεν, κεῖνος δὲ χερείονος ἐκ θεοῦ ἐστιν·
ἡ μὲν γὰρ Διός ἐσθ', ἡ δ' ἐξ ἁλίοιο γέροντος.
ἀλλ' ἰθὺς φέρε χαλκὸν ἀτειρέα, μηδέ σε πάμπαν
λευγαλέοις ἐπέεσσιν ἀποτρεπέτω καὶ ἀρειῇ."
  Ὣς εἰπὼν ἔμπνευσε μένος μέγα ποιμένι λαῶν,
βῆ δὲ διὰ προμάχων κεκορυθμένος αἴθοπι χαλκῷ.
οὐδ' ἔλαθ' Ἀγχίσαο πάϊς λευκώλενον Ἥρην
ἀντία Πηλεΐωνος ἰὼν ἀνὰ οὐλαμὸν ἀνδρῶν·
ἡ δ' ἄμυδις στήσασα θεοὺς μετὰ μῦθον ἔειπε·
"φράζεσθον δὴ σφῶϊ, Ποσείδαον καὶ Ἀθήνη,
ἐν φρεσὶν ὑμετέρῃσιν, ὅπως ἔσται τάδε ἔργα.
Αἰνείας ὅδ' ἔβη κεκορυθμένος αἴθοπι χαλκῷ
ἀντία Πηλεΐωνος, ἀνῆκε δὲ Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων.
ἀλλ' ἄγεθ', ἡμεῖς πέρ μιν ἀποτρωπῶμεν ὀπίσσω
αὐτόθεν· ἤ τις ἔπειτα καὶ ἡμείων Ἀχιλῆϊ
παρσταίη, δοίη δὲ κράτος μέγα, μηδέ τι θυμῷ
δευέσθω, ἵνα εἰδῇ ὅ μιν φιλέουσιν ἄριστοι
ἀθανάτων, οἱ δ' αὖτ' ἀνεμώλιοι οἳ τὸ πάρος περ
Τρωσὶν ἀμύνουσιν πόλεμον καὶ δηϊοτῆτα.
πάντες δ' Οὐλύμποιο κατήλθομεν ἀντιόωντες[1]
τῆσδε μάχης, ἵνα μή τι μετὰ Τρώεσσι πάθῃσι

[1] Lines 125-128 were rejected by Aristarchus.

through the flesh of man. Howbeit were a god to stretch with even hand the issue of war, then not lightly should he vanquish me, nay, not though he vaunt him to be wholly wrought of bronze."

Then in answer to him spake the prince Apollo, son of Zeus: "Nay, warrior, come, pray thou also to the gods that are for ever; for of thee too men say that thou wast born of Aphrodite, daughter of Zeus, while he is sprung from a lesser goddess. For thy mother is daughter of Zeus, and his of the old man of the sea. Nay, bear thou straight against him thy stubborn bronze, nor let him anywise turn thee back with words of contempt and with threatenings."

So saying he breathed great might into the shepherd of the host, and he strode amid the foremost fighters, harnessed in flaming bronze. Nor was the son of Anchises unseen of white-armed Hera, as he went forth to face the son of Peleus amid the throng of men, but she gathered the gods together, and spake among them, saying: "Consider within your hearts, ye twain, O Poseidon and Athene, how these things are to be. Lo, here is Aeneas, gone forth, harnessed in flaming bronze, to face the son of Peleus, and it is Phoebus Apollo that hath set him on. Come ye then, let us turn him back forthwith; or else thereafter let one of us stand likewise by Achilles' side, and give him great might, and suffer not the heart in his breast anywise to fail; to the end that he may know that they that love him are the best of the immortals, and those are worthless as wind, that hitherto have warded from the Trojans war and battle. All we are come down from Olympus to mingle in this battle, that Achilles take no hurt among the Trojans for this day's space; but thereafter shall

σήμερον· ὕστερον αὖτε τὰ πείσεται ἅσσα οἱ Αἶσα
γιγνομένῳ ἐπένησε λίνῳ, ὅτε μιν τέκε μήτηρ.
εἰ δ' Ἀχιλεὺς οὐ ταῦτα θεῶν ἐκ πεύσεται ὀμφῆς,
δείσετ' ἔπειθ', ὅτε κέν τις ἐναντίβιον θεὸς ἔλθῃ
ἐν πολέμῳ· χαλεποὶ δὲ θεοὶ φαίνεσθαι ἐναργεῖς."
Τὴν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων·
"Ἥρη, μὴ χαλέπαινε παρὲκ νόον· οὐδέ τί σε χρή.
οὐκ ἂν ἐγώ γ' ἐθέλοιμι θεοὺς ἔριδι ξυνελάσσαι
ἡμέας τοὺς ἄλλους, ἐπεὶ ἦ πολὺ φέρτεροί εἰμεν·[1]
ἀλλ' ἡμεῖς μὲν ἔπειτα καθεζώμεσθα κιόντες
ἐκ πάτου ἐς σκοπιήν, πόλεμος δ' ἄνδρεσσι μελήσει.
εἰ δέ κ' Ἄρης ἄρχωσι μάχης ἢ Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων,
ἢ Ἀχιλῆ' ἴσχωσι καὶ οὐκ εἰῶσι μάχεσθαι,
αὐτίκ' ἔπειτα καὶ ἄμμι παρ' αὐτόθι νεῖκος ὀρεῖται
φυλόπιδος· μάλα δ' ὦκα διακρινθέντας ὀΐω
ἂψ ἴμεν Οὔλυμπόνδε θεῶν μεθ' ὁμήγυριν ἄλλων,
ἡμετέρῃς ὑπὸ χερσὶν ἀναγκαίηφι δαμέντας."
Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσας ἡγήσατο κυανοχαίτης
τεῖχος ἐς ἀμφίχυτον Ἡρακλῆος θείοιο,
ὑψηλόν, τό ῥά οἱ Τρῶες καὶ Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη
ποίεον, ὄφρα τὸ κῆτος ὑπεκπροφυγὼν ἀλέαιτο,
ὁππότε μιν σεύαιτο ἀπ' ἠϊόνος πεδίονδε.
ἔνθα Ποσειδάων κατ' ἄρ' ἕζετο καὶ θεοὶ ἄλλοι,
ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' ἄρρηκτον νεφέλην ὤμοισιν ἕσαντο·

[1] Line 135 is omitted in many MSS.

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[1] Line 135, apparently adapted from viii. 221, has been omitted in translating.

[2] Poseidon had built for Laomedon the walls of Troy, but had been defrauded of his pay. He therefore sent a sea-monster to lay waste the land. Laomedon was advised

he suffer whatever Fate spun for him with her thread at his birth, when his mother bare him. But if Achilles learn not this from some voice of the gods, he shall have dread hereafter when some god shall come against him in battle; for hard are the gods to look upon when they appear in manifest presence."

Then Poseidon, the Shaker of Earth, answered her: "Hera, be not thou wroth beyond what is wise; thou needest not at all. I verily were not fain to make gods clash with gods in strife.[1] Nay, for our part let us rather go apart from the track unto some place of outlook, and sit us there, and war shall be for men. But if so be Ares or Phoebus Apollo shall make beginning of fight, or shall keep Achilles in check and suffer him not to do battle, then forthwith from us likewise shall the strife of war arise; and right soon, methinks, shall they separate them from the battle and hie them back to Olympus, to the gathering of the other gods, vanquished beneath our hands perforce."

So saying, the dark-haired god led the way to the heaped-up wall of godlike Heracles, the high wall that the Trojans and Pallas Athene had builded for him, to the end that he might flee thither and escape from the monster of the deep, whenso the monster drave him from the seashore to the plain.[2] There Poseidon and the other gods sate them down, and clothed their shoulders round about with a cloud that might not be rent; and they of the other part sat

by an oracle to expose his daughter to be a prey of the monster, but offered his immortal horses as a reward to him whoso should slay the beast. Heracles did this, aided by the wall mentioned in the text, but was deceived by Laomedon, who gave him mortal horses.

οἱ δ' ἑτέρωσε καθῖζον ἐπ' ὀφρύσι Καλλικολώνης
ἀμφὶ σέ, ἤϊε Φοῖβε, καὶ Ἄρηα πτολίπορθον.
Ὣς οἱ μέν ῥ' ἑκάτερθε καθήατο μητιόωντες
βουλάς· ἀρχέμεναι δὲ δυσηλεγέος πολέμοιο
ὄκνεον ἀμφότεροι, Ζεὺς δ' ἥμενος ὕψι κέλευε.
Τῶν δ' ἅπαν ἐπλήσθη πεδίον καὶ λάμπετο χαλκῷ,
ἀνδρῶν ἠδ' ἵππων· κάρκαιρε δὲ γαῖα πόδεσσιν
ὀρνυμένων ἄμυδις. δύο δ' ἀνέρες ἔξοχ' ἄριστοι
ἐς μέσον ἀμφοτέρων συνίτην μεμαῶτε μάχεσθαι,
Αἰνείας τ' Ἀγχισιάδης καὶ δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς.
Αἰνείας δὲ πρῶτος ἀπειλήσας ἐβεβήκει,
νευστάζων κόρυθι βριαρῇ· ἀτὰρ ἀσπίδα θοῦριν
πρόσθεν ἔχε στέρνοιο, τίνασσε δὲ χάλκεον ἔγχος.
Πηλεΐδης δ' ἑτέρωθεν ἐναντίον ὦρτο λέων ὥς,
σίντης, ὅν τε καὶ ἄνδρες ἀποκτάμεναι μεμάασιν
ἀγρόμενοι, πᾶς δῆμος· ὁ δὲ πρῶτον μὲν ἀτίζων
ἔρχεται, ἀλλ' ὅτε κέν τις ἀρηϊθόων αἰζηῶν
δουρὶ βάλῃ, ἐάλη τε χανών, περί τ' ἀφρὸς ὀδόντας
γίγνεται, ἐν δέ τέ οἱ κραδίῃ στένει ἄλκιμον ἦτορ,
οὐρῇ δὲ πλευράς τε καὶ ἰσχία ἀμφοτέρωθεν
μαστίεται, ἑὲ δ' αὐτὸν ἐποτρύνει μαχέσασθαι,
γλαυκιόων δ' ἰθὺς φέρεται μένει, ἤν τινα πέφνῃ
ἀνδρῶν, ἢ αὐτὸς φθίεται πρώτῳ ἐν ὁμίλῳ·
ὣς Ἀχιλῆ' ὄτρυνε μένος καὶ θυμὸς ἀγήνωρ
ἀντίον ἐλθέμεναι μεγαλήτορος Αἰνείαο.
οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ σχεδὸν ἦσαν ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισιν ἰόντες,
τὸν πρότερος προσέειπε ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς·

over against them on the brows of Callicolone, round about thee, O archer Phoebus, and Ares, sacker of cities.

So sat they on either side devising counsels, but to make beginning of grievous war both sides were loath, albeit Zeus, that sitteth on high, had bidden them.

Howbeit the whole plain was filled with men and horses, and aflame with bronze, and the earth resounded beneath their feet as they rushed together; and two warriors best by far of all came one against the other into the space between the two hosts, eager to do battle, even Aeneas, Anchises' son, and goodly Achilles. Aeneas first strode forth with threatening mien, his heavy helm nodding above him; his valorous shield he held before his breast, and he brandished a spear of bronze. And on the other side the son of Peleus rushed against him like a lion, a ravening lion that men are fain to slay, even a whole folk that be gathered together; and he at the first recking naught of them goeth his way, but when one of the youths swift in battle hath smitten him with a spear-cast, then he gathereth himself open-mouthed, and foam cometh forth about his teeth, and in his heart his valiant spirit groaneth, and with his tail he lasheth his ribs and his flanks on this side and on that, and rouseth himself to fight, and with glaring eyes he rusheth straight on in his fury, whether he slay some man or himself be slain in the foremost throng; even so was Achilles driven by his fury, and his lordly spirit to go forth to face great-hearted Aeneas. And when they were come near, as they advanced one against the other, then first unto Aeneas spake swift-footed goodly Achilles:

"Αἰνεία, τί σὺ τόσσον ὁμίλου πολλὸν ἐπελθὼν
ἔστης; ἦ σέ γε θυμὸς ἐμοὶ μαχέσασθαι ἀνώγει
ἐλπόμενον Τρώεσσιν ἀνάξειν ἱπποδάμοισι[1]
τιμῆς τῆς Πριάμου; ἀτὰρ εἴ κεν ἔμ' ἐξεναρίξῃς,
οὔ τοι τοὔνεκά γε Πρίαμος γέρας ἐν χερὶ θήσει·
εἰσὶν γάρ οἱ παῖδες, ὁ δ' ἔμπεδος οὐδ' ἀεσίφρων.
ἦ νύ τί τοι Τρῶες τέμενος τάμον ἔξοχον ἄλλων,
καλὸν φυταλιῆς καὶ ἀρούρης, ὄφρα νέμηαι,
αἴ κεν ἐμὲ κτείνῃς; χαλεπῶς δέ σ' ἔολπα τὸ ῥέξειν.
ἤδη μὲν σέ γέ φημι καὶ ἄλλοτε δουρὶ φοβῆσαι.
ἦ οὐ μέμνῃ ὅτε πέρ σε βοῶν ἄπο μοῦνον ἐόντα
σεῦα κατ' Ἰδαίων ὀρέων ταχέεσσι πόδεσσι
καρπαλίμως; τότε δ' οὔ τι μετατροπαλίζεο φεύγων.
ἔνθεν δ' ἐς Λυρνησσὸν ὑπέκφυγες· αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ τὴν
πέρσα μεθορμηθεὶς σὺν Ἀθήνῃ καὶ Διὶ πατρί,
ληϊάδας δὲ γυναῖκας ἐλεύθερον ἦμαρ ἀπούρας
ἦγον· ἀτὰρ σὲ Ζεὺς ἐρρύσατο καὶ θεοὶ ἄλλοι.
ἀλλ' οὐ νῦν ἐρύεσθαι ὀΐομαι, ὡς ἐνὶ θυμῷ[2]
βάλλεαι· ἀλλά σ' ἐγώ γ' ἀναχωρήσαντα κελεύω
ἐς πληθὺν ἰέναι, μηδ' ἀντίος ἵστασ' ἐμεῖο,
πρίν τι κακὸν παθέειν· ῥεχθὲν δέ τε νήπιος ἔγνω."
Τὸν δ' αὖτ' Αἰνείας ἀπαμείβετο φώνησέν τε·
"Πηλεΐδη, μὴ δή μ' ἐπέεσσί γε νηπύτιον ὣς
ἔλπεο δειδίξεσθαι, ἐπεὶ σάφα οἶδα καὶ αὐτὸς
ἠμὲν κερτομίας ἠδ' αἴσιμα[3] μυθήσασθαι.
ἴδμεν δ' ἀλλήλων γενεήν, ἴδμεν δὲ τοκῆας,

[1] Lines 180-186 were rejected by Aristarchus.
[2] Lines 195-198 were rejected by Aristarchus.
[3] αἴσιμα Düntzer: αἴσυλα MSS.

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[1] I have adopted the conjecture of Düntzer in translating, as the αἴσυλα of the MSS. yields no satisfactory sense (*cf.* 433); see the critical note.

"Aeneas, wherefore hast thou sallied thus far forth from the throng to stand and face me? Is it that thy heart biddeth thee fight with me in hope that thou shalt be master of Priam's sovereignty amid the horse-taming Trojans? Nay, but though thou slay me, not for that shall Priam place his kingship in thy hands, for he hath sons, and withal is sound and nowise flighty of mind. Or have the Trojans meted out for thee a demesne pre-eminent above all, a fair tract of orchard and of plough-land, that thou mayest possess it, if so be thou slayest me? Hard, methinks, wilt thou find that deed. Aye, for on another day ere now methinks I drave thee before my spear. Dost thou not remember when thou wast alone, and I made thee run from the kine down with swift steps from Ida's hills in headlong haste? On that day didst thou not once look behind thee in thy flight. Thence thou fleddest forth to Lyrnessus, but I laid it waste, assailing it with the aid of Athene and father Zeus, and the women I led captive and took from them the day of freedom; but thyself thou wast saved by Zeus and the other gods. Howbeit not this day, methinks, shall he save thee, as thou deemest in thy heart; nay, of myself I bid thee get thee back into the throng and stand not forth to face me, ere yet some evil befall thee; when it is wrought even a fool getteth understanding."

Then Aeneas answered him and said: "Son of Peleus, think not with words to affright me, as I were a child, seeing I know well of myself to utter taunts and withal speech that is seemly.[1] We know each other's lineage, and each other's parents, for

πρόκλυτ' ἀκούοντες ἔπεα θνητῶν ἀνθρώπων·
ὄψει δ' οὔτ' ἄρ πω σὺ ἐμοὺς ἴδες οὔτ' ἄρ' ἐγὼ σούς.[1]
φασὶ σὲ μὲν Πηλῆος ἀμύμονος ἔκγονον εἶναι,
μητρὸς δ' ἐκ Θέτιδος καλλιπλοκάμου ἁλοσύδνης·
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼν υἱὸς μεγαλήτορος Ἀγχίσαο
εὔχομαι ἐκγεγάμεν, μήτηρ δέ μοί ἐστ' Ἀφροδίτη·
τῶν δὴ νῦν ἕτεροί γε φίλον παῖδα κλαύσονται
σήμερον· οὐ γάρ φημ' ἐπέεσσί γε νηπυτίοισιν
ὧδε διακρινθέντε μάχης ἒξ ἀπονέεσθαι.
εἰ δ' ἐθέλεις, καὶ ταῦτα δαήμεναι, ὄφρ' ἐῢ εἰδῇς
ἡμετέρην γενεήν, πολλοὶ δέ μιν ἄνδρες ἴσασι·
Δάρδανον ἂρ πρῶτον τέκετο νεφεληγερέτα Ζεύς,
κτίσσε δὲ Δαρδανίην, ἐπεὶ οὔ πω Ἴλιος ἱρὴ
ἐν πεδίῳ πεπόλιστο, πόλις μερόπων ἀνθρώπων,
ἀλλ' ἔθ' ὑπωρείας ᾤκεον πολυπίδακος Ἴδης.
Δάρδανος αὖ τέκεθ' υἱὸν Ἐριχθόνιον βασιλῆα,
ὃς δὴ ἀφνειότατος γένετο θνητῶν ἀνθρώπων·
τοῦ τρισχίλιαι ἵπποι ἕλος κάτα βουκολέοντο
θήλειαι, πώλοισιν ἀγαλλόμεναι ἀταλῇσι.
τάων καὶ Βορέης ἠράσσατο βοσκομενάων,
ἵππῳ δ' εἰσάμενος παρελέξατο κυανοχαίτῃ·
αἱ δ' ὑποκυσάμεναι ἔτεκον δυοκαίδεκα πώλους.
αἱ δ' ὅτε μὲν σκιρτῷεν ἐπὶ ζείδωρον ἄρουραν,
ἄκρον ἐπ' ἀνθερίκων καρπὸν θέον οὐδὲ κατέκλων·
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ σκιρτῷεν ἐπ' εὐρέα νῶτα θαλάσσης,
ἄκρον ἐπὶ ῥηγμῖνος ἁλὸς πολιοῖο θέεσκον.
Τρῶα δ' Ἐριχθόνιος τέκετο Τρώεσσιν ἄνακτα·
Τρωὸς δ' αὖ τρεῖς παῖδες ἀμύμονες ἐξεγένοντο,
Ἶλός τ' Ἀσσάρακός τε καὶ ἀντίθεος Γανυμήδης,
ὃς δὴ κάλλιστος γένετο θνητῶν ἀνθρώπων·

[1] Lines 205-209 were rejected by Aristarchus.

we have heard the tales told in olden days by mortal men; but with sight of eyes hast thou never seen my parents nor I thine. Men say that thou art son of peerless Peleus, and that thy mother was fair-tressed Thetis, a daughter of the sea; but for me, I declare that I am son of great-hearted Anchises, and my mother is Aphrodite. Of these shall one pair or the other mourn a dear son this day; for verily not with childish words, I deem, shall we twain thus part one from the other and return from out the battle. Howbeit, if thou wilt, hear this also, that thou mayest know well my lineage, and many there be that know it: at the first Zeus, the cloud-gatherer, begat Dardanus, and he founded Dardania, for not yet was sacred Ilios builded in the plain to be a city of mortal men, but they still dwelt upon the slopes of many-fountained Ida. And Dardanus in turn begat a son, king Erichthonius, who became richest of mortal men. Three thousand steeds had he that pastured in the marsh-land; mares were they, rejoicing in their tender foals. Of these as they grazed the North Wind became enamoured, and he likened himself to a dark-maned stallion and covered them; and they conceived, and bare twelve fillies. These, when they bounded over the earth, the giver of grain, would course over the topmost ears of ripened corn and break them not, and whenso they bounded over the broad back of the sea, would course over the topmost breakers of the hoary brine. And Erichthonius begat Tros to be king among the Trojans, and from Tros again three peerless sons were born, Ilus, and Assaracus, and godlike Ganymedes that was born the fairest of mortal men;

τὸν καὶ ἀνηρείψαντο θεοὶ Διὶ οἰνοχοεύειν
κάλλεος εἵνεκα οἷο, ἵν' ἀθανάτοισι μετείη·
Ἶλος δ' αὖ τέκεθ' υἱὸν ἀμύμονα Λαομέδοντα·
Λαομέδων δ' ἄρα Τιθωνὸν τέκετο Πρίαμόν τε
Λάμπον τε Κλυτίον θ' Ἱκετάονά τ', ὄζον Ἄρηος·
Ἀσσάρακος δὲ Κάπυν, ὁ δ' ἄρ' Ἀγχίσην τέκε παῖδα·
αὐτὰρ ἔμ' Ἀγχίσης, Πρίαμος δὲ τέχ' Ἕκτορα δῖον.
ταύτης τοι γενεῆς τε καὶ αἵματος εὔχομαι εἶναι.
Ζεὺς δ' ἀρετὴν ἄνδρεσσιν ὀφέλλει τε μινύθει τε,
ὅππως κεν ἐθέλῃσιν· ὁ γὰρ κάρτιστος ἁπάντων.
ἀλλ' ἄγε μηκέτι ταῦτα λεγώμεθα νηπύτιοι ὥς,
ἑσταότ' ἐν μέσσῃ ὑσμίνῃ δηϊοτῆτος.
ἔστι γὰρ ἀμφοτέροισιν ὀνείδεα μυθήσασθαι
πολλὰ μάλ', οὐδ' ἂν νηῦς ἑκατόζυγος ἄχθος ἄροιτο.
στρεπτὴ δὲ γλῶσσ' ἐστὶ βροτῶν, πολέες δ' ἔνι μῦθοι
παντοῖοι, ἐπέων δὲ πολὺς νομὸς ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα.
ὁπποῖόν κ' εἴπῃσθα ἔπος, τοῖόν κ' ἐπακούσαις.
ἀλλὰ τί ἢ ἔριδας καὶ νείκεα νῶϊν ἀνάγκη[1]
νεικεῖν ἀλλήλοισιν ἐναντίον, ὥς τε γυναῖκας,
αἵ τε χολωσάμεναι ἔριδος πέρι θυμοβόροιο
νεικεῦσ' ἀλλήλῃσι μέσην ἐς ἄγυιαν ἰοῦσαι,
πόλλ' ἐτεά τε καὶ οὐκί· χόλος δέ τε καὶ τὰ κελεύει.
ἀλκῆς δ' οὔ μ' ἐπέεσσιν ἀποτρέψεις μεμαῶτα
πρὶν χαλκῷ μαχέσασθαι ἐναντίον· ἀλλ' ἄγε θᾶσσον
γευσόμεθ' ἀλλήλων χαλκήρεσιν ἐγχείῃσιν."

Ἦ ῥα, καὶ ἐν δεινῷ σάκει ἤλασεν ὄβριμον ἔγχος,
σμερδαλέῳ· μέγα δ' ἀμφὶ σάκος μύκε δουρὸς ἀκωκῇ.
Πηλεΐδης δὲ σάκος μὲν ἀπὸ ἕο χειρὶ παχείῃ

[1] Lines 251-255 were rejected by Aristarchus.

wherefore the gods caught him up on high to be cupbearer to Zeus by reason of his beauty, that he might dwell with the immortals. And Ilus again begat a son, peerless Laomedon, and Laomedon begat Tithonus and Priam and Clytius, and Hicetaon, scion of Ares. And Assaracus begat Capys, and he Anchises; but Anchises begat me and Priam goodly Hector. This then is the lineage and the blood wherefrom I avow me sprung. But as for valour, it is Zeus that increaseth it for men or minisheth it, even as himself willeth, seeing he is mightiest of all. But come, no longer let us talk thus like children, as we twain stand in the midst of the strife of battle. Revilings are there for both of us to utter, revilings full many; a ship of an hundred benches would not bear the load thereof. Glib is the tongue of mortals, and words there be therein many and manifold, and of speech the range is wide on this side and on that. Whatsoever word thou speakest, such shalt thou also hear. But what need have we twain to bandy strifes and wranglings one with the other like women, that when they have waxed wroth in soul-devouring strife go forth into the midst of the street and wrangle one against the other with words true and false; for even these wrath biddeth them speak. But from battle, seeing I am eager therefor, shalt thou not by words turn me till we have fought with the bronze man to man; nay, come, let us forthwith make trial each of the other with bronze-tipped spears."

He spake, and let drive his mighty spear against the other's dread and wondrous shield, and loud rang the shield about the spear-point. And the son of Peleus held the shield from him with his stout

ἔσχετο ταρβήσας· φάτο γὰρ δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος
ῥέα διελεύσεσθαι μεγαλήτορος Αἰνείαο,
νήπιος, οὐδ᾽ ἐνόησε κατὰ φρένα καὶ κατὰ θυμὸν
ὡς οὐ ῥηΐδι᾽ ἐστὶ θεῶν ἐρικυδέα δῶρα
ἀνδράσι γε θνητοῖσι δαμήμεναι οὐδ᾽ ὑποείκειν.
οὐδὲ τότ᾽ Αἰνείαο δαΐφρονος ὄβριμον ἔγχος
ῥῆξε σάκος· χρυσὸς γὰρ ἐρύκακε, δῶρα θεοῖο·
ἀλλὰ δύω μὲν ἔλασσε διὰ πτύχας, αἱ δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἔτι τρεῖς[1]
ἦσαν, ἐπεὶ πέντε πτύχας ἤλασε κυλλοποδίων,
τὰς δύο χαλκείας, δύο δ᾽ ἔνδοθι κασσιτέροιο,
τὴν δὲ μίαν χρυσέην, τῇ ῥ᾽ ἔσχετο μείλινον ἔγχος.
Δεύτερος αὖτ᾽ Ἀχιλεὺς προΐει δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος,[2]
καὶ βάλεν Αἰνείαο κατ᾽ ἀσπίδα πάντοσ᾽ ἐΐσην,
ἄντυγ᾽ ὕπο πρώτην, ᾗ λεπτότατος θέε χαλκός,
λεπτοτάτη δ᾽ ἐπέην ῥινὸς βοός· ἡ δὲ διαπρὸ
Πηλιὰς ἤϊξεν μελίη, λάκε δ᾽ ἀσπὶς ὑπ᾽ αὐτῆς.
Αἰνείας δ᾽ ἐάλη καὶ ἀπὸ ἕθεν ἀσπίδ᾽ ἀνέσχε
δείσας· ἐγχείη δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ὑπὲρ νώτου ἐνὶ γαίῃ
ἔστη ἱεμένη, διὰ δ᾽ ἀμφοτέρους ἕλε κύκλους
ἀσπίδος ἀμφιβρότης· ὁ δ᾽ ἀλευάμενος δόρυ μακρὸν
ἔστη, κὰδ δ᾽ ἄχος οἱ χύτο μυρίον ὀφθαλμοῖσι,
ταρβήσας ὅ οἱ ἄγχι πάγη βέλος. αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς
ἐμμεμαὼς ἐπόρουσεν ἐρυσσάμενος ξίφος ὀξύ,
σμερδαλέα ἰάχων· ὁ δὲ χερμάδιον λάβε χειρὶ
Αἰνείας, μέγα ἔργον, ὃ οὐ δύο γ᾽ ἄνδρε φέροιεν,

[1] Lines 269-272 were rejected by Aristarchus.
[2] In place of 273 f. Zenodotus read the following:
δεύτερον αὖτ᾽ Ἀχιλεὺς μελίην ἰθυπτίωνα
ἀσπίδα νύξ᾽ εὔχαλκον ἀμύμονος Αἰνείαο,

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[1] This passage seems based upon a complete misunderstanding of the structure of the shield. The five layers were certainly of hide, the metals being used to give colour and

hand, being seized with dread; for he deemed that the far-shadowing spear of great-hearted Aeneas would lightly pierce it through—fool that he was, nor knew in his mind and heart that not easy are the glorious gifts of the gods for mortal men to master or that they give place withal. Nor did the mighty spear of wise-hearted Aeneas then break through the shield, for the gold stayed it, the gift of the god. Howbeit through two folds he drave it, yet were there still three, for five layers had the crook-foot god welded, two of bronze, and two within of tin, and one of gold, in the which the spear of ash was stayed.[1]

Then Achilles in his turn hurled his far-shadowing spear and smote upon Aeneas' shield that was well-balanced upon every side, beneath the outermost rim where the bronze ran thinnest, and thinnest was the backing of bull's-hide; and straight through sped the spear of Pelian ash, and the shield rang beneath the blow. And Aeneas cringed and held from him the shield, being seized with fear; and the spear passed over his back and was stayed in the ground for all its fury, albeit it tore asunder two circles of the sheltering shield. And having escaped the long spear he stood up, and over his eyes measureless grief was shed, and fear came over him for that the spear was planted so nigh. But Achilles drew his sharp sword and leapt upon him furiously, crying a terrible cry; and Aeneas grasped in his hand a stone—a mighty deed—one that not two mortals could bear,

variety to the outer surface. This is but one of a number of indications that the combat between Achilles and Aeneas, together with the Theomachy (battle of the gods), is not an integral part of the *Iliad*.

οἷοι νῦν βροτοί εἰσ'· ὁ δέ μιν ῥέα πάλλε καὶ οἶος.
ἔνθα κεν Αἰνείας μὲν ἐπεσσύμενον βάλε πέτρῳ
ἢ κόρυθ' ἠὲ σάκος, τό οἱ ἤρκεσε λυγρὸν ὄλεθρον,
τὸν δέ κε Πηλεΐδης σχεδὸν ἄορι θυμὸν ἀπηύρα,
εἰ μὴ ἄρ' ὀξὺ νόησε Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων·
αὐτίκα δ' ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖς μετὰ μῦθον ἔειπεν·
"ὢ πόποι, ἦ μοι ἄχος μεγαλήτορος Αἰνείαο,
ὃς τάχα Πηλεΐωνι δαμεὶς Ἄϊδόσδε κάτεισι,
πειθόμενος μύθοισιν Ἀπόλλωνος ἑκάτοιο,
νήπιος, οὐδέ τί οἱ χραισμήσει λυγρὸν ὄλεθρον.
ἀλλὰ τί ἢ νῦν οὗτος ἀναίτιος ἄλγεα πάσχει,
μὰψ ἕνεκ' ἀλλοτρίων ἀχέων, κεχαρισμένα δ' αἰεὶ
δῶρα θεοῖσι δίδωσι, τοὶ οὐρανὸν εὐρὺν ἔχουσιν;
ἀλλ' ἄγεθ' ἡμεῖς πέρ μιν ὑπὲκ θανάτου ἀγάγωμεν,
μή πως καὶ Κρονίδης κεχολώσεται, αἴ κεν Ἀχιλλεὺς
τόνδε κατακτείνῃ· μόριμον δέ οἵ ἐστ' ἀλέασθαι,
ὄφρα μὴ ἄσπερμος γενεὴ καὶ ἄφαντος ὄληται
Δαρδάνου, ὃν Κρονίδης περὶ πάντων φίλατο παίδων,
οἳ ἕθεν ἐξεγένοντο γυναικῶν τε θνητάων.
ἤδη γὰρ Πριάμου γενεὴν ἤχθηρε Κρονίων·
νῦν δὲ δὴ Αἰνείαο βίη Τρώεσσιν ἀνάξει
καὶ παίδων παῖδες, τοί κεν μετόπισθε γένωνται.[1]"
Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη·
"ἐννοσίγαι', αὐτὸς σὺ μετὰ φρεσὶ σῇσι νόησον
Αἰνείαν, ἤ κέν μιν ἐρύσσεαι, ἦ κεν ἐάσῃς
Πηλεΐδῃ Ἀχιλῆϊ δαμήμεναι, ἐσθλὸν ἐόντα.[2]

[1] γένωνται: λίπωνται.
[2] Line 312 is omitted in most MSS.

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[1] *i.e.* Aeneas has no personal interest in the war, not being so directly affected by the distress incidental to it as was Priam; but both the idea and its expression are strange. Beully's ἀτέων ("sins") would remove all difficulty.

such as men are now; yet lightly did he wield it even alone. Then would Aeneas have smitten him with the stone, as he rushed upon him, either on helm or on the shield that had warded from him woeful destruction, and the son of Peleus in close combat would with his sword have robbed Aeneas of life, had not Poseidon, the Shaker of Earth, been quick to see. And forthwith he spake among the immortal gods, saying: "Now look you, verily have I grief for great-hearted Aeneas, who anon shall go down to the house of Hades, slain by the son of Peleus, for that he listened to the bidding of Apollo that smiteth afar—fool that he was! nor will the god in any wise ward from him woeful destruction. But wherefore should he, a guiltless man, suffer woes vainly by reason of sorrows that are not his own?[1]—whereas he ever giveth acceptable gifts to the gods that hold broad heaven. Nay, come, let us lead him forth from out of death, lest the son of Cronos be anywise wroth, if so be Achilles slay him; for it is ordained unto him to escape, that the race of Dardanus perish not without seed and be seen no more—of Dardanus whom the son of Cronos loved above all the children born to him from mortal women. For at length hath the son of Cronos come to hate the race of Priam; and now verily shall the mighty Aeneas be king among the Trojans, and his sons' sons that shall be born in days to come."

Then made answer to him the ox-eyed, queenly Hera: "Shaker of Earth, of thine own self take counsel in thine heart as touching Aeneas, whether thou wilt save him or suffer him to be slain for all his valour by Achilles, Peleus' son. We twain verily,

ἦ τοι μὲν γὰρ νῶϊ πολέας ὠμόσσαμεν ὅρκους
πᾶσι μετ' ἀθανάτοισιν, ἐγὼ καὶ Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη,
μή ποτ' ἐπὶ Τρώεσσιν ἀλεξήσειν κακὸν ἦμαρ,
μηδ' ὁπότ' ἂν Τροίη μαλερῷ πυρὶ πᾶσα δάηται
καιομένη, καίωσι[1] δ' ἀρήϊοι υἷες Ἀχαιῶν."
Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ τό γ' ἄκουσε Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων,
βῆ ῥ' ἴμεν ἄν τε μάχην καὶ ἀνὰ κλόνον ἐγχειάων,
ἷξε δ' ὅθ' Αἰνείας ἠδ' ὁ κλυτὸς ἦεν Ἀχιλλεύς.
αὐτίκα τῷ μὲν ἔπειτα κατ' ὀφθαλμῶν χέεν ἀχλύν,
Πηλεΐδῃ Ἀχιλῆϊ· ὁ δὲ μελίην εὔχαλκον[2]
ἀσπίδος ἐξέρυσεν μεγαλήτορος Αἰνείαο·
καὶ τὴν μὲν προπάροιθε ποδῶν Ἀχιλῆος ἔθηκεν,
Αἰνείαν δ' ἔσσευεν ἀπὸ χθονὸς ὑψόσ' ἀείρας.
πολλὰς δὲ στίχας ἡρώων, πολλὰς δὲ καὶ ἵππων
Αἰνείας ὑπερᾶλτο θεοῦ ἀπὸ χειρὸς ὀρούσας,
ἷξε δ' ἐπ' ἐσχατιὴν πολυάϊκος πολέμοιο,
ἔνθα τε Καύκωνες πόλεμον μέτα θωρήσσοντο.
τῷ δὲ μάλ' ἐγγύθεν ἦλθε Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων,
καί μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
"Αἰνεία, τίς σ' ὧδε θεῶν ἀτέοντα κελεύει
ἀντία Πηλεΐωνος ὑπερθύμοιο μάχεσθαι,
ὃς σεῦ ἅμα κρείσσων καὶ φίλτερος ἀθανάτοισιν;
ἀλλ' ἀναχωρῆσαι, ὅτε κεν συμβλήσεαι αὐτῷ,
μὴ καὶ ὑπὲρ μοῖραν δόμον Ἄϊδος εἰσαφίκηαι.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεί κ' Ἀχιλεὺς θάνατον καὶ πότμον ἐπίσπῃ,
θαρσήσας δὴ ἔπειτα μετὰ πρώτοισι μάχεσθαι·
οὐ μὲν γάρ τίς σ' ἄλλος Ἀχαιῶν ἐξεναρίξει."
Ὣς εἰπὼν λίπεν αὐτόθ', ἐπεὶ διεπέφραδε πάντα.

[1] καιομένη, καίωσι: δαιομένη δαίωσι (*cf.* xxi. 376).
[2] Lines 322-324 were rejected by Aristarchus.

even Pallas Athene and I, have sworn oaths full many among all the immortals never to ward off from the Trojans the day of evil, nay, not when all Troy shall burn in the burning of consuming fire, and the warlike sons of the Achaeans shall be the burners thereof."

Now when Poseidon, the Shaker of Earth, heard this, he went his way amid the battle and the hurtling of spears, and came to the place where Aeneas was and glorious Achilles. Forthwith then he shed a mist over the eyes of Achilles, Peleus' son, and the ashen spear, well-shod with bronze, he drew forth from the shield of the great-hearted Aeneas and set it before the feet of Achilles, but Aeneas he lifted up and swung him on high from off the ground. Over many ranks of warriors and many of chariots sprang Aeneas, soaring from the hand of the god, and came to the uttermost verge of the furious battle, where the Caucones were arraying them for the fight. Then close to his side came Poseidon, the Shaker of Earth, and he spake, and addressed him with winged words:

"Aeneas, what god is it that thus biddeth thee in blindness of heart do battle man to man with the high-hearted son of Peleus, seeing he is a better man than thou, and therewithal dearer to the immortals? Nay, draw thou back, whensoever thou fallest in with him, lest even beyond thy doom thou enter the house of Hades. But when it shall be that Achilles hath met his death and fate, then take thou courage to fight among the foremost, for there is none other of the Achaeans that shall slay thee."

So saying he left him there, when he had told

αἶψα δ' ἔπειτ' Ἀχιλῆος ἀπ' ὀφθαλμῶν σκέδασ' ἀχλὺν
θεσπεσίην· ὁ δ' ἔπειτα μέγ' ἔξιδεν ὀφθαλμοῖσιν,
ὀχθήσας δ' ἄρα εἶπε πρὸς ὃν μεγαλήτορα θυμόν·
"ὢ πόποι, ἦ μέγα θαῦμα τόδ' ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ὁρῶμαι·
ἔγχος μὲν τόδε κεῖται ἐπὶ χθονός, οὐδέ τι φῶτα
λεύσσω, τῷ ἐφέηκα κατακτάμεναι μενεαίνων.
ἦ ῥα καὶ Αἰνείας φίλος ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσιν
ἦεν· ἀτάρ μιν ἔφην μὰψ αὔτως εὐχετάασθαι.
ἐρρέτω· οὔ οἱ θυμὸς ἐμεῦ ἔτι πειρηθῆναι
ἔσσεται, ὃς καὶ νῦν φύγεν ἄσμενος ἐκ θανάτοιο.
ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ Δαναοῖσι φιλοπτολέμοισι κελεύσας
τῶν ἄλλων Τρώων πειρήσομαι ἀντίος ἐλθών."
Ἦ, καὶ ἐπὶ στίχας ἆλτο, κέλευε δὲ φωτὶ ἑκάστῳ·
"μηκέτι νῦν Τρώων ἑκὰς ἕστατε, δῖοι Ἀχαιοί,
ἀλλ' ἄγ' ἀνὴρ ἄντ' ἀνδρὸς ἴτω, μεμάτω δὲ μάχεσθαι.
ἀργαλέον δέ μοί ἐστι καὶ ἰφθίμῳ περ ἐόντι
τόσσουσδ' ἀνθρώπους ἐφέπειν καὶ πᾶσι μάχεσθαι·
οὐδέ κ' Ἄρης, ὅς περ θεὸς ἄμβροτος, οὐδέ κ' Ἀθήνη
τόσσησδ' ὑσμίνης ἐφέποι στόμα καὶ πονέοιτο.
ἀλλ' ὅσσον μὲν ἐγὼ δύναμαι χερσίν τε ποσίν τε
καὶ σθένει, οὔ μ' ἔτι φημὶ μεθησέμεν οὐδ' ἠβαιόν,
ἀλλὰ μάλα στιχὸς εἶμι διαμπερές, οὐδέ τιν' οἴω
Τρώων χαιρήσειν, ὅς τις σχεδὸν ἔγχεος ἔλθῃ."
Ὣς φάτ' ἐποτρύνων· Τρώεσσι δὲ φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ
κέκλεθ' ὁμοκλήσας, φάτο δ' ἴμμεναι ἄντ' Ἀχιλῆος·
"Τρῶες ὑπέρθυμοι, μὴ δείδιτε Πηλεΐωνα.
καί κεν ἐγὼν ἐπέεσσι καὶ ἀθανάτοισι μαχοίμην·
ἔγχεϊ δ' ἀργαλέον, ἐπεὶ ἦ πολὺ φέρτεροί εἰσιν.

him all. Then quickly from Achilles' eyes he scattered the wondrous mist; and he stared hard with his eyes, and mightily moved spake unto his own great-hearted spirit: "Now look you, verily a great marvel is this that mine eyes behold. My spear lieth here upon the ground, yet the man may I nowise see at whom I hurled it, eager to slay him. Verily, it seemeth, Aeneas likewise is dear to the immortal gods, albeit I deemed that his boasting was idle and vain. Let him go his way! no heart shall he find to make trial of me again, seeing that now he is glad to have escaped from death. But come, I will call to the war-loving Danaans and go forth against the other Trojans to make trial of them."

He spake, and leapt along the ranks, and called to each man: "No longer now stand ye afar from the Trojans, ye goodly Achaeans, but come, let man go forth against man and be eager for the fray. Hard is it for me, how mighty soever I be, to deal with men so many, and to fight them all; not even Ares, for all he is an immortal god, nor Athene could control by dint of toil the jaws of such a fray. Howbeit so far as I avail with hands and feet and might, in no wise, methinks, shall I be slack, nay, not a whit; but straight through their line will I go, nor deem I that any of the Trojans will be glad, whosoever shall draw nigh my spear."

So spake he, urging them on; and to the Trojans glorious Hector called with a shout, and declared that he would go forth to face Achilles: "Ye Trojans, high of heart, fear not the son of Peleus. I too with words could fight even the immortals, but with the spear it were hard, for they are mightier

οὐδ' Ἀχιλεὺς πάντεσσι τέλος μύθοις ἐπιθήσει,
ἀλλὰ τὸ μὲν τελέει, τὸ δὲ καὶ μεσσηγὺ κολούσει.
τοῦ δ' ἐγὼ ἀντίος εἶμι, καὶ εἰ πυρὶ χεῖρας ἔοικεν,
εἰ πυρὶ χεῖρας ἔοικε, μένος δ' αἴθωνι σιδήρῳ."
Ὣς φάτ' ἐποτρύνων, οἱ δ' ἀντίοι ἔγχε' ἄειραν
Τρῶες· τῶν δ' ἄμυδις μίχθη μένος, ὦρτο δ' ἀϋτή.
καὶ τότ' ἄρ' Ἕκτορα εἶπε παραστὰς Φοῖβος Ἀπόλ-
λων·
"Ἕκτορ, μηκέτι πάμπαν Ἀχιλλῆϊ προμάχιζε,
ἀλλὰ κατὰ πληθύν τε καὶ ἐκ φλοίσβοιο δέδεξο,
μή πώς σ' ἠὲ βάλῃ ἠὲ σχεδὸν ἄορι τύψῃ."
Ὣς ἔφαθ', Ἕκτωρ δ' αὖτις ἐδύσετο οὐλαμὸν ἀνδρῶν
ταρβήσας, ὅτ' ἄκουσε θεοῦ ὄπα φωνήσαντος.
Ἐν δ' Ἀχιλεὺς Τρώεσσι θόρε φρεσὶν εἱμένος ἀλκήν,
σμερδαλέα ἰάχων, πρῶτον δ' ἕλεν Ἰφιτίωνα,
ἐσθλὸν Ὀτρυντεΐδην, πολέων ἡγήτορα λαῶν,
ὃν νύμφη τέκε νηῒς Ὀτρυντῆϊ πτολιπόρθῳ
Τμώλῳ ὕπο νιφόεντι, Ὕδης ἐν πίονι δήμῳ·
τὸν δ' ἰθὺς μεμαῶτα βάλ' ἔγχεϊ δῖος Ἀχιλλεὺς
μέσσην κὰκ κεφαλήν· ἡ δ' ἄνδιχα πᾶσα κεάσθη,
δούπησεν δὲ πεσών, ὁ δ' ἐπεύξατο δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς·
"κεῖσαι, Ὀτρυντεΐδη, πάντων ἐκπαγλότατ' ἀνδρῶν·
ἐνθάδε τοι θάνατος, γενεὴ δέ τοί ἐστ' ἐπὶ λίμνῃ
Γυγαίῃ, ὅθι τοι τέμενος πατρώϊόν ἐστιν,
Ὕλλῳ ἐπ' ἰχθυόεντι καὶ Ἕρμῳ δινήεντι."
Ὣς ἔφατ' εὐχόμενος, τὸν δὲ σκότος ὄσσε κάλυψε.
τὸν μὲν Ἀχαιῶν ἵπποι ἐπισσώτροις δατέοντο
πρώτῃ ἐν ὑσμίνῃ· ὁ δ' ἐπ' αὐτῷ Δημολέοντα,

far. Neither shall Achilles bring to fulfilment all his words, but a part thereof will he fulfil, and a part leave incomplete. Against him will I go forth, though his hands be even as fire, though his hands be as fire and his fury as the flashing steel."

So spake he, urging them on; and the Trojans with their faces toward the foe lifted their spears on high, and the fury of both sides clashed confusedly, and the battle cry arose. Then Phoebus Apollo drew nigh to Hector, and spake, saying: "Hector, no longer do thou anywise stand forth as a champion against Achilles, but in the throng await thou him and from amid the din of conflict, lest so be he smite thee with a cast of his spear or with his sword in close combat."

So spake he, and Hector fell back again into the throng of men, seized with fear, when he heard the voice of the god as he spoke.

But Achilles leapt among the Trojans, his heart clothed about in might, crying a terrible cry, and first he slew Iphition, the valiant son of Otrynteus, the leader of a great host, whom a Naïad nymph bare to Otrynteus, sacker of cities, beneath snowy Timolus in the rich land of Hyde. Him, as he rushed straight upon him, goodly Achilles smote with a cast of his spear full upon the head, and his head was wholly cloven asunder. And he fell with a thud, and goodly Achilles exulted over him: "Low thou liest, Otrynteus, of all men most dread; here is thy death, albeit thy birth was by the Gygaean lake, where is the demesne of thy fathers, even by Hyllus, that teems with fish, and eddying Hermus."

So spake he vauntingly, but darkness enfolded the other's eyes. Him the chariots of the Achaeans tore asunder with their tires in the forefront of the fray,

ἐσθλὸν ἀλεξητῆρα μάχης, Ἀντήνορος υἱόν,
νύξε κατὰ κρόταφον, κυνέης διὰ χαλκοπαρήου.
οὐδ᾽ ἄρα χαλκείη κόρυς ἔσχεθεν, ἀλλὰ δι᾽ αὐτῆς
αἰχμὴ ἱεμένη ῥῆξ᾽ ὀστέον, ἐγκέφαλος δὲ
ἔνδον ἅπας πεπάλακτο· δάμασσε δέ μιν μεμαῶτα.
Ἱπποδάμαντα δ᾽ ἔπειτα καθ᾽ ἵππων ἀΐξαντα,
πρόσθεν ἕθεν φεύγοντα, μετάφρενον οὔτασε δουρί.
αὐτὰρ ὁ θυμὸν ἄϊσθε καὶ ἤρυγεν, ὡς ὅτε ταῦρος
ἤρυγεν ἑλκόμενος Ἑλικώνιον ἀμφὶ ἄνακτα
κούρων ἑλκόντων· γάνυται δέ τε τοῖς ἐνοσίχθων·
ὣς ἄρα τόν γ᾽ ἐρυγόντα λίπ᾽ ὀστέα θυμὸς ἀγήνωρ.
αὐτὰρ ὁ βῆ σὺν δουρὶ μετ᾽ ἀντίθεον Πολύδωρον
Πριαμίδην. τὸν δ᾽ οὔ τι πατὴρ εἴασκε μάχεσθαι,
οὕνεκά οἱ μετὰ παισὶ νεώτατος ἔσκε γόνοιο,
καί οἱ φίλτατος ἔσκε, πόδεσσι δὲ πάντας ἐνίκα.
δὴ τότε νηπιέῃσι ποδῶν ἀρετὴν ἀναφαίνων
θῦνε διὰ προμάχων, ἧος φίλον ὤλεσε θυμόν.
τὸν βάλε μέσσον ἄκοντι ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεὺς
νῶτα παραΐσσοντος, ὅθι ζωστῆρος ὀχῆες
χρύσειοι σύνεχον καὶ διπλόος ἤντετο θώρηξ·
ἀντικρὺ δὲ διέσχε παρ᾽ ὀμφαλὸν ἔγχεος αἰχμή,
γνὺξ δ᾽ ἔριπ᾽ οἰμώξας, νεφέλη δέ μιν ἀμφεκάλυψε
κυανέη, προτὶ οἷ δ᾽ ἔλαβ᾽ ἔντερα χερσὶ λιασθείς.
Ἕκτωρ δ᾽ ὡς ἐνόησε κασίγνητον Πολύδωρον
ἔντερα χερσὶν ἔχοντα, λιαζόμενον ποτὶ γαίῃ,
κάρ ῥά οἱ ὀφθαλμῶν κέχυτ᾽ ἀχλύς· οὐδ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἔτ᾽ ἔτλη
δηρὸν ἑκὰς στρωφᾶσθ᾽, ἀλλ᾽ ἀντίος ἦλθ᾽ Ἀχιλῆϊ

[1] Helice, in Achaea, was a noted seat of Poseidon-worship; see viii. 203.

and over him Demoleon, Antenor's son, a valiant warder of battle, did Achilles pierce in the temple through the helmet with cheek-pieces of bronze. Nor did the bronze helm stay the spear, but through it sped the spear-point and brake asunder the bone; and all the brain was scattered about within; so stayed he him in his fury. Hippodamas thereafter, as he leapt down from his car and fled before him, he smote upon the back with a thrust of his spear. And as he breathed forth his spirit he gave a bellowing cry, even as a bull that is dragged belloweth, when young men drag him about the altar of the lord of Helice[1]; for in such doth the Shaker of Earth delight; even so bellowed Hippodamas, as his lordly spirit left his bones. But Achilles with his spear went on after godlike Polydorus, son of Priam. Him would his father nowise suffer to fight, for that among his children he was the youngest born and was dearest in his eyes; and in swiftness of foot he surpassed all. And lo, now in his folly, making show of his fleetness of foot, he was rushing through the foremost fighters, until he lost his life. Him swift-footed goodly Achilles smote full upon the back with a cast of his spear, as he darted past, even where the golden clasps of the belt were fastened, and the corselet overlapped; through this straight on its way beside the navel passed the spear-point, and he fell to his knees with a groan and a cloud of darkness enfolded him, and as he sank he clasped his bowels to him with his hands.

But when Hector beheld his brother Polydorus, clasping his bowels in his hand and sinking to earth, down over his eyes a mist was shed, nor might he longer endure to range apart, but strode against

ὀξὺ δόρυ κραδάων, φλογὶ εἴκελος· αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς
ὡς εἶδ᾽, ὣς ἀνεπᾶλτο, καὶ εὐχόμενος ἔπος ηὔδα·
"ἐγγὺς ἀνὴρ ὃς ἐμόν γε μάλιστ᾽ ἐσεμάσσατο θυμόν,
ὅς μοι ἑταῖρον ἔπεφνε τετιμένον· οὐδ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἔτι δὴν
ἀλλήλους πτώσσοιμεν ἀνὰ πτολέμοιο γεφύρας."
Ἦ, καὶ ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν προσεφώνεεν Ἕκτορα δῖον·
"ἆσσον ἴθ᾽, ὥς κεν θᾶσσον ὀλέθρου πείραθ᾽ ἵκηαι."
Τὸν δ᾽ οὐ ταρβήσας προσέφη κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ·
"Πηλεΐδη, μὴ δή μ᾽ ἐπέεσσί γε νηπύτιον ὣς
ἔλπεο δειδίξεσθαι, ἐπεὶ σάφα οἶδα καὶ αὐτὸς
ἠμὲν κερτομίας ἠδ᾽ αἴσιμα[1] μυθήσασθαι.
οἶδα δ᾽ ὅτι σὺ μὲν ἐσθλός, ἐγὼ δὲ σέθεν πολὺ χείρων.
ἀλλ᾽ ἦ τοι μὲν ταῦτα θεῶν ἐν γούνασι κεῖται,
αἴ κέ σε χειρότερός περ ἐὼν ἀπὸ θυμὸν ἕλωμαι
δουρὶ βαλών, ἐπεὶ ἦ καὶ ἐμὸν βέλος ὀξὺ πάροιθεν."
Ἦ ῥα, καὶ ἀμπεπαλὼν προΐει δόρυ, καὶ τό γ᾽ Ἀθήνη
πνοιῇ Ἀχιλλῆος πάλιν ἔτραπε κυδαλίμοιο,
ἦκα μάλα ψύξασα· τὸ δ᾽ ἂψ ἵκεθ᾽ Ἕκτορα δῖον,
αὐτοῦ δὲ προπάροιθε ποδῶν πέσεν. αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς
ἐμμεμαὼς ἐπόρουσε κατακτάμεναι μενεαίνων,
σμερδαλέα ἰάχων· τὸν δ᾽ ἐξήρπαξεν Ἀπόλλων
ῥεῖα μάλ᾽ ὥς τε θεός, ἐκάλυψε δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἠέρι πολλῇ.
τρὶς μὲν ἔπειτ᾽ ἐπόρουσε ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεὺς
ἔγχεϊ χαλκείῳ, τρὶς δ᾽ ἠέρα τύψε βαθεῖαν.
ἀλλ᾽ ὅτε δὴ τὸ τέταρτον ἐπέσσυτο δαίμονι ἶσος,
δεινὰ δ᾽ ὁμοκλήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
"ἐξ αὖ νῦν ἔφυγες θάνατον, κύον· ἦ τέ τοι ἄγχι
ἦλθε κακόν· νῦν αὖτέ σ᾽ ἐρύσατο Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων,
ᾧ μέλλεις εὔχεσθαι ἰὼν ἐς δοῦπον ἀκόντων.

[1] αἴσιμα: αἴσυλα MSS.; *cf.* 202.

Achilles, brandishing his sharp spear, in fashion like a flame. But when Achilles beheld him, even then sprang he up and spake vauntingly: "Lo, nigh is the man, that above all hath stricken me to the heart, for that he slew the comrade I honoured. Not for long shall we any more shrink one from the other along the dykes of war."

He said, and with an angry glance from beneath his brows spake unto goodly Hector: "Draw nigh, that thou mayest the sooner enter the toils of destruction."

But with no touch of fear, spake to him Hector of the flashing helm: "Son of Peleus, think not with words to affright me, as I were a child, seeing I know well of myself to utter taunts and withal speech that is seemly. I know that thou art valiant, and I am weaker far than thou. Yet these things verily lie on the knees of the gods, whether I, albeit the weaker, shall rob thee of life with a cast of my spear; for my missile too hath been found keen ere now."

He spake, and poised his spear and hurled it, but Athene with a breath turned it back from glorious Achilles, breathing full lightly; and it came back to goodly Hector, and fell there before his feet. But Achilles leapt upon him furiously, fain to slay him, crying a terrible cry. But Apollo snatched up Hector full easily, as a god may, and shrouded him in thick mist. Thrice then did swift-footed, goodly Achilles leap upon him with spear of bronze, and thrice he smote the thick mist. But when for the fourth time he rushed upon him like a god, then with a terrible cry he spake to him winged words: "Now again, thou dog, art thou escaped from death, though verily thy bane came nigh thee; but once more hath Phoebus Apollo saved thee, to whom of a surety thou must

ἦ θήν σ' ἐξανύω γε καὶ ὕστερον ἀντιβολήσας,
εἴ πού τις καὶ ἐμοί γε θεῶν ἐπιτάρροθός ἐστι.
νῦν αὖ τοὺς ἄλλους ἐπιείσομαι, ὅν κε κιχείω."
Ὣς εἰπὼν Δρύοπ' οὖτα κατ' αὐχένα μέσσον ἄκοντι·
ἤριπε δὲ προπάροιθε ποδῶν. ὁ δὲ τὸν μὲν ἔασε,
Δημοῦχον δὲ Φιλητορίδην, ἠΰν τε μέγαν τε,
κὰγ γόνυ δουρὶ βαλὼν ἠρύκακε· τὸν μὲν ἔπειτα
οὐτάζων ξίφεϊ μεγάλῳ ἐξαίνυτο θυμόν.
αὐτὰρ ὁ Λαόγονον καὶ Δάρδανον, υἷε Βίαντος,
ἄμφω ἐφορμηθεὶς ἐξ ἵππων ὦσε χαμᾶζε,
τὸν μὲν δουρὶ βαλών, τὸν δὲ σχεδὸν ἄορι τύψας.
Τρῶα δ' Ἀλαστορίδην,—ὁ μὲν ἀντίος ἤλυθε γούνων,
εἴ πώς εὑ πεφίδοιτο λαβὼν καὶ ζωὸν ἀφείη,
μηδὲ κατακτείνειεν ὁμηλικίην ἐλεήσας,
νήπιος, οὐδὲ τὸ ᾔδη, ὃ οὐ πείσεσθαι ἔμελλεν·
οὐ γάρ τι γλυκύθυμος ἀνὴρ ἦν οὐδ' ἀγανόφρων,
ἀλλὰ μάλ' ἐμμεμαώς—ὁ μὲν ἥπτετο χείρεσι γούνων
ἱέμενος λίσσεσθ', ὁ δὲ φασγάνῳ οὖτα καθ' ἧπαρ·
ἐκ δέ οἱ ἧπαρ ὄλισθεν, ἀτὰρ μέλαν αἷμα κατ' αὐτοῦ
κόλπον ἐνέπλησεν· τὸν δὲ σκότος ὄσσε κάλυψε
θυμοῦ δευόμενον· ὁ δὲ Μούλιον οὖτα παραστὰς
δουρὶ κατ' οὖς· εἶθαρ δὲ δι' οὔατος ἦλθ' ἑτέροιο
αἰχμὴ χαλκείη. ὁ δ' Ἀγήνορος υἱὸν Ἔχεκλον
μέσσην κὰκ κεφαλὴν ξίφει ἤλασε κωπήεντι,
πᾶν δ' ὑπεθερμάνθη ξίφος αἵματι· τὸν δὲ κατ' ὄσσε
ἔλλαβε πορφύρεος θάνατος καὶ μοῖρα κραταιή.

make prayer, whenso thou goest amid the hurtling of spears. Verily I will yet make an end of thee, when I meet thee hereafter, if so be any god is helper to me likewise. But now will I make after others, whomsoever I may light upon."

So saying he smote Dryops full upon the neck with a thrust of his spear, and he fell down before his feet. But he left him there, and stayed from fight Demuchus, Philetor's son, a valiant man and tall, striking him upon the knee with a cast of his spear; and thereafter he smote him with his great sword, and took away his life. Then setting upon Laogonus and Dardanus, sons twain of Bias, he thrust them both from their chariot to the ground, smiting the one with a cast of his spear and the other with his sword in close fight. Then Tros, Alastor's son—he came to clasp his knees, if so be he would spare him, by taking him captive, and let him go alive, and slay him not, having pity on one of like age, fool that he was! nor knew he this, that with him was to be no hearkening; for nowise soft of heart or gentle of mind was the man, but exceeding fierce—he sought to clasp Achilles' knees with his hands, fain to make his prayer; but he smote him upon the liver with his sword, and forth the liver slipped, and the dark blood welling forth therefrom filled his bosom; and darkness enfolded his eyes, as he swooned. Then with his spear Achilles drew nigh unto Mulius and smote him upon the ear, and clean through the other ear passed the spear-point of bronze. Then smote he Agenor's son Echeclus full upon the head with his hilted sword, and all the blade grew warm with his blood, and down over his eyes came dark death and mighty fate. Thereafter

Δευκαλίωνα δ' ἔπειθ', ἵνα τε ξυνέχουσι τένοντες
ἀγκῶνος, τῇ τόν γε φίλης διὰ χειρὸς ἔπειρεν
αἰχμῇ χαλκείῃ· ὁ δέ μιν μένε χεῖρα βαρυνθείς,
πρόσθ' ὁρόων θάνατον· ὁ δὲ φασγάνῳ αὐχένα θείνας
τῆλ' αὐτῇ πήληκι κάρη βάλε· μυελὸς αὖτε
σφονδυλίων ἔκπαλθ', ὁ δ' ἐπὶ χθονὶ κεῖτο τανυσθείς.
αὐτὰρ ὁ βῆ ῥ' ἰέναι μετ' ἀμύμονα Πείρεω υἱόν,
Ῥίγμον, ὃς ἐκ Θρῄκης ἐριβώλακος εἰληλούθει·
τὸν βάλε μέσσον ἄκοντι, πάγη δ' ἐν νηδύϊ χαλκός,
ἤριπε δ' ἐξ ὀχέων. ὁ δ' Ἀρηΐθοον θεράποντα
ἂψ ἵππους στρέψαντα μετάφρενον ὀξέϊ δουρὶ
νύξ', ἀπὸ δ' ἅρματος ὦσε· κυκήθησαν δέ οἱ ἵπποι.
Ὡς δ' ἀναμαιμάει βαθέ' ἄγκεα θεσπιδαὲς πῦρ
οὔρεος ἀζαλέοιο, βαθεῖα δὲ καίεται ὕλη,
πάντῃ τε κλονέων ἄνεμος φλόγα εἰλυφάζει,
ὣς ὅ γε πάντῃ θῦνε σὺν ἔγχεϊ δαίμονι ἶσος,
κτεινομένους ἐφέπων· ῥέε δ' αἵματι γαῖα μέλαινα.
ὡς δ' ὅτε τις ζεύξῃ βόας ἄρσενας εὐρυμετώπους
τριβέμεναι κρῖ λευκὸν ἐϋκτιμένῃ ἐν ἀλωῇ,
ῥίμφα τε λέπτ' ἐγένοντο βοῶν ὑπὸ πόσσ' ἐριμύκων,
ὣς ὑπ' Ἀχιλλῆος μεγαθύμου μώνυχες ἵπποι
στεῖβον ὁμοῦ νέκυάς τε καὶ ἀσπίδας· αἵματι δ' ἄξων
νέρθεν ἅπας πεπάλακτο καὶ ἄντυγες αἳ περὶ δίφρον,
ἃς ἄρ' ἀφ' ἱππείων ὁπλέων ῥαθάμιγγες ἔβαλλον
αἵ τ' ἀπ' ἐπισσώτρων· ὁ δὲ ἵετο κῦδος ἀρέσθαι
Πηλεΐδης, λύθρῳ δὲ παλάσσετο χεῖρας ἀάπτους.

Deucalion, at the point where the sinews of the elbow join, even there pierced he him through the arm with spear-point of bronze; and he abode his oncoming with arm weighed down, beholding death before him; but Achilles, smiting him with the sword upon his neck, hurled afar his head and therewithal his helmet; and the marrow spurted forth from the spine, and the corpse lay stretched upon the ground. Then went he on after the peerless son of Peires, even Rhigmus, that had come from deep-soiled Thrace. Him he smote in the middle with a cast of his spear, and the bronze was fixed in his belly; and he fell forth from out his car. And Areïthous, his squire, as he was turning round the horses, did Achilles pierce in the back with his sharp spear, and thrust him from the car; and the horses ran wild.

As through the deep glens of a parched mountain-side rageth wondrous-blazing fire, and the deep forest burneth, and the wind as it driveth it on whirleth the flame everywhither, even so raged he everywhither with his spear, like some god, ever pressing hard upon them that he slew; and the black earth ran with blood. And as a man yoketh bulls broad of brow to tread white barley in a well-ordered threshing-floor, and quickly is the grain trodden out beneath the feet of the loud-bellowing bulls; even so beneath great-souled Achilles his single-hooved horses trampled alike on the dead and on the shields; and with blood was all the axle sprinkled beneath, and the rims round about the car, for drops smote upon them from the horses' hooves and from the tires. But the son of Peleus pressed on to win him glory, and with gore were his invincible hands bespattered.

ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Φ

Ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ πόρον ἷξον ἐϋρρεῖος ποταμοῖο,
Ξάνθου δινήεντος, ὃν ἀθάνατος[1] τέκετο Ζεύς,
ἔνθα διατμήξας τοὺς μὲν πεδίονδε δίωκε
πρὸς πόλιν, ᾗ περ Ἀχαιοὶ[2] ἀτυζόμενοι φοβέοντο
ἤματι τῷ προτέρῳ, ὅτε μαίνετο φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ·
τῇ ῥ' οἵ γε προχέοντο πεφυζότες, ἠέρα δ' Ἥρη
πίτνα πρόσθε βαθεῖαν ἐρυκέμεν· ἡμίσεες δὲ
ἐς ποταμὸν εἰλεῦντο βαθύρροον ἀργυροδίνην,
ἐν δ' ἔπεσον μεγάλῳ πατάγῳ, βράχε δ' αἰπὰ ῥέεθρα,
ὄχθαι δ' ἀμφὶ περὶ μεγάλ' ἴαχον· οἱ δ' ἀλαλητῷ
ἔννεον ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα, ἑλισσόμενοι περὶ δίνας.
ὡς δ' ὅθ' ὑπὸ ῥιπῆς πυρὸς ἀκρίδες ἠερέθονται
φευγέμεναι ποταμόνδε· τὸ δὲ φλέγει ἀκάματον πῦρ
ὄρμενον ἐξαίφνης, ταὶ δὲ πτώσσουσι καθ' ὕδωρ·
ὣς ὑπ' Ἀχιλλῆος Ξάνθου βαθυδινήεντος
πλῆτο ῥόος κελάδων ἐπιμὶξ ἵππων τε καὶ ἀνδρῶν.
Αὐτὰρ ὁ διογενὴς δόρυ μὲν λίπεν αὐτοῦ ἐπ' ὄχθῃ
κεκλιμένον μυρίκῃσιν, ὁ δ' ἔσθορε δαίμονι ἶσος,
φάσγανον οἶον ἔχων, κακὰ δὲ φρεσὶ μήδετο ἔργα,
τύπτε δ' ἐπιστροφάδην· τῶν δὲ στόνος ὄρνυτ' ἀεικὴς

[1] ἀθάνατος: ἀθάνατον Zenodotus.
[2] Ἀχαιοὶ: οἱ ἄλλοι.

BOOK XXI

But when they were now come to the ford of the fair-flowing river, even eddying Xanthus that immortal Zeus begat, there Achilles cleft them asunder, and the one part he drave to the plain toward the city, even where the Achaeans were fleeing in rout the day before, what time glorious Hector was raging—thitherward poured forth some in rout, and Hera spread before them a thick mist to hinder them; but the half of them were pent into the deep-flowing river with its silver eddies. Therein they flung themselves with a great din, and the sheer-falling streams resounded, and the banks round about rang loudly; and with noise of shouting swam they this way and that, whirled about in the eddies. And as when beneath the onrush of fire locusts take wing to flee unto a river, and the unwearied fire burneth them with its sudden oncoming, and they shrink down into the water; even so before Achilles was the sounding stream of deep-eddying Xanthus filled confusedly with chariots and with men.

But the Zeus-begotten left there his spear upon the bank, leaning against the tamarisk bushes, and himself leapt in like a god with naught but his sword; and grim was the work he purposed in his heart, and turning him this way and that he smote and smote; and from them uprose hideous groaning as they were

ἄορι θεινομένων, ἐρυθαίνετο δ' αἵματι ὕδωρ.
ὡς δ' ὑπὸ δελφῖνος μεγακήτεος ἰχθύες ἄλλοι
φεύγοντες πιμπλᾶσι μυχοὺς λιμένος εὐόρμου,
δειδιότες· μάλα γάρ τε κατεσθίει ὅν κε λάβῃσιν·
ὣς Τρῶες ποταμοῖο κατὰ δεινοῖο ῥέεθρα
πτῶσσον ὑπὸ κρημνούς. ὁ δ' ἐπεὶ κάμε χεῖρας
 ἐναίρων,
ζωοὺς ἐκ ποταμοῖο δυώδεκα λέξατο κούρους,
ποινὴν Πατρόκλοιο Μενοιτιάδαο θανόντος.
τοὺς ἐξῆγε θύραζε τεθηπότας ἠΰτε νεβρούς,
δῆσε δ' ὀπίσσω χεῖρας ἐϋτμήτοισιν ἱμᾶσι,
τοὺς αὐτοὶ φορέεσκον ἐπὶ στρεπτοῖσι χιτῶσι,
δῶκε δ' ἑταίροισιν κατάγειν κοίλας ἐπὶ νῆας.
αὐτὰρ ὁ ἂψ ἐπόρουσε δαϊζέμεναι μενεαίνων.
 Ἔνθ' υἷι Πριάμοιο συνήντετο Δαρδανίδαο
ἐκ ποταμοῦ φεύγοντι, Λυκάονι, τόν ῥά ποτ' αὐτὸς
ἦγε λαβὼν ἐκ πατρὸς ἀλωῆς οὐκ ἐθέλοντα,
ἐννύχιος προμολών· ὁ δ' ἐρινεὸν ὀξέϊ χαλκῷ
τάμνε νέους ὅρπηκας, ἵν' ἅρματος ἄντυγες εἶεν·
τῷ δ' ἄρ' ἀνώϊστον κακὸν ἤλυθε δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς.
καὶ τότε μέν μιν Λῆμνον ἐϋκτιμένην ἐπέρασσε
νηυσὶν ἄγων, ἀτὰρ υἱὸς Ἰήσονος ὦνον ἔδωκε·
κεῖθεν δὲ ξεῖνός μιν ἐλύσατο, πολλὰ δ' ἔδωκεν,
Ἴμβριος Ἠετίων, πέμψεν δ' ἐς δῖαν Ἀρίσβην·
ἔνθεν ὑπεκπροφυγὼν πατρώϊον ἵκετο δῶμα.
ἕνδεκα δ' ἤματα θυμὸν ἐτέρπετο οἷσι φίλοισιν
ἐλθὼν ἐκ Λήμνοιο· δυωδεκάτῃ δέ μιν αὖτις
χερσὶν Ἀχιλλῆος θεὸς ἔμβαλεν, ὅς μιν ἔμελλε
πέμψειν εἰς Ἀΐδαο καὶ οὐκ ἐθέλοντα νέεσθαι.

smitten with the sword, and the water grew red with blood. And as before a dolphin, huge of maw, other fishes flee and fill the nooks of some harbour of fair anchorage in their terror, for greedily doth he devour whatsoever one he catcheth; even so cowered the Trojans in the streams of the dread river beneath the steep banks. And he, when his hands grew weary of slaying, chose twelve youths alive from out the river as blood-price for dead Patroclus, son of Menoetius. These led he forth dazed like fawns, and bound their hands behind them with shapely thongs, which they themselves wore about their pliant tunics, and gave them to his comrades to lead to the hollow ships. Then himself he sprang back again, full eager to slay.

There met he a son of Dardanian Priam fleeing forth from the river, even Lycaon, whom on a time he had himself taken and brought sore against his will, from his father's orchard being come forth in the night; he was cutting with the sharp bronze the young shoots of a wild fig-tree, to be the rims of a chariot; but upon him, an unlooked-for bane, came goodly Achilles. For that time had he sold him into well-built Lemnos, bearing him thither on his ships, and the son of Jason had given a price for him; but from thence a guest-friend had ransomed him—and a great price he gave—even Eëtion of Imbros, and had sent him unto goodly Arisbe; whence he had fled forth secretly and come to the house of his fathers. For eleven days' space had he joy amid his friends, being come forth from Lemnos; but on the twelfth a god cast him once more into the hands of Achilles, who was to send him to the house of Hades, loath though he was to go. When the

τὸν δ᾽ ὡς οὖν ἐνόησε ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεὺς
γυμνόν, ἄτερ κόρυθός τε καὶ ἀσπίδος, οὐδ᾽ ἔχεν ἔγχος,
ἀλλὰ τὰ μέν ῥ᾽ ἀπὸ πάντα χαμαὶ βάλε· τεῖρε γὰρ ἱδρὼς
φεύγοντ᾽ ἐκ ποταμοῦ, κάματος δ᾽ ὑπὸ γούνατ᾽ ἐδάμνα·
ὀχθήσας δ᾽ ἄρα εἶπε πρὸς ὃν μεγαλήτορα θυμόν·
"ὢ πόποι, ἦ μέγα θαῦμα τόδ᾽ ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ὁρῶμαι·
ἦ μάλα δὴ Τρῶες μεγαλήτορες, οὕς περ ἔπεφνον,
αὖτις ἀναστήσονται ὑπὸ ζόφου ἠερόεντος,
οἷον δὴ καὶ ὅδ᾽ ἦλθε φυγὼν ὕπο νηλεὲς ἦμαρ,
Λῆμνον ἐς ἠγαθέην πεπερημένος· οὐδέ μιν ἔσχε
πόντος ἁλὸς πολιῆς, ὃ πολέας ἀέκοντας ἐρύκει.
ἀλλ᾽ ἄγε δὴ καὶ δουρὸς ἀκωκῆς ἡμετέροιο
γεύσεται, ὄφρα ἴδωμαι ἐνὶ φρεσὶν ἠδὲ δαείω
ἢ ἄρ᾽ ὁμῶς καὶ κεῖθεν ἐλεύσεται, ἦ μιν ἐρύξει
γῆ φυσίζοος, ἥ τε κατὰ κρατερόν περ ἐρύκει."
Ὣς ὥρμαινε μένων· ὁ δέ οἱ σχεδὸν ἦλθε τεθηπώς,
γούνων ἅψασθαι μεμαώς, περὶ δ᾽ ἤθελε θυμῷ
ἐκφυγέειν θάνατόν τε κακὸν καὶ κῆρα μέλαιναν.
ἤ τοι ὁ μὲν δόρυ μακρὸν ἀνέσχετο δῖος Ἀχιλλεὺς
οὐτάμεναι μεμαώς, ὁ δ᾽ ὑπέδραμε καὶ λάβε γούνων
κύψας· ἐγχείη δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ὑπὲρ νώτου ἐνὶ γαίῃ
ἔστη, ἱεμένη χροὸς ἄμεναι ἀνδρομέοιο.
αὐτὰρ ὁ τῇ ἑτέρῃ μὲν ἑλὼν ἐλλίσσετο γούνων,
τῇ δ᾽ ἑτέρῃ ἔχεν ἔγχος ἀκαχμένον οὐδὲ μεθίει·
καί μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα.[1]
"γουνοῦμαί σ᾽, Ἀχιλεῦ· σὺ δέ μ᾽ αἴδεο καί μ᾽ ἐλέησον·

[1] Line 73 was omitted by Aristarchus.

swift-footed, goodly Achilles was ware of him, all unarmed, without helm or shield, nor had he a spear, but had thrown all these from him to the ground; for the sweat vexed him as he sought to flee from out the river, and weariness overmastered his knees beneath him; then, mightily moved, Achilles spake unto his own great-hearted spirit: "Now look you, verily a great marvel is this that mine eyes behold! In good sooth the great-hearted Trojans that I have slain will rise up again from beneath the murky darkness, seeing this man is thus come back and hath escaped the pitiless day of doom, albeit he was sold into sacred Lemnos; neither hath the deep of the grey sea stayed him, that holdeth back full many against their will. Nay, but come, of the point of our spear also shall he taste, that I may see and know in heart whether in like manner he will come back even from beneath, or whether the life-giving earth will hold him fast, she that holdeth even him that is strong."

So pondered he, and abode; but the other drew nigh him, dazed, eager to touch his knees, and exceeding fain of heart was he to escape from evil death and black fate. Then goodly Achilles lifted on high his long spear, eager to smite him, but Lycaon stooped and ran thereunder, and clasped his knees; and the spear passed over his back and was stayed in the ground, albeit fain to glut itself with the flesh of man. Then Lycaon besought him, with the one hand clasping his knees while with the other he held the sharp spear, and would not let it go; and he spake and addressed him with winged words: "I beseech thee by thy knees, Achilles, and do thou respect me and have pity; in thine eyes, O thou

ἀντί τοί εἰμ' ἱκέταο, διοτρεφές, αἰδοίοιο·
πὰρ γὰρ σοὶ πρώτῳ πασάμην Δημήτερος ἀκτήν,
ἤματι τῷ ὅτε μ' εἷλες ἐϋκτιμένῃ ἐν ἀλωῇ,
καί με πέρασσας ἄνευθεν ἄγων πατρός τε φίλων τε
Λῆμνον ἐς ἠγαθέην, ἑκατόμβοιον δέ τοι ἦλφον.
νῦν δὲ λύμην τρὶς τόσσα πορών· ἠὼς δέ μοί ἐστιν
ἥδε δυωδεκάτη, ὅτ' ἐς Ἴλιον εἰλήλουθα
πολλὰ παθών· νῦν αὖ με τεῇς ἐν χερσὶν ἔθηκε
μοῖρ' ὀλοή· μέλλω που ἀπεχθέσθαι Διὶ πατρί,
ὅς με σοὶ αὖτις δῶκε· μινυνθάδιον δέ με μήτηρ
γείνατο Λαοθόη, θυγάτηρ Ἄλταο γέροντος,
Ἄλτα', ὃς Λελέγεσσι φιλοπτολέμοισιν ἀνάσσει,
Πήδασον αἰπήεσσαν ἔχων ἐπὶ Σατνιόεντι.
τοῦ δ' ἔχε θυγατέρα Πρίαμος, πολλὰς δὲ καὶ ἄλλας·
τῆς δὲ δύω γενόμεσθα, σὺ δ' ἄμφω δειροτομήσεις.
ἤ τοι τὸν πρώτοισι μετὰ πρυλέεσσι δάμασσας,
ἀντίθεον Πολύδωρον, ἐπεὶ βάλες ὀξέϊ δουρί·
νῦν δὲ δὴ ἐνθάδ' ἐμοὶ κακὸν ἔσσεται· οὐ γὰρ ὀΐω
σὰς χεῖρας φεύξεσθαι, ἐπεί ῥ' ἐπέλασσέ γε δαίμων.
ἄλλο δέ τοι ἐρέω, σὺ δ' ἐνὶ φρεσὶ βάλλεο σῇσι·
μή με κτεῖν', ἐπεὶ οὐχ ὁμογάστριος[1] Ἕκτορός εἰμι,
ὅς τοι ἑταῖρον ἔπεφνεν ἐνηέα τε κρατερόν τε."
Ὣς ἄρα μιν Πριάμοιο προσηύδα φαίδιμος υἱὸς
λισσόμενος ἐπέεσσιν, ἀμείλικτον δ' ὄπ' ἄκουσε·
"νήπιε, μή μοι ἄποινα πιφαύσκεο μηδ' ἀγόρευε·
πρὶν μὲν γὰρ Πάτροκλον ἐπισπεῖν αἴσιμον ἦμαρ,
τόφρα τί μοι πεφιδέσθαι ἐνὶ φρεσὶ φίλτερον ἦεν
Τρώων, καὶ πολλοὺς ζωοὺς ἕλον ἠδὲ πέρασσα·
νῦν δ' οὐκ ἔσθ' ὅς τις θάνατον φύγῃ, ὅν κε θεός γε

[1] ὁμογάστριος: ἰσογάστριος.

nurtured of Zeus, am I even as a sacred suppliant, for at thy table first did I eat of the grain of Demeter on the day when thou didst take me captive in the well-ordered orchard, and didst lead me afar from father and from friends, and sell me into sacred Lemnos; and I fetched thee the price of an hundred oxen. Lo, now have I bought my freedom by paying thrice as much, and this is my twelfth morn since I came to Ilios, after many sufferings; and now again has deadly fate put me in thy hands; surely it must be that I am hated of father Zeus, seeing he hath given me unto thee again; and to a brief span of life did my mother bear me, even Laothoë, daughter of the old man Altes,—Altes that is lord over the war-loving Leleges, holding steep Pedasus on the Satnioeis. His daughter Priam had to wife, and therewithal many another, and of her we twain were born, and thou wilt butcher us both. Him thou didst lay low amid the foremost foot-men, even godlike Polydorus, when thou hadst smitten him with a cast of thy sharp spear, and now even here shall evil come upon me; for I deem not that I shall escape thy hands, seeing a god hath brought me nigh thee. Yet another thing will I tell thee, and do thou lay it to heart: slay me not; since I am not sprung from the same womb as Hector, who slew thy comrade the kindly and valiant."

So spake to him the glorious son of Priam with words of entreaty, but all ungentle was the voice he heard: "Fool, tender not ransom to me, neither make harangue. Until Patroclus met his day of fate, even till then was it more pleasing to me to spare the Trojans, and full many I took alive and sold oversea; but now is there not one that shall escape death,

Ἰλίου προπάροιθεν ἐμῇς ἐν χερσὶ βάλῃσι,
καὶ πάντων Τρώων, πέρι δ᾽ αὖ Πριάμοιό γε παίδων.
ἀλλά, φίλος, θάνε καὶ σύ· τί ἦ ὀλοφύρεαι οὕτως;
κάτθανε καὶ Πάτροκλος, ὅ περ σέο πολλὸν ἀμείνων.
οὐχ ὁράᾳς οἷος καὶ ἐγὼ καλός τε μέγας τε;
πατρὸς δ᾽ εἴμ᾽ ἀγαθοῖο, θεὰ δέ με γείνατο μήτηρ·
ἀλλ᾽ ἔπι τοι καὶ ἐμοὶ θάνατος καὶ μοῖρα κραταιή.
ἔσσεται ἢ ἠὼς ἢ δείλη ἢ μέσον ἦμαρ,
ὁππότε τις καὶ ἐμεῖο Ἄρῃ ἐκ θυμὸν ἕληται,
ἢ ὅ γε δουρὶ βαλὼν ἢ ἀπὸ νευρῆφιν ὀϊστῷ."
Ὣς φάτο, τοῦ δ᾽ αὐτοῦ λύτο γούνατα καὶ φίλον ἦτορ·
ἔγχος μέν ῥ᾽ ἀφέηκεν, ὁ δ᾽ ἕζετο χεῖρε πετάσσας
ἀμφοτέρας. Ἀχιλεὺς δὲ ἐρυσσάμενος ξίφος ὀξὺ
τύψε κατὰ κληῗδα παρ᾽ αὐχένα, πᾶν δέ οἱ εἴσω
δῦ ξίφος ἄμφηκες· ὁ δ᾽ ἄρα πρηνὴς ἐπὶ γαίῃ
κεῖτο ταθείς, ἐκ δ᾽ αἷμα μέλαν ῥέε, δεῦε δὲ γαῖαν.
τὸν δ᾽ Ἀχιλεὺς ποταμόνδε λαβὼν ποδὸς ἧκε φέρεσθαι,
καί οἱ ἐπευχόμενος ἔπεα πτερόεντ᾽ ἀγόρευεν·
"Ἐνταυθοῖ νῦν κεῖσο μετ᾽ ἰχθύσιν, οἵ σ᾽ ὠτειλὴν
αἷμ᾽ ἀπολιχμήσονται ἀκηδέες· οὐδέ σε μήτηρ
ἐνθεμένη λεχέεσσι γοήσεται, ἀλλὰ Σκάμανδρος
οἴσει δινήεις εἴσω ἁλὸς εὐρέα κόλπον.
θρῴσκων τις κατὰ κῦμα μέλαιναν φρῖχ᾽ ὑπαΐξει
ἰχθύς, ὅς κε φάγῃσι Λυκάονος ἀργέτα δημόν.
φθείρεσθ᾽, εἰς ὅ κεν ἄστυ κιχείομεν Ἰλίου ἱρῆς,
ὑμεῖς μὲν φεύγοντες, ἐγὼ δ᾽ ὄπιθεν κεραΐζων.
οὐδ᾽ ὑμῖν ποταμός περ ἐΰρροος ἀργυροδίνης[1]
ἀρκέσει, ᾧ δὴ δηθὰ πολέας ἱερεύετε ταύρους,

[1] Lines 130-135 were rejected by Aristophanes and perhaps by Aristarchus.

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[1] Or we may, with Monro, assume that ἀκηδέες has special reference to the absence of mourning rites.

whomsoever before the walls of Ilios God shall deliver into my hands—aye, not one among all the Trojans, and least of all among the sons of Priam. Nay, friend, do thou too die; why lamentest thou thus? Patroclus also died, who was better far than thou. And seest thou not what manner of man am I, how comely and how tall? A good man was my father, and a goddess the mother that bare me; yet over me too hang death and mighty fate. There shall come a dawn or eve or mid-day, when my life too shall some man take in battle, whether he smite me with cast of the spear, or with an arrow from the string."

So spake he, and the other's knees were loosened where he was and his heart was melted. The spear he let go, but crouched with both hands outstretched. But Achilles drew his sharp sword and smote him upon the collar-bone beside the neck, and all the two-edged sword sank in; and prone upon the earth he lay outstretched, and the dark blood flowed forth and wetted the ground. Him then Achilles seized by the foot and flung into the river to go his way, and vaunting over him he spake winged words:

"Lie there now among the fishes that shall lick the blood from thy wound, nor reck aught of thee,[1] neither shall thy mother lay thee on a bier and make lament; nay, eddying Scamander shall bear thee into the broad gulf of the sea. Many a fish as he leapeth amid the waves, shall dart up beneath the black ripple to eat the white fat of Lycaon. So perish ye, till we be come to the city of sacred Ilios, ye in flight, and I making havoc in your rear. Not even the fair-flowing river with his silver eddies shall aught avail you, albeit to him, I ween, ye have long time been wont to sacrifice bulls full many, and to

ζωοὺς δ' ἐν δίνῃσι καθίετε μώνυχας ἵππους.
ἀλλὰ καὶ ὧς ὀλέεσθε κακὸν μόρον, εἰς ὅ κε πάντες
τίσετε Πατρόκλοιο φόνον καὶ λοιγὸν Ἀχαιῶν,
οὓς ἐπὶ νηυσὶ θοῇσιν ἐπέφνετε νόσφιν ἐμεῖο."
Ὣς ἄρ' ἔφη, ποταμὸς δὲ χολώσατο κηρόθι μᾶλλον,
ὅρμηνεν δ' ἀνὰ θυμὸν ὅπως παύσειε πόνοιο[1]
δῖον Ἀχιλλῆα, Τρώεσσι δὲ λοιγὸν ἀλάλκοι.
τόφρα δὲ Πηλέος υἱὸς ἔχων δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος
Ἀστεροπαίῳ ἐπᾶλτο κατακτάμεναι μενεαίνων,
υἱέϊ Πηλεγόνος· τὸν δ' Ἀξιὸς εὐρυρέεθρος
γείνατο καὶ Περίβοια, Ἀκεσσαμενοῖο θυγατρῶν
πρεσβυτάτη· τῇ γάρ ῥα μίγη ποταμὸς βαθυδίνης.
τῷ ῥ' Ἀχιλεὺς ἐπόρουσεν, ὁ δ' ἀντίος ἐκ ποταμοῖο
ἔστη ἔχων δύο δοῦρε· μένος δέ οἱ ἐν φρεσὶ θῆκε
Ξάνθος, ἐπεὶ κεχόλωτο δαϊκταμένων αἰζηῶν,
τοὺς Ἀχιλεὺς ἐδάϊζε κατὰ ῥόον οὐδ' ἐλέαιρεν.
οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ σχεδὸν ἦσαν ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισιν ἰόντες,
τὸν πρότερος προσέειπε ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς·
"τίς πόθεν εἰς ἀνδρῶν, ὅ μευ ἔτλης ἀντίος ἐλθεῖν;
δυστήνων δέ τε παῖδες ἐμῷ μένει ἀντιόωσι."
Τὸν δ' αὖ Πηλεγόνος προσεφώνεε φαίδιμος υἱός·
"Πηλεΐδη μεγάθυμε, τί ἦ γενεὴν ἐρεείνεις;
εἴμ' ἐκ Παιονίης ἐριβώλου, τηλόθ' ἐούσης,
Παίονας ἄνδρας ἄγων δολιχεγχέας· ἥδε δέ μοι νῦν
ἠὼς ἑνδεκάτη, ὅτε Ἴλιον εἰλήλουθα.
αὐτὰρ ἐμοὶ γενεὴ ἐξ Ἀξιοῦ εὐρὺ ῥέοντος,
Ἀξιοῦ, ὃς κάλλιστον ὕδωρ ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἵησιν,[2]

[1] πόνοιο: φόνοιο.
[2] Line 158 is omitted in the best MSS.

cast single-hooved horses while yet they lived,[1] into his eddies. Howbeit even so shall ye perish by an evil fate, till ye have all paid the price for the slaying of Patroclus and for the woe of the Achaeans, whom by the swift ships ye slew while I tarried afar."

So spake he, and the river waxed the more wroth at heart, and pondered in mind how he should stay goodly Achilles from his labour and ward off ruin from the Trojans. Meanwhile the son of Peleus bearing his far-shadowing spear leapt, eager to slay him, upon Asteropaeus, son of Pelegon, that was begotten of wide-flowing Axius and Periboea, eldest of the daughters of Acessamenus; for with her lay the deep-eddying River. Upon him rushed Achilles, and Asteropaeus stood forth from the river to face him, holding two spears; and courage was set in his heart by Xanthus, being wroth because of the youths slain in battle, of whom Achilles was making havoc along the stream and had no pity. But when they were come near, as they advanced one against the other, then first unto Asteropaeus spake swift-footed, goodly Achilles: "Who among men art thou, and from whence, that thou darest come forth against me? Unhappy are they whose children face my might."

Then spake unto him the glorious son of Pelegon: "Great-souled son of Peleus, wherefore enquirest thou of my lineage? I come from deep-soiled Paeonia, a land afar, leading the Paeonians with their long spears, and this is now my eleventh morn, since I came to Ilios. But my lineage is from wide-flowing Axius—Axius, the water whereof flows the fairest

[1] This is meant perhaps to stamp the custom as barbaric, but see Paus. viii. 7. 2, with Frazer's note.

ὃς τέκε Πηλεγόνα κλυτὸν ἔγχεϊ· τὸν δ' ἐμέ φασι
γείνασθαι· νῦν αὖτε μαχώμεθα, φαίδιμ' Ἀχιλλεῦ."
Ὣς φάτ' ἀπειλήσας, ὁ δ' ἀνέσχετο δῖος Ἀχιλλεὺς
Πηλιάδα μελίην· ὁ δ' ἁμαρτῇ δούρασιν ἀμφὶς
ἥρως Ἀστεροπαῖος, ἐπεὶ περιδέξιος ἦεν.
καί ῥ' ἑτέρῳ μὲν δουρὶ σάκος βάλεν, οὐδὲ διαπρὸ
ῥῆξε σάκος· χρυσὸς γὰρ ἐρύκακε, δῶρα θεοῖο·
τῷ δ' ἑτέρῳ μιν πῆχυν ἐπιγράβδην βάλε χειρὸς
δεξιτερῆς, σύτο δ' αἷμα κελαινεφές· ἡ δ' ὑπὲρ αὐτοῦ
γαίῃ ἐνεστήρικτο, λιλαιομένη χροὸς ἆσαι.
δεύτερος αὖτ' Ἀχιλεὺς μελίην ἰθυπτίωνα
Ἀστεροπαίῳ ἐφῆκε κατακτάμεναι μενεαίνων·
καὶ τοῦ μέν ῥ' ἀφάμαρτεν, ὁ δ' ὑψηλὴν βάλεν ὄχθην,
μεσσοπαγὲς[1] δ' ἄρ' ἔθηκε κατ' ὄχθης μείλινον ἔγχος.
Πηλεΐδης δ' ἄορ ὀξὺ ἐρυσσάμενος παρὰ μηροῦ
ἆλτ' ἐπί οἱ μεμαώς· ὁ δ' ἄρα μελίην Ἀχιλῆος
οὐ δύνατ' ἐκ κρημνοῖο ἐρύσσαι χειρὶ παχείῃ.
τρὶς μέν μιν πελέμιξεν ἐρύσσασθαι μενεαίνων,
τρὶς δὲ μεθῆκε βίης· τὸ δὲ τέτρατον ἤθελε θυμῷ
ἆξαι ἐπιγνάμψας δόρυ μείλινον Αἰακίδαο,
ἀλλά ἑ πρὶν Ἀχιλεὺς σχεδὸν ἄορι θυμὸν ἀπηύρα.
γαστέρα γάρ μιν τύψε παρ' ὀμφαλόν, ἐκ δ' ἄρα πᾶσαι
χύντο χαμαὶ χολάδες· τὸν δὲ σκότος ὄσσε κάλυψεν
ἀσθμαίνοντ'· Ἀχιλεὺς δ' ἄρ' ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ὀρούσας
τεύχεά τ' ἐξενάριξε καὶ εὐχόμενος ἔπος ηὔδα·
"κεῖσ' οὕτως· χαλεπόν τοι ἐρισθενέος Κρονίωνος
παισὶν ἐριζέμεναι ποταμοῖό περ ἐκγεγαῶτι.

[1] μεσσοπαγὲς: μεσσοπαλὲς Aristarchus.

over the face of the earth—who begat Pelegon famed for his spear, and he, men say, was my father. Now let us do battle, glorious Achilles."

So spake he threatening, but goodly Achilles raised on high the spear of Pelian ash; howbeit the warrior Asteropaeus hurled with both spears at once, for he was one that could use both hands alike. With the one spear he smote the shield, but it brake not through, for the gold stayed it, the gift of the god; and with the other he smote the right forearm of Achilles a grazing blow, and the black blood gushed forth; but the spear-point passed above him and fixed itself in the earth, fain to glut itself with flesh. Then Achilles in his turn hurled at Asteropaeus his straight-flying spear of ash, eager to slay him, but missed the man and struck the high bank, and up to half its length he fixed in the bank the spear of ash. But the son of Peleus, drawing his sharp sword from beside his thigh, leapt upon him furiously, and the other availed not to draw in his stout hand the ashen spear of Achilles forth from out the bank. Thrice he made it quiver in his eagerness to draw it, and thrice he gave up his effort; but the fourth time his heart was fain to bend and break the ashen spear of the son of Aeacus; howbeit ere that might be Achilles drew nigh and robbed him of life with his sword. In the belly he smote him beside the navel, and forth upon the ground gushed all his bowels, and darkness enfolded his eyes as he lay gasping. And Achilles leapt upon his breast and despoiled him of his arms, and exulted saying: "Lie as thou art! Hard is it to strive with the children of the mighty son of Cronos, albeit for one begotten of a River. Thou verily declarest that thy

φῆσθα σὺ μὲν ποταμοῦ γένος ἔμμεναι εὐρὺ ῥέοντος,
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ γενεὴν μεγάλου Διὸς εὔχομαι εἶναι.
τίκτε μ᾽ ἀνὴρ πολλοῖσιν ἀνάσσων Μυρμιδόνεσσι,
Πηλεὺς Αἰακίδης· ὁ δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ Αἰακὸς ἐκ Διὸς ἦεν.
τῷ κρείσσων μὲν Ζεὺς ποταμῶν ἁλιμυρηέντων,
κρείσσων αὖτε Διὸς γενεὴ ποταμοῖο τέτυκται.
καὶ γὰρ σοὶ ποταμός γε πάρα μέγας, εἰ δύναταί τι
χραισμεῖν· ἀλλ᾽ οὐκ ἔστι Διὶ Κρονίωνι μάχεσθαι,
τῷ οὐδὲ κρείων Ἀχελώϊος ἰσοφαρίζει,
οὐδὲ βαθυρρείταο μέγα σθένος Ὠκεανοῖο,[1]
ἐξ οὗ περ πάντες ποταμοὶ καὶ πᾶσα θάλασσα
καὶ πᾶσαι κρῆναι καὶ φρείατα μακρὰ νάουσιν·
ἀλλὰ καὶ ὃς δείδοικε Διὸς μεγάλοιο κεραυνὸν
δεινήν τε βροντήν, ὅτ᾽ ἀπ᾽ οὐρανόθεν σμαραγήσῃ."
Ἦ ῥα, καὶ ἐκ κρημνοῖο ἐρύσσατο χάλκεον ἔγχος,
τὸν δὲ κατ᾽ αὐτόθι λεῖπεν, ἐπεὶ φίλον ἦτορ ἀπηύρα,
κείμενον ἐν ψαμάθοισι, δίαινε δέ μιν μέλαν ὕδωρ.
τὸν μὲν ἄρ᾽ ἐγχέλυές τε καὶ ἰχθύες ἀμφεπένοντο,
δημὸν ἐρεπτόμενοι ἐπινεφρίδιον κείροντες·
αὐτὰρ ὁ βῆ ῥ᾽ ἰέναι μετὰ Παίονας ἱπποκορυστάς,
οἵ ῥ᾽ ἔτι πὰρ ποταμὸν πεφοβήατο δινήεντα,
ὡς εἶδον τὸν ἄριστον ἐνὶ κρατερῇ ὑσμίνῃ
χέρσ᾽ ὕπο Πηλεΐδαο καὶ ἄορι ἶφι δαμέντα.
ἔνθ᾽ ἕλε Θερσίλοχόν τε Μύδωνά τε Ἀστύπυλόν τε
Μνῆσόν τε Θρασίον τε καὶ Αἴνιον ἠδ᾽ Ὀφελέστην·
καί νύ κ᾽ ἔτι πλέονας κτάνε Παίονας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς,
εἰ μὴ χωσάμενος προσέφη ποταμὸς βαθυδίνης,
ἀνέρι εἰσάμενος, βαθέης δ᾽ ἐκφθέγξατο δίνης·
"ὦ Ἀχιλεῦ, περὶ μὲν κρατέεις, περὶ δ᾽ αἴσυλα ῥέζεις
ἀνδρῶν· αἰεὶ γάρ τοι ἀμύνουσιν θεοὶ αὐτοί.

[1] Line 195 was omitted by Zenodotus.

birth is from the wide-flowing River, whereas I avow me to be of the lineage of great Zeus. The father that begat me is one that is lord among the many Myrmidons, even Peleus, son of Aeacus; and Aeacus was begotten of Zeus. Wherefore as Zeus is mightier than rivers that murmur seaward, so mightier too is the seed of Zeus than the seed of a river. For lo, hard beside thee is a great River, if so be he can avail thee aught; but it may not be that one should fight with Zeus the son of Cronos. With him doth not even king Achelous vie, nor the great might of deep-flowing Ocean, from whom all rivers flow and every sea, and all the springs and deep wells; howbeit even he hath fear of the lightning of great Zeus, and his dread thunder, whenso it crasheth from heaven."

He spake, and drew forth from the bank his spear of bronze, and left Asteropaeus where he was, when he had robbed him of his life, lying in the sands; and the dark water wetted him. With him then the eels and fishes dealt, plucking and tearing the fat about his kidneys; but Achilles went his way after the Paeonians, lords of chariots, who were still huddled in rout along the eddying river, when they saw their best man mightily vanquished in the fierce conflict beneath the hands and sword of the son of Peleus. There slew he Thersilochus and Mydon and Astypylus and Mnesus and Thrasius and Aenius and Ophelestes; and yet more of the Paeonians would swift Achilles have slain, had not the deep-eddying River waxed wroth and called to him in the semblance of a man, sending forth a voice from out the deep eddy: "O Achilles, beyond men art thou in might, and beyond men doest deeds of evil; for ever do the very

εἴ τοι Τρῶας ἔδωκε Κρόνου παῖς πάντας ὀλέσσαι,
ἐξ ἐμέθεν γ' ἐλάσας[1] πεδίον κάτα μέρμερα ῥέζε·
πλήθει γὰρ δή μοι νεκύων ἐρατεινὰ ῥέεθρα,
οὐδέ τί πῃ δύναμαι προχέειν ῥόον εἰς ἅλα δῖαν
στεινόμενος νεκύεσσι, σὺ δὲ κτείνεις ἀϊδήλως.
ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ καὶ ἔασον· ἄγη μ' ἔχει, ὄρχαμε λαῶν."
Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·
"ἔσται ταῦτα, Σκάμανδρε διοτρεφές, ὡς σὺ κελεύεις.
Τρῶας δ' οὐ πρὶν λήξω ὑπερφιάλους ἐναρίζων,
πρὶν ἔλσαι κατὰ ἄστυ καὶ Ἕκτορι πειρηθῆναι
ἀντιβίην, ἤ κέν με δαμάσσεται, ἦ κεν ἐγὼ τόν."
Ὣς εἰπὼν Τρώεσσιν ἐπέσσυτο δαίμονι ἶσος·
καὶ τότ' Ἀπόλλωνα προσέφη ποταμὸς βαθυδίνης·
"ὢ πόποι, ἀργυρότοξε, Διὸς τέκος, οὐ σύ γε βουλὰς
εἰρύσαο Κρονίωνος, ὅ τοι μάλα πόλλ' ἐπέτελλε
Τρωσὶ παρεστάμεναι καὶ ἀμύνειν, εἰς ὅ κεν ἔλθῃ
δείελος ὀψὲ δύων, σκιάσῃ δ' ἐρίβωλον ἄρουραν."
Ἦ, καὶ Ἀχιλλεὺς μὲν δουρικλυτὸς ἔνθορε μέσσῳ
κρημνοῦ ἀπαΐξας· ὁ δ' ἐπέσσυτο οἴδματι θύων,
πάντα δ' ὄρινε ῥέεθρα κυκώμενος, ὦσε δὲ νεκροὺς
πολλούς, οἵ ῥα κατ' αὐτὸν ἅλις ἔσαν, οὓς κτάν' Ἀχιλλεύς·
τοὺς ἔκβαλλε θύραζε, μεμυκὼς ἠΰτε ταῦρος,
χέρσονδε· ζωοὺς δὲ σάω κατὰ καλὰ ῥέεθρα,
κρύπτων ἐν δίνῃσι βαθείῃσιν μεγάλῃσι.
δεινὸν δ' ἀμφ' Ἀχιλῆα κυκώμενον ἵστατο κῦμα,
ὤθει δ' ἐν σάκεϊ πίπτων ῥόος· οὐδὲ πόδεσσιν

[1] γ' ἐλάσας: πελάσας.

gods give thee aid. If so be the son of Cronos hath granted thee to slay all the men of Troy, forth out of my stream at least do thou drive them, and work thy direful work on the plain. Lo, full are my lovely streams with dead men, nor can I anywise avail to pour my waters forth into the bright sea, being choked with dead, while thou ever slayest ruthlessly. Nay, come, let be; amazement holds me, thou leader of hosts."

Then swift-footed Achilles answered him, saying: "Thus shall it be, Scamander, nurtured of Zeus, even as thou biddest. Howbeit the proud Trojans will I not cease to slay until I have pent them in their city, and have made trial of Hector, man to man, whether he shall slay me or I him."

So saying he leapt upon the Trojans like a god. Then unto Apollo spake the deep-eddying River: "Out upon it, thou lord of the silver bow, child of Zeus, thou verily hast not kept the commandment of the son of Cronos, who straitly charged thee to stand by the side of the Trojans and to succour them, until the late-setting star of even shall have come forth and darkened the deep-soiled earth."

He spake, and Achilles, famed for his spear, sprang from the bank and leapt into his midst; but the River rushed upon him with surging flood, and roused all his streams tumultuously, and swept along the many dead that lay thick within his bed, slain by Achilles; these he cast forth to the land, bellowing the while like a bull, and the living he saved under his fair streams, hiding them in eddies deep and wide. In terrible wise about Achilles towered the tumultuous wave, and the stream as it beat upon his shield thrust him backward, nor might he avail to stand

εἶχε στηρίξασθαι. ὁ δὲ πτελέην ἕλε χερσὶν
εὐφυέα μεγάλην· ἡ δ' ἐκ ῥιζέων ἐριποῦσα
κρημνὸν ἅπαντα διῶσεν, ἐπέσχε δὲ καλὰ ῥέεθρα
ὄζοισιν πυκινοῖσι, γεφύρωσεν δέ μιν αὐτὸν
εἴσω πᾶσ' ἐριποῦσ'· ὁ δ' ἄρ' ἐκ δίνης[1] ἀνορούσας
ἤϊξεν πεδίοιο ποσὶ κραιπνοῖσι πέτεσθαι,
δείσας. οὐδέ τ' ἔληγε θεὸς μέγας, ὦρτο δ' ἐπ' αὐτῷ
ἀκροκελαινιόων, ἵνα μιν παύσειε πόνοιο[2]
δῖον Ἀχιλλῆα, Τρώεσσι δὲ λοιγὸν ἀλάλκοι.
Πηλεΐδης δ' ἀπόρουσεν ὅσον τ' ἐπὶ δουρὸς ἐρωή,
αἰετοῦ οἴματ' ἔχων μέλανος, τοῦ θηρητῆρος,
ὅς θ' ἅμα κάρτιστός τε καὶ ὤκιστος πετεηνῶν·
τῷ ἐϊκὼς ἤϊξεν, ἐπὶ στήθεσσι δὲ χαλκὸς
σμερδαλέον κονάβιζεν· ὕπαιθα δὲ τοῖο λιασθεὶς
φεῦγ', ὁ δ' ὄπισθε ῥέων ἕπετο μεγάλῳ ὀρυμαγδῷ.
ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἀνὴρ ὀχετηγὸς ἀπὸ κρήνης μελανύδρου
ἂμ φυτὰ καὶ κήπους ὕδατι ῥόον ἡγεμονεύῃ
χερσὶ μάκελλαν ἔχων, ἀμάρης ἐξ ἔχματα βάλλων·
τοῦ μέν τε προρέοντος ὑπὸ ψηφῖδες ἅπασαι
ὀχλεῦνται· τὸ δέ τ' ὦκα κατειβόμενον κελαρύζει
χώρῳ ἔνι προαλεῖ, φθάνει δέ τε καὶ τὸν ἄγοντα·
ὣς αἰεὶ Ἀχιλῆα κιχήσατο κῦμα ῥόοιο
καὶ λαιψηρὸν ἐόντα· θεοὶ δέ τε φέρτεροι ἀνδρῶν.
ὁσσάκι δ' ὁρμήσειε ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεὺς
στῆναι ἐναντίβιον καὶ γνώμεναι εἴ μιν ἅπαντες
ἀθάνατοι φοβέουσι, τοὶ οὐρανὸν εὐρὺν ἔχουσι,
τοσσάκι μιν μέγα κῦμα διιπετέος ποταμοῖο
πλάζ' ὤμους καθύπερθεν· ὁ δ' ὑψόσε ποσσὶν ἐπήδα
θυμῷ ἀνιάζων· ποταμὸς δ' ὑπὸ γούνατ' ἐδάμνα

[1] δίνης Aristarchus: λίμνης.
[2] πόνοιο: φόνοιο Aristophanes.

firm upon his feet. Then grasped he an elm, shapely and tall, but it fell uprooted and tore away all the bank, and stretched over the fair streams with its thick branches, and dammed the River himself, falling all within him; but Achilles, springing forth from the eddy, hasted to fly with swift feet over the plain, for he was seized with fear. Howbeit the great god ceased not, but rushed upon him with dark-crested wave, that he might stay goodly Achilles from his labour, and ward off ruin from the Trojans. But the son of Peleus rushed back as far as a spear-cast with the swoop of a black eagle, the mighty hunter, that is alike the strongest and swiftest of winged things; like him he darted, and upon his breast the bronze rang terribly, while he swerved from beneath the flood and fled ever onward, and the River followed after, flowing with a mighty roar. As when a man that guideth its flow leadeth from a dusky spring a stream of water amid his plants and garden-plots, a mattock in his hands, and cleareth away the dams from the channel—and as it floweth all the pebbles beneath are swept along therewith, and it glideth swiftly onward with murmuring sound down a sloping place and outstrippeth even him that guideth it;—even thus did the flood of the River ever overtake Achilles for all he was fleet of foot; for the gods are mightier than men. And oft as swift-footed, goodly Achilles strove to make stand against him and to learn if all the immortals that hold broad heaven were driving him in rout, so often would the great flood of the heaven-fed River beat upon his shoulders from above; and he would spring on high with his feet in vexation of spirit, and the River was ever tiring his knees with its violent flow beneath,

λάβρος ὕπαιθα ῥέων, κονίην δ' ὑπέρεπτε ποδοῖιν.
Πηλεΐδης δ' ᾤμωξεν ἰδὼν εἰς οὐρανὸν εὐρύν·
"Ζεῦ πάτερ, ὡς οὔ τίς με θεῶν ἐλεεινὸν ὑπέστη
ἐκ ποταμοῖο σαῶσαι· ἔπειτα δὲ καί τι πάθοιμι.
ἄλλος δ' οὔ τίς μοι τόσον αἴτιος Οὐρανιώνων,
ἀλλὰ φίλη μήτηρ, ἥ με ψεύδεσσιν ἔθελγεν·
ἥ μ' ἔφατο Τρώων ὑπὸ τείχεϊ θωρηκτάων
λαιψηροῖς ὀλέεσθαι Ἀπόλλωνος βελέεσσιν.
ὥς μ' ὄφελ' Ἕκτωρ κτεῖναι, ὃς ἐνθάδε γ' ἔτραφ' ἄριστος·
τῶ κ' ἀγαθὸς μὲν ἔπεφν', ἀγαθὸν δέ κεν ἐξενάριξε·
νῦν δέ με λευγαλέῳ θανάτῳ εἵμαρτο ἁλῶναι
ἐρχθέντ' ἐν μεγάλῳ ποταμῷ, ὡς παῖδα συφορβόν,
ὅν ῥά τ' ἔναυλος ἀποέρσῃ χειμῶνι περῶντα."

Ὣς φάτο, τῷ δὲ μάλ' ὦκα Ποσειδάων καὶ Ἀθήνη
στήτην ἐγγὺς ἰόντε, δέμας δ' ἄνδρεσσιν ἐΐκτην,
χειρὶ δὲ χεῖρα λαβόντες ἐπιστώσαντ' ἐπέεσσι.
τοῖσι δὲ μύθων ἦρχε Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων·
"Πηλεΐδη, μήτ' ἄρ τι λίην τρέε μήτε τι τάρβει·
τοίω γάρ τοι νῶϊ θεῶν ἐπιταρρόθω εἰμέν,
Ζηνὸς ἐπαινήσαντος, ἐγὼ καὶ Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη·[1]
ὡς οὔ τοι ποταμῷ γε δαμήμεναι αἴσιμόν ἐστιν,
ἀλλ' ὅδε μὲν τάχα λωφήσει, σὺ δὲ εἴσεαι αὐτός·
αὐτάρ τοι πυκινῶς ὑποθησόμεθ', αἴ κε πίθηαι·
μὴ πρὶν παύειν χεῖρας ὁμοιΐου πολέμοιο,
πρὶν κατὰ Ἰλιόφι κλυτὰ τείχεα λαὸν ἐέλσαι
Τρωϊκόν, ὅς κε φύγῃσι. σὺ δ' Ἕκτορι θυμὸν ἀπούρας
ἂψ ἐπὶ νῆας ἴμεν· δίδομεν δέ τοι εὖχος ἀρέσθαι."

[1] Line 290 was rejected by Aristarchus.

and was snatching away the ground from under his feet. Then the son of Peleus uttered a bitter cry, with a look at the broad heaven: "Father Zeus, how is it that no one of the gods taketh it upon him in my pitiless plight to save me from out the River! thereafter let come upon me what may. None other of the heavenly gods do I blame so much, but only my dear mother, that beguiled me with false words, saying that beneath the wall of the mail-clad Trojans I should perish by the swift missiles of Apollo. Would that Hector had slain me, the best of the men bred here; then had a brave man been the slayer, and a brave man had he slain. But now by a miserable death was it appointed me to be cut off, pent in the great river, like a swine-herd boy whom a torrent sweepeth away as he maketh essay to cross it in winter."

So spake he, and forthwith Poseidon and Pallas Athene drew nigh and stood by his side, being likened in form to mortal men, and they clasped his hand in theirs and pledged him in words. And among them Poseidon, the Shaker of Earth, was first to speak: "Son of Peleus, tremble not thou overmuch, neither be anywise afraid, such helpers twain are we from the gods—and Zeus approveth thereof—even I and Pallas Athene. Therefore is it not thy doom to be vanquished by a river; nay, he shall soon give respite, and thou of thyself shalt know it. But we will give thee wise counsel, if so be thou wilt hearken. Make not thine hands to cease from evil battle until within the famed walls of Ilios thou hast pent the Trojan host, whosoever escapeth. But for thyself, when thou hast bereft Hector of life, come thou back to the ships; lo, we grant thee to win glory."

Τὼ μὲν ἄρ' ὣς εἰπόντε μετ' ἀθανάτους ἀπεβήτην·
αὐτὰρ ὁ βῆ, μέγα γάρ ῥα θεῶν ὄτρυνεν ἐφετμή,
ἐς πεδίον· τὸ δὲ πᾶν πλῆθ' ὕδατος ἐκχυμένοιο,
πολλὰ δὲ τεύχεα καλὰ δαϊκταμένων αἰζηῶν
πλῶον καὶ νέκυες· τοῦ δ' ὑψόσε γούνατ' ἐπήδα
πρὸς ῥόον ἀΐσσοντος ἀν' ἰθύν, οὐδέ μιν ἴσχεν
εὐρὺ ῥέων ποταμός· μέγα γὰρ σθένος ἔμβαλ' Ἀθήνη.
οὐδὲ Σκάμανδρος ἔληγε τὸ ὃν μένος, ἀλλ' ἔτι μᾶλλον
χώετο Πηλεΐωνι, κόρυσσε δὲ κῦμα ῥόοιο
ὑψόσ' ἀειρόμενος, Σιμόεντι δὲ κέκλετ' ἀΰσας·
"φίλε κασίγνητε, σθένος ἀνέρος ἀμφότεροί περ
σχῶμεν, ἐπεὶ τάχα ἄστυ μέγα Πριάμοιο ἄνακτος
ἐκπέρσει, Τρῶες δὲ κατὰ μόθον οὐ μενέουσιν.
ἀλλ' ἐπάμυνε τάχιστα, καὶ ἐμπίπληθι ῥέεθρα
ὕδατος ἐκ πηγέων, πάντας δ' ὀρόθυνον ἐναύλους,
ἵστη δὲ μέγα κῦμα, πολὺν δ' ὀρυμαγδὸν ὄρινε
φιτρῶν καὶ λάων, ἵνα παύσομεν ἄγριον ἄνδρα,
ὃς δὴ νῦν κρατέει, μέμονεν δ' ὅ γε ἶσα θεοῖσι.
φημὶ γὰρ οὔτε βίην χραισμησέμεν οὔτε τι εἶδος,
οὔτε τὰ τεύχεα καλά, τά που μάλα νειόθι λίμνης
κείσεθ' ὑπ' ἰλύος κεκαλυμμένα· κὰδ δέ μιν αὐτὸν
εἰλύσω ψαμάθοισιν ἅλις χέραδος περιχεύας
μυρίον, οὐδέ οἱ ὀστέ' ἐπιστήσονται Ἀχαιοὶ
ἀλλέξαι· τόσσην οἱ ἄσιν καθύπερθε καλύψω.
αὐτοῦ οἱ καὶ σῆμα τετεύξεται, οὐδέ τί μιν χρεὼ
ἔσται τυμβοχόης, ὅτε μιν θάπτωσιν Ἀχαιοί."
Ἦ, καὶ ἐπῶρτ' Ἀχιλῆϊ κυκώμενος, ὑψόσε θύων,

When the twain had thus spoken, they departed to the immortals, but he went on toward the plain, for mightily did the bidding of the gods arouse him; and the whole plain was filled with a flood of water, and many goodly arms and corpses of youths slain in battle were floating there. But on high leapt his knees, as he rushed straight on against the flood, nor might the wide-flowing River stay him; for Athene put in him great strength. Nor yet would Scamander abate his fury, but was even more wroth against the son of Peleus, and raising himself on high he made the surge of his flood into a crest, and he called with a shout to Simoïs: "Dear brother, the might of this man let us stay, though it need the two of us, seeing presently he will lay waste the great city of king Priam, neither will the Trojans abide him in battle. Nay, bear thou aid with speed, and fill thy streams with water from thy springs, and arouse all thy torrents; raise thou a great wave, and stir thou a mighty din of tree-trunks and stones, that we may check this fierce man that now prevaileth, and is minded to vie even with the gods. For I deem that his strength shall naught avail him, neither anywise his comeliness, nor yet that goodly armour, which, I ween, deep beneath the mere shall lie covered over with slime; and himself will I enwrap in sands and shed over him great store of shingle past all measuring; nor shall the Achaeans know where to gather his bones, with such a depth of silt shall I enshroud him. Even here shall be his sepulchre, nor shall he have need of a heaped-up mound, when the Achaeans make his funeral."

He spake, and rushed tumultuously upon Achilles,

μορμύρων ἀφρῷ τε καὶ αἵματι καὶ νεκύεσσι.
πορφύρεον δ' ἄρα κῦμα διιπετέος ποταμοῖο
ἵστατ' ἀειρόμενον, κατὰ δ' ᾕρεε Πηλεΐωνα·
Ἥρη δὲ μέγ' ἄϋσε περιδδείσασ' Ἀχιλῆϊ,
μή μιν ἀποέρσειε μέγας ποταμὸς βαθυδίνης,
αὐτίκα δ' Ἥφαιστον προσεφώνεεν, ὃν φίλον υἱόν·
"ὄρσεο, κυλλοπόδιον, ἐμὸν τέκος· ἄντα σέθεν γὰρ
Ξάνθον δινήεντα μάχῃ ἠΐσκομεν εἶναι.
ἀλλ' ἐπάμυνε τάχιστα, πιφαύσκεο δὲ φλόγα πολλήν.
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ Ζεφύροιο καὶ ἀργεστᾶο Νότοιο
εἴσομαι ἐξ ἁλόθεν χαλεπὴν ὄρσουσα θύελλαν,
ἥ κεν ἀπὸ Τρώων κεφαλὰς καὶ τεύχεα κήαι,
φλέγμα κακὸν φορέουσα· σὺ δὲ Ξάνθοιο παρ' ὄχθας
δένδρεα καῖ', ἐν δ' αὐτὸν ἵει πυρί· μηδέ σε πάμπαν
μειλιχίοις ἐπέεσσιν ἀποτρεπέτω καὶ ἀρειῇ·
μηδὲ πρὶν ἀπόπαυε τεὸν μένος, ἀλλ' ὁπότ' ἂν δὴ
φθέγξομ' ἐγὼν ἰάχουσα, τότε σχεῖν ἀκάματον πῦρ."
Ὣς ἔφαθ', Ἥφαιστος δὲ τιτύσκετο θεσπιδαὲς πῦρ.
πρῶτα μὲν ἐν πεδίῳ πῦρ δαίετο, καῖε δὲ νεκροὺς
πολλούς, οἵ ῥα κατ' αὐτὸν ἅλις ἔσαν, οὓς κτάν' Ἀχιλλεύς·
πᾶν δ' ἐξηράνθη πεδίον, σχέτο δ' ἀγλαὸν ὕδωρ.
ὡς δ' ὅτ' ὀπωρινὸς Βορέης νεοαρδέ' ἀλωὴν
αἶψ' ἀγξηράνῃ· χαίρει δέ μιν ὅς τις ἐθείρῃ·
ὣς ἐξηράνθη πεδίον πᾶν, κὰδ δ' ἄρα νεκροὺς
κῆεν· ὁ δ' ἐς ποταμὸν τρέψε φλόγα παμφανόωσαν.
καίοντο πτελέαι τε καὶ ἰτέαι ἠδὲ μυρῖκαι,
καίετο δὲ λωτός τε ἰδὲ θρύον ἠδὲ κύπειρον,
τὰ περὶ καλὰ ῥέεθρα ἅλις ποταμοῖο πεφύκει·
τείροντ' ἐγχέλυές τε καὶ ἰχθύες οἳ κατὰ δίνας,

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[1] A reference to the pairing of the gods in xx. 73 f.

raging on high and seething with foam and blood and dead men. And the dark flood of the heaven-fed River rose towering above him, and was at point to overwhelm the son of Peleus. But Hera called aloud, seized with fear for Achilles, lest the great deep-eddying River should sweep him away. And forthwith she spake unto Hephaestus, her dear son: "Rouse thee, Crook-foot, my child! for it was against thee that we deemed eddying Xanthus to be matched in fight.[1] Nay, bear thou aid with speed, and put forth thy flames unstintedly. But I will hasten and rouse from the sea a fierce blast of the West Wind and the white South, that shall utterly consume the dead Trojans and their battle gear, ever driving on the evil flame; and do thou along the banks of Xanthus burn up his trees, and beset him about with fire, nor let him anywise turn thee back with soft words or with threatenings; neither stay thou thy fury, save only when I call to thee with a shout; then do thou stay thy unwearied fire."

So spake she, and Hephaestus made ready wondrous-blazing fire. First on the plain was the fire kindled, and burned the dead, the many dead that lay thick therein, slain by Achilles; and all the plain was parched, and the bright water was stayed. And as when in harvest-time the North Wind quickly parcheth again a freshly-watered orchard, and glad is he that tilleth it; so was the whole plain parched, and the dead he utterly consumed; and then against the River he turned his gleaming flame. Burned were the elms and the willows and the tamarisks, burned the lotus and the rushes and the galingale, that round the fair streams of the river grew abundantly; tormented were the eels and the fishes in the eddies,

οἱ κατὰ καλὰ ῥέεθρα κυβίστων ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα
πνοιῇ τειρόμενοι πολυμήτιος Ἡφαίστοιο.
καίετο δ' ἲς ποταμοῖο ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἔκ τ' ὀνόμαζεν·
"Ἥφαιστ', οὔ τις σοί γε θεῶν δύνατ' ἀντιφερίζειν,
οὐδ' ἂν ἐγὼ σοί γ' ὧδε πυρὶ φλεγέθοντι μαχοίμην.
λῆγ' ἔριδος, Τρῶας δὲ καὶ αὐτίκα δῖος Ἀχιλλεὺς
ἄστεος ἐξελάσειε· τί μοι ἔριδος καὶ ἀρωγῆς;"
Φῆ πυρὶ καιόμενος, ἀνὰ δ' ἔφλυε καλὰ ῥέεθρα.
ὡς δὲ λέβης ζεῖ ἔνδον ἐπειγόμενος πυρὶ πολλῷ,
κνίσην μελδόμενος ἁπαλοτρεφέος σιάλοιο,
πάντοθεν ἀμβολάδην, ὑπὸ δὲ ξύλα κάγκανα κεῖται,
ὣς τοῦ καλὰ ῥέεθρα πυρὶ φλέγετο, ζέε δ' ὕδωρ·
οὐδ' ἔθελε προρέειν, ἀλλ' ἴσχετο· τεῖρε δ' ἀϋτμὴ
Ἡφαίστοιο βίηφι πολύφρονος. αὐτὰρ ὅ γ' Ἥρην
πολλὰ λισσόμενος ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
"Ἥρη, τίπτε σὸς υἱὸς ἐμὸν ῥόον ἔχραε κήδειν
ἐξ ἄλλων; οὐ μέν τοι ἐγὼ τόσον αἴτιός εἰμι,
ὅσσον οἱ ἄλλοι πάντες, ὅσοι Τρώεσσιν ἀρωγοί.
ἀλλ' ἤ τοι μὲν ἐγὼν ἀποπαύσομαι, εἰ σὺ κελεύεις,
παυέσθω δὲ καὶ οὗτος· ἐγὼ δ' ἐπὶ καὶ τόδ' ὀμοῦμαι,
μή ποτ' ἐπὶ Τρώεσσιν ἀλεξήσειν κακὸν ἦμαρ,
μηδ' ὁπότ' ἂν Τροίη μαλερῷ πυρὶ πᾶσα δάηται
καιομένη, καίωσι δ' ἀρήϊοι υἷες Ἀχαιῶν."
Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ τό γ' ἄκουσε θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη,
αὐτίκ' ἄρ' Ἥφαιστον προσεφώνεεν, ὃν φίλον υἱόν·
"Ἥφαιστε, σχέο, τέκνον ἀγακλεές· οὐ γὰρ ἔοικεν
ἀθάνατον θεὸν ὧδε βροτῶν ἕνεκα στυφελίζειν."

and in the fair streams they plunged this way and that, sore distressed by the blast of Hephaestus of many wiles. Burned too was the mighty River, and he spake and addressed the god: "Hephaestus, there is none of the gods that can vie with thee, nor will I fight thee, ablaze with fire as thou art. Cease thou from strife, and as touching the Trojans, let goodly Achilles forthwith drive them forth from out their city; what part have I in strife or in bearing aid?"

So spake he, burning the while with fire, and his fair streams were seething. And as a cauldron boileth within, when the fierce flame setteth upon it, while it melteth the lard of a fatted hog, and it bubbleth in every part, and dry faggots are set thereunder; so burned in fire his fair streams, and the water boiled; nor had he any mind to flow further onward, but was stayed; for the blast of the might of wise-hearted Hephaestus distressed him. Then with instant prayer he spake winged words unto Hera: "Hera, wherefore hath thy son beset my stream to afflict it beyond all others? I verily am not so much at fault in thine eyes, as are all those others that are helpers of the Trojans. Howbeit I will refrain me, if so thou biddest, and let him also refrain. And I will furthermore swear this oath, never to ward off from the Trojans the day of evil, nay, not when all Troy shall burn with the burning of consuming fire, and the warlike sons of the Achaeans shall be the burners thereof."

But when the goddess, white-armed Hera, heard this plea, forthwith she spake unto Hephaestus, her dear son: "Hephaestus, withhold thee, my glorious son; it is nowise seemly thus to smite an immortal god for mortals' sake."

Ὣς ἔφαθ᾽, Ἥφαιστος δὲ κατέσβεσε θεσπιδαὲς πῦρ,
ἄψορρον δ᾽ ἄρα κῦμα κατέσσυτο καλὰ ῥέεθρα.
Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ Ξάνθοιο δάμη μένος, οἱ μὲν ἔπειτα
παυσάσθην· Ἥρη γὰρ ἐρύκακε χωομένη περ·
ἐν δ᾽ ἄλλοισι θεοῖσιν ἔρις πέσε βεβριθυῖα
ἀργαλέη, δίχα δέ σφιν ἐνὶ φρεσὶ θυμὸς ἄητο.
σὺν δ᾽ ἔπεσον μεγάλῳ πατάγῳ, βράχε δ᾽ εὐρεῖα χθών,
ἀμφὶ δὲ σάλπιγξεν μέγας οὐρανός. ἄϊε δὲ Ζεὺς
ἥμενος Οὐλύμπῳ· ἐγέλασσε δέ οἱ φίλον ἦτορ
γηθοσύνῃ, ὅθ᾽ ὁρᾶτο θεοὺς ἔριδι ξυνιόντας.
ἔνθ᾽ οἵ γ᾽ οὐκέτι δηρὸν ἀφέστασαν· ἦρχε γὰρ Ἄρης
ῥινοτόρος, καὶ πρῶτος Ἀθηναίῃ ἐπόρουσε
χάλκεον ἔγχος ἔχων, καὶ ὀνείδειον φάτο μῦθον·
"τίπτ᾽ αὖτ᾽, ὦ κυνάμυια, θεοὺς ἔριδι ξυνελαύνεις
θάρσος ἄητον ἔχουσα, μέγας δέ σε θυμὸς ἀνῆκεν;
ἦ οὐ μέμνῃ ὅτε Τυδεΐδην Διομήδε᾽ ἀνῆκας
οὐτάμεναι, αὐτὴ δὲ πανόψιον ἔγχος ἑλοῦσα
ἰθὺς ἐμεῦ ὦσας, διὰ δὲ χρόα καλὸν ἔδαψας;
τῶ σ᾽ αὖ νῦν ὀΐω ἀποτισέμεν ὅσσα ἔοργας."
Ὣς εἰπὼν οὔτησε κατ᾽ αἰγίδα θυσσανόεσσαν
σμερδαλέην, ἣν οὐδὲ Διὸς δάμνησι κεραυνός·
τῇ μιν Ἄρης οὔτησε μιαιφόνος ἔγχεϊ μακρῷ.
ἡ δ᾽ ἀναχασσαμένη λίθον εἵλετο χειρὶ παχείῃ
κείμενον ἐν πεδίῳ μέλανα, τρηχύν τε μέγαν τε,
τόν ῥ᾽ ἄνδρες πρότεροι θέσαν ἔμμεναι οὖρον ἀρούρης·
τῷ βάλε θοῦρον Ἄρηα κατ᾽ αὐχένα, λῦσε δὲ γυῖα.

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[1] ἄητον is an obscure word. The rendering given above assumes connexion with ἄημι. Whether there is any relationship between this word and the equally obscure αἴητον (xviii. 410) is uncertain.

So spake she, and Hephaestus quenched his wondrous-blazing fire, and once more in the fair river-bed the flood rushed down.

But when the fury of Xanthus was quelled, the twain thereafter ceased, for Hera stayed them, albeit she was wroth; but upon the other gods fell strife heavy and grievous, and in diverse ways the spirit in their breasts was blown. Together then they clashed with a mighty din, and the wide earth rang, and round about great heaven pealed as with a trumpet. And Zeus heard it where he sat upon Olympus, and the heart within him laughed aloud in joy, as he beheld the gods joining in strife. Then no more held they long aloof, for Ares, piercer of shields, began the fray, and first leapt upon Athene, brazen spear in hand, and spake a word of reviling: "Wherefore now again, thou dog-fly, art thou making gods to clash with gods in strife, in the fierceness [1] of thy daring, as thy proud spirit sets thee on? Rememberest thou not what time thou movedst Diomedes, Tydeus' son, to wound me, and thyself in the sight of all didst grasp the spear and let drive straight at me, and didst rend my fair flesh? Therefore shalt thou now, methinks, pay the full price of all that thou hast wrought."

So saying he smote upon her tasselled aegis—the awful aegis against which not even the lightning of Zeus can prevail—thereon blood-stained Ares smote with his long spear. But she gave ground, and seized with her stout hand a stone that lay upon the plain, black and jagged and great, that men of former days had set to be the boundary mark of a field. Therewith she smote furious Ares on the neck, and loosed his limbs. Over seven roods he stretched in

ἑπτὰ δ' ἐπέσχε πέλεθρα πεσών, ἐκόνισε δὲ χαίτας,
τεύχεά τ' ἀμφαράβησε· γέλασσε δὲ Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη,
καί οἱ ἐπευχομένη ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
"νηπύτι', οὐδέ νύ πώ περ ἐπεφράσω ὅσσον ἀρείων
εὔχομ' ἐγὼν ἔμεναι, ὅτι μοι μένος ἰσοφαρίζεις.
οὕτω κεν τῆς μητρὸς ἐρινύας ἐξαποτίνοις,
ἥ τοι χωομένη κακὰ μήδεται, οὕνεκ' Ἀχαιοὺς
κάλλιπες, αὐτὰρ Τρωσὶν ὑπερφιάλοισιν ἀμύνεις."
Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσασα πάλιν τρέπεν ὄσσε φαεινώ·
τὸν δ' ἄγε χειρὸς ἑλοῦσα Διὸς θυγάτηρ Ἀφροδίτη
πυκνὰ μάλα στενάχοντα· μόγις δ' ἐσαγείρετο θυμόν.
τὴν δ' ὡς οὖν ἐνόησε θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη,
αὐτίκ' Ἀθηναίην ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
"ὢ πόποι, αἰγιόχοιο Διὸς τέκος, Ἀτρυτώνη,
καὶ δὴ αὖθ' ἡ κυνάμυια ἄγει βροτολοιγὸν Ἄρηα
δηΐου ἐκ πολέμοιο κατὰ κλόνον· ἀλλὰ μέτελθε."
Ὣς φάτ', Ἀθηναίη δὲ μετέσσυτο, χαῖρε δὲ θυμῷ,
καί ῥ' ἐπιεισαμένη πρὸς στήθεα χειρὶ παχείῃ
ἤλασε· τῆς δ' αὐτοῦ λύτο γούνατα καὶ φίλον ἦτορ.
τὼ μὲν ἄρ' ἄμφω κεῖντο ἐπὶ χθονὶ πουλυβοτείρῃ,
ἡ δ' ἄρ' ἐπευχομένη ἔπεα πτερόεντ' ἀγόρευε·
"τοιοῦτοι νῦν πάντες, ὅσοι Τρώεσσιν ἀρωγοί,
εἶεν, ὅτ' Ἀργείοισι μαχοίατο θωρηκτῇσιν,
ὧδέ τε θαρσαλέοι καὶ τλήμονες, ὡς Ἀφροδίτη
ἦλθεν Ἄρῃ ἐπίκουρος ἐμῷ μένει ἀντιόωσα·
τῶ κεν δὴ πάλαι ἄμμες ἐπαυσάμεθα πτολέμοιο,
Ἰλίου ἐκπέρσαντες ἐϋκτίμενον πτολίεθρον."

his fall, and befouled his hair with dust, and about him his armour clanged. But Pallas Athene broke into a laugh, and vaunting over him she spake winged words: "Fool, not even yet hast thou learned how much mightier than thou I avow me to be, that thou matchest thy strength with mine. On this wise shalt thou satisfy to the full the Avengers invoked of thy mother, who in her wrath deviseth evil against thee, for that thou hast deserted the Achaeans and bearest aid to the overweening Trojans."

When she had thus spoken, she turned from Ares her bright eyes. Him then the daughter of Zeus, Aphrodite, took by the hand, and sought to lead away, as he uttered many a moan, and hardly could he gather back to him his spirit. But when the goddess, white-armed Hera, was ware of her, forthwith she spake winged words to Athene: "Out upon it, thou child of Zeus that beareth the aegis, unwearied one, lo, there again the dog-fly is leading Ares, the bane of mortals, forth from the fury of war amid the throng; nay, have after her."

So spake she, and Athene sped in pursuit, glad at heart, and rushing upon her she smote Aphrodite on the breast with her stout hand; and her knees were loosened where she stood, and her heart melted. So the twain lay upon the bounteous earth, and vaunting over them Athene spake winged words: "In such plight let all now be that are aiders of the Trojans when they fight against the mail-clad Argives, and on this wise bold and stalwart, even as Aphrodite came to bear aid to Ares, and braved my might. Then long ere this should we have ceased from war, having sacked Ilios, that well-peopled city."

Ὣς φάτο, μείδησεν δὲ θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη.[1]
αὐτὰρ Ἀπόλλωνα προσέφη κρείων ἐνοσίχθων·
"Φοῖβε, τί ἢ δὴ νῶϊ διέσταμεν; οὐδὲ ἔοικεν
ἀρξάντων ἑτέρων· τὸ μὲν αἴσχιον, αἴ κ' ἀμαχητὶ
ἴομεν Οὔλυμπόνδε Διὸς ποτὶ χαλκοβατὲς δῶ.
ἄρχε· σὺ γὰρ γενεῆφι νεώτερος· οὐ γὰρ ἐμοί γε
καλόν, ἐπεὶ πρότερος γενόμην καὶ πλείονα οἶδα.
νηπύτι', ὡς ἄνοον κραδίην ἔχες· οὐδέ νυ τῶν περ
μέμνηαι, ὅσα δὴ πάθομεν κακὰ Ἴλιον ἀμφὶ
μοῦνοι νῶϊ θεῶν, ὅτ' ἀγήνορι Λαομέδοντι
πὰρ Διὸς ἐλθόντες θητεύσαμεν εἰς ἐνιαυτὸν
μισθῷ ἔπι ῥητῷ· ὁ δὲ σημαίνων ἐπέτελλεν.
ἤ τοι ἐγὼ Τρώεσσι πόλιν πέρι τεῖχος ἔδειμα
εὐρύ τε καὶ μάλα καλόν, ἵν' ἄρρηκτος πόλις εἴη·
Φοῖβε, σὺ δ' εἰλίποδας ἕλικας βοῦς βουκολέεσκες
Ἴδης ἐν κνημοῖσι πολυπτύχου ὑληέσσης.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ μισθοῖο τέλος πολυγηθέες ὧραι
ἐξέφερον, τότε νῶϊ βιήσατο μισθὸν ἅπαντα
Λαομέδων ἔκπαγλος, ἀπειλήσας δ' ἀπέπεμπε.
σὺν μὲν ὅ γ' ἠπείλησε πόδας καὶ χεῖρας ὕπερθε
δήσειν, καὶ περάαν νήσων ἔπι τηλεδαπάων·
στεῦτο δ' ὅ γ' ἀμφοτέρων ἀπολεψέμεν οὔατα χαλκῷ.
νῶϊ δέ τ' ἄψορροι κίομεν κεκοτηότι θυμῷ,
μισθοῦ χωόμενοι, τὸν ὑποστὰς οὐκ ἐτέλεσσε.
τοῦ δὴ νῦν λαοῖσι φέρεις χάριν, οὐδὲ μεθ' ἡμέων
πειρᾷ ὥς κε Τρῶες ὑπερφίαλοι ἀπόλωνται
πρόχνυ κακῶς, σὺν παισὶ καὶ αἰδοίῃς ἀλόχοισι."
Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπεν ἄναξ ἑκάεργος Ἀπόλλων·

[1] Line 434 is omitted in the best MSS.

So spake she, and the goddess, white-armed Hera smiled thereat. But unto Apollo spake the lord Poseidon, the Shaker of Earth: "Phoebus, wherefore do we twain stand aloof? It beseemeth not, seeing others have begun. Nay, it were the more shameful, if without fighting we should fare back to Olympus, to the house of Zeus with threshold of bronze. Begin, since thou art the younger; it were not meet for me, seeing I am the elder-born and know the more. Fool, how witless is the heart thou hast! Neither rememberest thou all the woes that we twain alone of all the gods endured at Ilios, what time we came at the bidding of Zeus and served the lordly Laomedon for a year's space at a fixed wage, and he was our taskmaster and laid on us his commands. I verily built for the Trojans round about their city a wall, wide and exceeding fair, that the city might never be broken; and thou, Phoebus, didst herd the sleek kine of shambling gait amid the spurs of wooded Ida, the many-ridged. But when at length the glad seasons were bringing to its end the term of our hire, then did dread Laomedon defraud us twain of all hire, and send us away with a threatening word. He threatened that he would bind together our feet and our hands above, and would sell us into isles that lie afar. Aye, and he made as if he would lop off with the bronze the ears of us both. So we twain fared aback with angry hearts, wroth for the hire he promised but gave us not. It is to his folk now that thou showest favour, neither seekest thou with us that the overweening Trojans may perish miserably in utter ruin with their children and their honoured wives."

Then spake unto him lord Apollo, that worketh

"ἐννοσίγαι', οὐκ ἄν με σαόφρονα μυθήσαιο
ἔμμεναι, εἰ δὴ σοί γε βροτῶν ἕνεκα πτολεμίξω
δειλῶν, οἳ φύλλοισιν ἐοικότες ἄλλοτε μέν τε
ζαφλεγέες τελέθουσιν, ἀρούρης καρπὸν ἔδοντες,
ἄλλοτε δὲ φθινύθουσιν ἀκήριοι. ἀλλὰ τάχιστα
παυώμεσθα μάχης· οἱ δ' αὐτοὶ δηριαάσθων."
Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσας πάλιν ἐτράπετ'· αἴδετο γάρ ῥα
πατροκασιγνήτοιο μιγήμεναι ἐν παλάμῃσι.
τὸν δὲ κασιγνήτη μάλα νείκεσε, πότνια θηρῶν,
Ἄρτεμις ἀγροτέρη, καὶ ὀνείδειον φάτο μῦθον·[1]
"φεύγεις δή, ἑκάεργε, Ποσειδάωνι δὲ νίκην
πᾶσαν ἐπέτρεψας, μέλεον δέ οἱ εὖχος ἔδωκας·
νηπύτιε, τί νυ τόξον ἔχεις ἀνεμώλιον αὔτως;
μή σευ νῦν ἔτι πατρὸς ἐνὶ μεγάροισιν ἀκούσω[2]
εὐχομένου, ὡς τὸ πρὶν ἐν ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσιν,
ἄντα Ποσειδάωνος ἐναντίβιον πολεμίξειν."
Ὣς φάτο, τὴν δ' οὔ τι προσέφη ἑκάεργος Ἀπόλλων,
ἀλλὰ χολωσαμένη Διὸς αἰδοίη παράκοιτις
νείκεσεν ἰοχέαιραν ὀνειδείοις ἐπέεσσι·[3]
"πῶς δὲ σὺ νῦν μέμονας, κύον ἀδδεές, ἀντί' ἐμεῖο
στήσεσθαι; χαλεπή τοι ἐγὼ μένος ἀντιφέρεσθαι
τοξοφόρῳ περ ἐούσῃ, ἐπεὶ σὲ λέοντα γυναιξὶ
Ζεὺς θῆκεν, καὶ ἔδωκε κατακτάμεν ἥν κ' ἐθέλῃσθα.
ἦ τοι βέλτερόν ἐστι κατ' οὔρεα θῆρας ἐναίρειν
ἀγροτέρας τ' ἐλάφους ἢ κρείσσοσιν ἶφι μάχεσθαι.
εἰ δ' ἐθέλεις, πολέμοιο δαήμεναι, ὄφρ' ἐῢ εἰδῇς
ὅσσον φερτέρη εἴμ', ὅτι μοι μένος ἀντιφερίζεις."

[1] Line 471 was rejected by Aristarchus.
[2] Lines 475-477 were rejected by Aristarchus.
[3] Line 480 was omitted by Aristarchus and is lacking in most MSS.

afar: "Shaker of Earth, as nowise sound of mind wouldest thou count me, if I should war with thee for the sake of mortals, pitiful creatures, that like unto leaves are now full of flaming life, eating the fruit of the field, and now again pine away and perish. Nay, with speed let us cease from strife, and let them do battle by themselves."

So saying he turned him back, for he had shame to deal in blows with his father's brother. But his sister railed at him hotly, even the queen of the wild beasts, Artemis of the wild wood, and spake a word of reviling: "Lo, thou fleest, thou god that workest afar, and to Poseidon hast thou utterly yielded the victory, and given him glory for naught! Fool, why bearest thou a bow thus worthless as wind? Let me no more hear thee in the halls of our father boasting as of old among the immortal gods that thou wouldest do battle in open combat with Poseidon."

So spake she, but Apollo, that worketh afar, answered her not. Howbeit the revered wife of Zeus waxed wroth, and chid the archer queen with words of reviling: "How now art thou fain, thou bold and shameless thing, to stand forth against me? No easy foe, I tell thee, am I, that thou shouldst vie with me in might, albeit thou bearest the bow, since it was against women that Zeus made thee a lion, and granted thee to slay whomsoever of them thou wilt. In good sooth it is better on the mountains to be slaying beasts and wild deer than to fight amain with those mightier than thou. Howbeit if thou wilt, learn thou of war, that thou mayest know full well how much mightier am I, seeing thou matchest thy strength with mine."

Ἢ ῥα, καὶ ἀμφοτέρας ἐπὶ καρπῷ χεῖρας ἔμαρπτε
σκαιῇ, δεξιτερῇ δ' ἄρ' ἀπ' ὤμων αἴνυτο τόξα,
αὐτοῖσιν δ' ἄρ' ἔθεινε παρ' οὔατα μειδιόωσα
ἐντροπαλιζομένην· ταχέες δ' ἔκπιπτον ὀϊστοί.
δακρυόεσσα δ' ὕπαιθα[1] θεὰ φύγεν ὥς τε πέλεια,
ἥ ῥά θ' ὑπ' ἴρηκος κοίλην εἰσέπτατο πέτρην,
χηραμόν· οὐδ' ἄρα τῇ γε ἁλώμεναι αἴσιμον ἦεν·
ὣς ἡ δακρυόεσσα φύγεν, λίπε δ' αὐτόθι τόξα.
Λητὼ δὲ προσέειπε διάκτορος Ἀργεϊφόντης·
"Λητοῖ, ἐγὼ δέ τοι οὔ τι μαχήσομαι· ἀργαλέον δὲ
πληκτίζεσθ' ἀλόχοισι Διὸς νεφεληγερέταο·
ἀλλὰ μάλα πρόφρασσα μετ' ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσιν
εὔχεσθαι ἐμὲ νικῆσαι κρατερῆφι βίηφιν."
Ὣς ἄρ' ἔφη, Λητὼ δὲ συναίνυτο καμπύλα τόξα
πεπτεῶτ' ἄλλυδις ἄλλα μετὰ στροφάλιγγι κονίης.
ἡ μὲν τόξα λαβοῦσα πάλιν κίε θυγατέρος ἧς·
ἡ δ' ἄρ' Ὄλυμπον ἵκανε Διὸς ποτὶ χαλκοβατὲς δῶ,
δακρυόεσσα δὲ πατρὸς ἐφέζετο γούνασι κούρη,
ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' ἀμβρόσιος ἑανὸς τρέμε· τὴν δὲ προτὶ οἷ
εἷλε πατὴρ Κρονίδης, καὶ ἀνείρετο ἡδὺ γελάσσας·
"τίς νύ σε τοιάδ' ἔρεξε, φίλον τέκος, Οὐρανιώνων
μαψιδίως, ὡς εἴ τι κακὸν ῥέζουσαν ἐνωπῇ;"[2]
Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπεν ἐϋστέφανος κελαδεινή·
"σή μ' ἄλοχος στυφέλιξε, πάτερ, λευκώλενος Ἥρη,
ἐξ ἧς ἀθανάτοισιν ἔρις καὶ νεῖκος ἐφῆπται."

[1] ὕπαιθα: ἔπειτα.
[2] Line 510 is omitted in most MSS.

Therewith she caught both the other's hands by the wrist with her left hand, and with her right took the bow and its gear from her shoulders, and with these self-same weapons, smiling the while, she beat her about the ears, as she turned this way and that; and the swift arrows fell from out the quiver. Then weeping the goddess fled from before her even as a dove that from before a falcon flieth into a hollow rock, a cleft—nor is it her lot to be taken; even so fled Artemis weeping, and left her bow and arrows where they lay. But unto Leto spake the messenger Argeïphontes: "Leto, it is not I that will anywise fight with thee; a hard thing were it to bandy blows with the wives of Zeus, the cloud-gatherer; nay, with a right ready heart boast thou among the immortal gods that thou didst vanquish me with thy great might."

So spake he, and Leto gathered up the curved bow and the arrows that had fallen hither and thither amid the whirl of dust. She then, when she had taken her daughter's bow and arrows, went back; but the maiden came to Olympus, to the house of Zeus with threshold of bronze, and sat down weeping upon her father's knees, while about her the fragrant robe quivered; and her father, the son of Cronos, clasped her to him, and asked of her, laughing gently: "Who now of the sons of heaven, dear child, hath entreated thee thus wantonly as though thou wert working some evil before the face of all?"

Then answered him the fair-crowned huntress of the echoing chase: "Thy wife it was that buffeted me, father, even white-armed Hera, from whom strife and contention have been made fast upon the immortals."

Ὣς οἱ μὲν τοιαῦτα πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἀγόρευον·
αὐτὰρ Ἀπόλλων Φοῖβος ἐδύσετο Ἴλιον ἱρήν·
μέμβλετο γάρ οἱ τεῖχος ἐϋδμήτοιο πόληος,
μὴ Δαναοὶ πέρσειαν ὑπὲρ μόρον ἤματι κείνῳ.
οἱ δ' ἄλλοι πρὸς Ὄλυμπον ἴσαν θεοὶ αἰὲν ἐόντες,
οἱ μὲν χωόμενοι, οἱ δὲ μέγα κυδιόωντες·
κὰδ δ' ἷζον παρὰ πατρὶ κελαινεφεῖ· αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς
Τρῶας ὁμῶς αὐτούς τ' ὄλεκεν καὶ μώνυχας ἵππους.
ὡς δ' ὅτε καπνὸς ἰὼν εἰς οὐρανὸν εὐρὺν ἵκηται
ἄστεος αἰθομένοιο, θεῶν δέ ἑ μῆνις ἀνῆκε,
πᾶσι δ' ἔθηκε πόνον, πολλοῖσι δὲ κήδε' ἐφῆκεν,
ὣς Ἀχιλεὺς Τρώεσσι πόνον[1] καὶ κήδε' ἔθηκεν.
Ἑστήκει δ' ὁ γέρων Πρίαμος θείου ἐπὶ πύργου,
ἐς δ' ἐνόησ' Ἀχιλῆα πελώριον· αὐτὰρ ὑπ' αὐτοῦ
Τρῶες ἄφαρ κλονέοντο πεφυζότες, οὐδέ τις ἀλκὴ
γίγνεθ'· ὁ δ' οἰμώξας ἀπὸ πύργου βαῖνε χαμᾶζε,
ὀτρύνων παρὰ τεῖχος ἀγακλειτοὺς πυλαωρούς·
"πεπταμένας ἐν χερσὶ πύλας ἔχετ', εἰς ὅ κε λαοὶ
ἔλθωσι προτὶ ἄστυ πεφυζότες· ἦ γὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς
ἐγγὺς ὅδε κλονέων· νῦν οἴω λοίγι' ἔσεσθαι.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεί κ' ἐς τεῖχος ἀναπνεύσωσιν ἀλέντες,
αὖτις ἐπανθέμεναι σανίδας πυκινῶς ἀραρυίας·
δείδια γὰρ μὴ οὖλος ἀνὴρ ἐς τεῖχος ἅληται."
Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄνεσάν τε πύλας καὶ ἀπῶσαν ὀχῆας·
αἱ δὲ πετασθεῖσαι τεῦξαν φάος· αὐτὰρ Ἀπόλλων[2]
ἀντίος ἐξέθορε, Τρώων ἵνα λοιγὸν ἀλάλκοι.
οἱ δ' ἰθὺς πόλιος καὶ τείχεος ὑψηλοῖο,

[1] πόνον: φόνον.
[2] Lines 538 f. were rejected by Zenodotus.

On this wise spake they one to the other; but Phoebus Apollo entered into sacred Ilios, for he was troubled for the wall of the well-builded city, lest the Danaans beyond what was ordained should lay it waste on that day. But the other gods that are for ever went unto Olympus, some of them in wrath and some exulting greatly, and they sate them down beside the Father, the lord of the dark clouds. But Achilles was still slaying alike the Trojans themselves and their single-hooved horses. And as when smoke riseth and reacheth the wide heaven from a city that burneth, and the wrath of the gods driveth it on—it causeth toil to all and upon many doth it let loose woes—even so caused Achilles toil and woes for the Trojans.

And the old man Priam stood upon the heaven-built wall, and was ware of monstrous Achilles, and how before him the Trojans were being driven in headlong rout, and help there was none. Then with a groan he gat him down to the ground from the wall, calling the while to the glorious keepers of the gate along the wall: "Wide open hold ye the gates with your hands until the folk shall come to the city in their rout, for lo, here at hand is Achilles, as he driveth them on; now methinks shall there be sorry work. But whenso they have found respite, being gathered within the wall, then close ye again the double doors, close fitted; for I am adread lest yon baneful man leap within the wall."

So spake he, and they undid the gates and thrust back the bars; and the gates being flung wide wrought deliverance. But Apollo leapt forth to face Achilles, that so he might ward off ruin from the Trojans. And they, the while, were fleeing straight

δίψῃ καρχαλέοι, κεκονιμένοι ἐκ πεδίοιο
φεῦγον· ὁ δὲ σφεδανὸν ἔφεπ' ἔγχεϊ, λύσσα δέ οἱ κῆρ
αἰὲν ἔχε κρατερή, μενέαινε δὲ κῦδος ἀρέσθαι.
 Ἔνθα κεν ὑψίπυλον Τροίην ἕλον υἷες Ἀχαιῶν,
εἰ μὴ Ἀπόλλων Φοῖβος Ἀγήνορα δῖον ἀνῆκε,
φῶτ' Ἀντήνορος υἱὸν ἀμύμονά τε κρατερόν τε.
ἐν μέν οἱ κραδίῃ θάρσος βάλε, πὰρ δέ οἱ αὐτὸς
ἔστη, ὅπως θανάτοιο βαρείας χεῖρας[1] ἀλάλκοι,
φηγῷ κεκλιμένος· κεκάλυπτο δ' ἄρ' ἠέρι πολλῇ.
αὐτὰρ ὅ γ' ὡς ἐνόησεν Ἀχιλλῆα πτολίπορθον,
ἔστη, πολλὰ δέ οἱ κραδίη πόρφυρε μένοντι·
ὀχθήσας δ' ἄρα εἶπε πρὸς ὃν μεγαλήτορα θυμόν·
 " Ὤ μοι ἐγών· εἰ μέν κεν ὑπὸ κρατεροῦ Ἀχιλῆος
φεύγω, τῇ περ οἱ ἄλλοι ἀτυζόμενοι κλονέονται,
αἱρήσει με καὶ ὧς, καὶ ἀνάλκιδα δειροτομήσει.
εἰ δ' ἂν ἐγὼ τούτους μὲν ὑποκλονέεσθαι ἐάσω
Πηλεΐδῃ Ἀχιλῆϊ, ποσὶν δ' ἀπὸ τείχεος ἄλλῃ
φεύγω πρὸς πεδίον Ἰλήϊον, ὄφρ' ἂν ἵκωμαι
Ἴδης τε κνημοὺς κατά τε ῥωπήϊα δύω·
ἑσπέριος δ' ἂν ἔπειτα λοεσσάμενος ποταμοῖο
ἱδρῶ ἀποψυχθεὶς προτὶ Ἴλιον ἀπονεοίμην·
ἀλλὰ τί ἤ μοι ταῦτα φίλος διελέξατο θυμός;
μή μ' ἀπαειρόμενον πόλιος πεδίονδε νοήσῃ
καί με μεταΐξας μάρψῃ ταχέεσσι πόδεσσιν.
οὐκέτ' ἔπειτ' ἔσται θάνατον καὶ κῆρας ἀλύξαι·
λίην γὰρ κρατερὸς περὶ πάντων ἔστ' ἀνθρώπων.

[1] χεῖρας: κῆρας.

for the city and the high wall, parched with thirst, and begrimed with dust from the plain, while Achilles pressed upon them furiously with his spear; for fierce madness ever possessed his heart, and he was eager to win him glory.

Then would the sons of the Achaeans have taken high-gated Troy, had not Phoebus Apollo aroused goodly Agenor, Antenor's son, a peerless warrior and a stalwart. In his heart he put courage, and himself stood by his side, that he might ward from him the heavy hands of death; against the oak[1] he leaned, and he was enfolded in deep mist. So when Agenor was ware of Achilles, sacker of cities, he halted, and many things did his heart darkly ponder as he abode; and mightily moved he spake unto his own great-hearted spirit:

"Ah, woe is me; if I flee before mighty Achilles, there where the rest are being driven in rout, even so shall he overtake and butcher me in my cowardice. But what if I leave these to be driven before Achilles, son of Peleus, and with my feet flee from the wall elsewhither, toward the Ilean plain, until I be come to the glens and the spurs of Ida, and hide me in the thickets? Then at even, when I have bathed me in the river and cooled me of my sweat, I might get me back to Ilios. But why doth my heart thus hold converse with me? Let it not be that he mark me as I turn away from the city toward the plain, and darting after me overtake me by his fleetness of foot. Then will it no more be possible to escape death and the fates, for exceeding mighty is he

[1] An oak in the neighbourhood of the Scaean gate is frequently mentioned as a well-known landmark; see vi. 237; ix. 354; xi. 170.

εἰ δέ κέ οἱ προπάροιθε πόλεος κατεναντίον ἔλθω·
καὶ γάρ θην τούτῳ τρωτὸς χρὼς ὀξέϊ χαλκῷ,
ἐν δὲ ἴα ψυχή, θνητὸν δέ ἑ φασ' ἄνθρωποι
ἔμμεναι· αὐτάρ οἱ Κρονίδης Ζεὺς κῦδος ὀπάζει."[1]
Ὣς εἰπὼν Ἀχιλῆα ἀλεὶς μένεν, ἐν δέ οἱ ἦτορ
ἄλκιμον ὁρμᾶτο πτολεμίζειν ἠδὲ μάχεσθαι.
ἠΰτε πάρδαλις εἶσι βαθείης ἐκ ξυλόχοιο
ἀνδρὸς θηρητῆρος ἐναντίον, οὐδέ τι θυμῷ
ταρβεῖ οὐδὲ φοβεῖται, ἐπεί κεν ὑλαγμὸν ἀκούσῃ·
εἴ περ γὰρ φθάμενός μιν ἢ οὐτάσῃ ἠὲ βάλῃσιν,
ἀλλά τε καὶ περὶ δουρὶ πεπαρμένη οὐκ ἀπολήγει
ἀλκῆς, πρίν γ' ἠὲ ξυμβλήμεναι ἠὲ δαμῆναι·
ὣς Ἀντήνορος υἱὸς ἀγαυοῦ, δῖος Ἀγήνωρ,
οὐκ ἔθελεν φεύγειν, πρὶν πειρήσαιτ' Ἀχιλῆος,
ἀλλ' ὅ γ' ἄρ' ἀσπίδα μὲν πρόσθ' ἔσχετο πάντοσ' ἐΐσην,
ἐγχείῃ δ' αὐτοῖο τιτύσκετο, καὶ μέγ' ἀΰτει·
"ἦ δή που μάλ' ἔολπας ἐνὶ φρεσί, φαίδιμ' Ἀχιλλεῦ,
ἤματι τῷδε πόλιν πέρσειν Τρώων ἀγερώχων,
νηπύτι'· ἦ τ' ἔτι πολλὰ τετεύξεται ἄλγε' ἐπ' αὐτῇ.
ἐν γάρ οἱ πολέες τε καὶ ἄλκιμοι ἀνέρες εἰμέν,
οἳ καὶ πρόσθε φίλων τοκέων ἀλόχων τε καὶ υἱῶν
Ἴλιον εἰρυόμεσθα· σὺ δ' ἐνθάδε πότμον ἐφέψεις,
ὧδ' ἔκπαγλος ἐὼν καὶ θαρσαλέος πολεμιστής."
Ἦ ῥα, καὶ ὀξὺν ἄκοντα βαρείης χειρὸς ἀφῆκε,
καί ῥ' ἔβαλε κνήμην ὑπὸ γούνατος, οὐδ' ἀφάμαρτεν.
ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ κνημὶς νεοτεύκτου κασσιτέροιο
σμερδαλέον κονάβησε· πάλιν δ' ἀπὸ χαλκὸς ὄρουσε
βλημένου, οὐδ' ἐπέρησε, θεοῦ δ' ἠρύκακε δῶρα.

[1] Line 570 was rejected by Aristarchus.

above all mortal men. What then if in front of the city I go forth to meet him? Even his flesh too, I ween, may be pierced with the sharp bronze, and in him is but one life, and mortal do men deem him to be; howbeit Zeus, son of Cronos, giveth him glory."

So saying he gathered himself together to abide Achilles' oncoming, and within him his valiant heart was fain to war and to do battle. Even as a pard goeth forth from a deep thicket before the face of a huntsman, neither is anywise afraid at heart, nor fleeth when she heareth the baying of the hounds; for though the man be beforehand with her and smite her with thrust or with dart, yet even pierced through with the spear she ceaseth not from her fury until she grapple with him or be slain; even so lordly Antenor's son, goodly Agenor, refused to flee till he should make trial of Achilles, but held before him his shield that was well-balanced upon every side, and aimed at Achilles with his spear, and shouted aloud: "Verily, I ween, thou hopest in thy heart, glorious Achilles, on this day to sack the city of the lordly Trojans. Thou fool! in sooth many be the woes that shall yet be wrought because of her. Within her are we, many men and valiant, that in front of our dear parents and wives and sons guard Ilios; nay, it is thou that shalt here meet thy doom, for all thou art so dread and so bold a man of war."

He spake, and hurled the sharp spear from his heavy hand, and smote him on the shin below the knee, and missed him not; and the greave of new-wrought tin rang terribly upon him; but back from him it smote leapt the bronze, and pierced not through, for the gift of the god stayed it. And the

Πηλεΐδης δ' ὡρμήσατ' Ἀγήνορος ἀντιθέοιο
δεύτερος· οὐδ' ἔτ' ἔασεν Ἀπόλλων κῦδος ἀρέσθαι,
ἀλλά μιν ἐξήρπαξε, κάλυψε δ' ἄρ' ἠέρι πολλῇ,
ἡσύχιον δ' ἄρα μιν πολέμου ἔκπεμπε νέεσθαι.
αὐτὰρ ὁ Πηλεΐωνα δόλῳ ἀποέργαθε λαοῦ·
αὐτῷ γὰρ ἑκάεργος Ἀγήνορι πάντα ἐοικὼς
ἔστη πρόσθε ποδῶν, ὁ δ' ἐπέσσυτο ποσσὶ διώκειν.
ἧος ὁ τὸν πεδίοιο διώκετο πυροφόροιο,
τρέψας πὰρ ποταμὸν βαθυδινήεντα Σκάμανδρον,
τυτθὸν ὑπεκπροθέοντα· δόλῳ δ' ἄρ' ἔθελγεν Ἀπόλλων,
ὡς αἰεὶ ἔλποιτο κιχήσεσθαι ποσὶν οἷσι·
τόφρ' ἄλλοι Τρῶες[1] πεφοβημένοι ἦλθον ὁμίλῳ
ἀσπάσιοι προτὶ ἄστυ, πόλις δ' ἔμπλητο ἀλέντων.
οὐδ' ἄρα τοί γ' ἔτλαν πόλιος καὶ τείχεος ἐκτὸς
μεῖναι ἔτ' ἀλλήλους, καὶ γνώμεναι ὅς τε πεφεύγοι
ὅς τ' ἔθαν' ἐν πολέμῳ· ἀλλ' ἐσσυμένως ἐσέχυντο
ἐς πόλιν, ὅν τινα τῶν γε πόδες καὶ γοῦνα σαώσαι.

[1] Τρῶες: πάντες.

son of Peleus in his turn set upon godlike Agenor; howbeit Apollo suffered him not to win glory, but snatched away Agenor, and shrouded him in thick mist, and sent him forth from the war to go his way in peace. But Apollo by craft kept the son of Peleus away from the folk, for likened in all things to Agenor's self the god that worketh afar took his stand before his feet; and Achilles rushed upon him swiftly to pursue him. And while he pursued him over the wheat-bearing plain, turning him toward the river, deep-eddying Scamander, as he by but little outran him—for by craft did Apollo beguile him, that he ever hoped to overtake him in his running—meanwhile the rest of the Trojans that were fleeing in rout came crowding gladly toward the city, and the town was filled with the throng of them. Neither dared they longer to await one another outside the city and wall, and to know who perchance was escaped and who had been slain in the fight; but with eager haste they poured into the city, whomsoever of them his feet and knees might save.

ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Χ

Ὣς οἱ μὲν κατὰ ἄστυ πεφυζότες ἠΰτε νεβροὶ
ἱδρῶ ἀπεψύχοντο πίον τ' ἀκέοντό τε δίψαν,
κεκλιμένοι καλῇσιν ἐπάλξεσιν· αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὶ
τείχεος ἆσσον ἴσαν, σάκε' ὤμοισι κλίναντες.
Ἕκτορα δ' αὐτοῦ μεῖναι ὀλοιὴ μοῖρ' ἐπέδησεν
Ἰλίου προπάροιθε πυλάων τε Σκαιάων.
αὐτὰρ Πηλεΐωνα προσηύδα Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων·
"τίπτε με, Πηλέος υἱέ, ποσὶν ταχέεσσι διώκεις,
αὐτὸς θνητὸς ἐὼν θεὸν ἄμβροτον; οὐδέ νύ πώ με
ἔγνως ὡς θεός εἰμι, σὺ δ' ἀσπερχὲς μενεαίνεις.
ἦ νύ τοι οὔ τι μέλει Τρώων πόνος, οὓς ἐφόβησας,
οἳ δή τοι εἰς ἄστυ ἄλεν, σὺ δὲ δεῦρο λιάσθης.
οὐ μέν με κτενέεις, ἐπεὶ οὔ τοι μόρσιμός εἰμι."
Τὸν δὲ μέγ' ὀχθήσας προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·
"ἔβλαψάς μ', ἑκάεργε, θεῶν ὀλοώτατε πάντων,
ἐνθάδε νῦν τρέψας ἀπὸ τείχεος· ἦ κ' ἔτι πολλοὶ
γαῖαν ὀδὰξ εἷλον πρὶν Ἴλιον εἰσαφικέσθαι.
νῦν δ' ἐμὲ μὲν μέγα κῦδος ἀφείλεο, τοὺς δὲ σάωσας

BOOK XXII

So they throughout the city, huddled in rout like fawns, were cooling their sweat and drinking and quenching their thirst, as they rested on the fair battlements; while the Achaeans drew near the wall leaning their shields against their shoulders. But Hector did deadly fate ensnare to abide there where he was in front of Ilios and the Scaean gates. Then unto the son of Peleus spake Phoebus Apollo: "Wherefore, son of Peleus, dost thou pursue me with swift feet, thyself a mortal, while I am an immortal god? Not even yet hast thou known me that I am a god, but thou ragest incessantly! Hast thou in good sooth no care for thy toil regarding the Trojans whom thou dravest in rout, who now are gathered into the city, while thou hast turned thee aside hitherward? Thou shalt never slay me, for lo, I am not one that is appointed to die."

Then with a mighty burst of anger spake to him swift-footed Achilles: "Thou hast foiled me, thou god that workest afar, most cruel of all gods, in that thou hast now turned me hither from the wall; else had many a man yet bitten the ground or ever they came into Ilios. Now hast thou robbed me of great glory, and them hast thou saved full easily, seeing

ῥηϊδίως, ἐπεὶ οὔ τι τίσιν γ' ἔδεισας ὀπίσσω.
ἦ σ' ἂν τισαίμην, εἴ μοι δύναμίς γε παρείη."
Ὣς εἰπὼν προτὶ ἄστυ μέγα φρονέων ἐβεβήκει,
σευάμενος ὥς θ' ἵππος ἀεθλοφόρος σὺν ὄχεσφιν,
ὅς ῥά τε ῥεῖα θέῃσι τιταινόμενος πεδίοιο·
ὣς Ἀχιλεὺς λαιψηρὰ πόδας καὶ γούνατ' ἐνώμα.
Τὸν δ' ὁ γέρων Πρίαμος πρῶτος ἴδεν ὀφθαλμοῖσι,
παμφαίνονθ' ὥς τ' ἀστέρ' ἐπεσσύμενον πεδίοιο,
ὅς ῥά τ' ὀπώρης εἶσιν, ἀρίζηλοι δέ οἱ αὐγαὶ
φαίνονται πολλοῖσι μετ' ἀστράσι νυκτὸς ἀμολγῷ·
ὅν τε κύν' Ὠρίωνος ἐπίκλησιν καλέουσι.
λαμπρότατος μὲν ὅ γ' ἐστί, κακὸν δέ τε σῆμα τέτυκται,
καί τε φέρει πολλὸν πυρετὸν δειλοῖσι βροτοῖσιν·
ὣς τοῦ χαλκὸς ἔλαμπε περὶ στήθεσσι θέοντος.
ᾤμωξεν δ' ὁ γέρων, κεφαλὴν δ' ὅ γε κόψατο χερσὶν
ὑψόσ' ἀνασχόμενος, μέγα δ' οἰμώξας ἐγεγώνει
λισσόμενος φίλον υἱόν· ὁ δὲ προπάροιθε πυλάων
ἑστήκει, ἄμοτον μεμαὼς Ἀχιλῆϊ μάχεσθαι·
τὸν δ' ὁ γέρων ἐλεεινὰ προσηύδα χεῖρας ὀρεγνύς·
" Ἕκτορ, μή μοι μίμνε, φίλον τέκος, ἀνέρα τοῦτον
οἶος ἄνευθ' ἄλλων, ἵνα μὴ τάχα πότμον ἐπίσπῃς
Πηλεΐωνι δαμείς, ἐπεὶ ἦ πολὺ φέρτερός ἐστι,
σχέτλιος· αἴθε θεοῖσι φίλος τοσσόνδε γένοιτο
ὅσσον ἐμοί· τάχα κέν ἑ κύνες καὶ γῦπες ἔδοιεν
κείμενον· ἦ κέ μοι αἰνὸν ἀπὸ πραπίδων ἄχος ἔλθοι·
ὅς μ' υἱῶν πολλῶν τε καὶ ἐσθλῶν εὖνιν ἔθηκε,
κτείνων καὶ περνὰς νήσων ἔπι τηλεδαπάων.
καὶ γὰρ νῦν δύο παῖδε, Λυκάονα καὶ Πολύδωρον,

thou hadst no fear of vengeance in the aftertime. Verily I would avenge me on thee, had I but the power."

So spake he, and was gone toward the city in pride of heart, speeding as speedeth with a chariot a horse that is winner of prizes, one that lightly courseth at full speed over the plain; even so swiftly plied Achilles his feet and knees.

Him the old man Priam was first to behold with his eyes, as he sped all-gleaming over the plain, like to the star that cometh forth at harvest-time, and brightly do his rays shine amid the host of stars in the darkness of night, the star that men call by name the Dog of Orion. Brightest of all is he, yet withal is he a sign of evil, and bringeth much fever upon wretched mortals. Even in such wise did the bronze gleam upon the breast of Achilles as he ran. And the old man uttered a groan, and beat upon his head with his hands, lifting them up on high, and with a groan he called aloud, beseeching his dear son, that was standing before the gates furiously eager to do battle with Achilles. To him the old man spake piteously, stretching forth his arms:

"Hector, my dear child, abide not, I pray thee, yon man, alone with none to aid thee, lest forthwith thou meet thy doom, slain by the son of Peleus, since verily he is far the mightier—cruel that he is. I would that he were loved by the gods even as by me! Then would the dogs and vultures speedily devour him as he lay unburied; so would dread sorrow depart from my soul, seeing he hath made me bereft of sons many and valiant, slaying them and selling them into isles that lie afar. For even now there be twain of my sons, Lycaon and Polydorus,

οὐ δύναμαι ἰδέειν Τρώων εἰς ἄστυ ἀλέντων,
τούς μοι Λαοθόη τέκετο, κρείουσα γυναικῶν.
ἀλλ' εἰ μὲν ζώουσι μετὰ στρατῷ, ἦ τ' ἂν ἔπειτα
χαλκοῦ τε χρυσοῦ τ' ἀπολυσόμεθ'· ἔστι γὰρ ἔνδον·
πολλὰ γὰρ ὤπασε παιδὶ γέρων ὀνομάκλυτος Ἄλτης.
εἰ δ' ἤδη τεθνᾶσι καὶ εἰν Ἀΐδαο δόμοισιν,
ἄλγος ἐμῷ θυμῷ καὶ μητέρι, τοὶ τεκόμεσθα·
λαοῖσιν δ' ἄλλοισι μινυνθαδιώτερον ἄλγος
ἔσσεται, ἢν μὴ καὶ σὺ θάνῃς Ἀχιλῆϊ δαμασθείς.
ἀλλ' εἰσέρχεο τεῖχος, ἐμὸν τέκος, ὄφρα σαώσῃς
Τρῶας καὶ Τρῳάς, μηδὲ μέγα κῦδος ὀρέξῃς
Πηλεΐδῃ, αὐτὸς δὲ φίλης αἰῶνος ἀμερθῇς.
πρὸς δ' ἐμὲ τὸν δύστηνον ἔτι φρονέοντ' ἐλέησον,
δύσμορον, ὅν ῥα πατὴρ Κρονίδης ἐπὶ γήραος οὐδῷ
αἴσῃ ἐν ἀργαλέῃ φθίσει, κακὰ πόλλ' ἐπιδόντα,
υἷάς τ' ὀλλυμένους ἑλκηθείσας τε θύγατρας,
καὶ θαλάμους κεραϊζομένους, καὶ νήπια τέκνα
βαλλόμενα προτὶ γαίῃ ἐν αἰνῇ δηϊοτῆτι,
ἑλκομένας τε νυοὺς ὀλοῇς ὑπὸ χερσὶν Ἀχαιῶν.
αὐτὸν δ' ἂν πύματόν με κύνες πρώτῃσι θύρῃσιν
ὠμησταὶ ἐρύουσιν, ἐπεί κέ τις ὀξέϊ χαλκῷ
τύψας ἠὲ βαλὼν ῥεθέων ἐκ θυμὸν ἕληται,
οὓς τρέφον ἐν μεγάροισι τραπεζῆας θυραωρούς,[1]
οἵ κ' ἐμὸν αἷμα πιόντες ἀλύσσοντες περὶ θυμῷ
κείσοντ' ἐν προθύροισι. νέῳ δέ τε πάντ' ἐπέοικεν
ἀρηϊκταμένῳ, δεδαϊγμένῳ ὀξέϊ χαλκῷ,
κεῖσθαι· πάντα δὲ καλὰ θανόντι περ, ὅττι φανήῃ·
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ πολιόν τε κάρη πολιόν τε γένειον

[1] θυραωρούς: πυλαωρούς.

that I cannot see amid the Trojans that are gathered into the city, even they that Laothoë bare me, a princess among women. But if they be yet alive in the camp of the foe, then verily will we ransom them with bronze and gold, seeing there is store thereof in my house; for gifts full many did the old Altes, of glorious name, give to his daughter. But and if they be even now dead and in the house of Hades, then shall there be sorrow to my heart and to their mother, to us that gave them birth; but to the rest of the host a briefer sorrow, if so be thou die not as well, slain by Achilles. Nay, enter within the walls, my child, that thou mayest save the Trojan men and Trojan women, and that thou give not great glory to the son of Peleus, and be thyself reft of thy dear life. Furthermore, have thou compassion on me that yet can feel—on wretched me whom the father, son of Cronos, will slay by a grievous fate on the threshold of old age, when I have beheld ills full many, my sons perishing and my daughters haled away, and my treasure chambers laid waste, and little children hurled to the ground in the dread conflict, and my sons' wives being haled away beneath the deadly hands of the Achaeans. Myself then last of all at the entering in of my door shall ravening dogs rend, when some man by thrust or cast of the sharp bronze hath reft my limbs of life—even the dogs that in my halls I reared at my table to guard my door, which then having drunk my blood in the madness of their hearts, shall lie there in the gateway. A young man it beseemeth wholly, when he is slain in battle, that he lie mangled by the sharp bronze; dead though he be, all is honourable whatsoever be seen. But when dogs work shame upon the hoary head and hoary beard

αἰδῶ τ' αἰσχύνωσι κύνες κταμένοιο γέροντος,
τοῦτο δὴ οἴκτιστον πέλεται δειλοῖσι βροτοῖσιν."
Ἦ ῥ' ὁ γέρων, πολιὰς δ' ἄρ' ἀνὰ τρίχας ἕλκετο χερσὶ
τίλλων ἐκ κεφαλῆς· οὐδ' Ἕκτορι θυμὸν ἔπειθε.
μήτηρ δ' αὖθ' ἑτέρωθεν ὀδύρετο δάκρυ χέουσα,
κόλπον ἀνιεμένη, ἑτέρηφι δὲ μαζὸν ἀνέσχε·
καί μιν δάκρυ χέουσ' ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
"Ἕκτορ, τέκνον ἐμόν, τάδε τ' αἴδεο καί μ' ἐλέησον
αὐτήν, εἴ ποτέ τοι λαθικηδέα μαζὸν ἐπέσχον·
τῶν μνῆσαι, φίλε τέκνον, ἄμυνε δὲ δήϊον ἄνδρα
τείχεος ἐντὸς ἐών, μηδὲ πρόμος ἵστασο τούτῳ·
σχέτλιος· εἴ περ γάρ σε κατακτάνῃ, οὔ σ' ἔτ' ἐγώ γε
κλαύσομαι ἐν λεχέεσσι, φίλον θάλος,[1] ὃν τέκον αὐτή,
οὐδ' ἄλοχος πολύδωρος· ἄνευθε δέ σε μέγα νῶϊν
Ἀργείων παρὰ νηυσὶ κύνες ταχέες κατέδονται."
Ὣς τώ γε κλαίοντε προσαυδήτην φίλον υἱόν,
πολλὰ λισσομένω· οὐδ' Ἕκτορι θυμὸν ἔπειθον,
ἀλλ' ὅ γε μίμν' Ἀχιλῆα πελώριον ἆσσον ἰόντα.
ὡς δὲ δράκων ἐπὶ χειῇ ὀρέστερος ἄνδρα μένῃσι,
βεβρωκὼς κακὰ φάρμακ', ἔδυ δέ τέ μιν χόλος αἰνός,
σμερδαλέον δὲ δέδορκεν ἑλισσόμενος περὶ χειῇ·
ὣς Ἕκτωρ ἄσβεστον ἔχων μένος οὐχ ὑπεχώρει,
πύργῳ ἔπι προὔχοντι φαεινὴν ἀσπίδ' ἐρείσας·
ὀχθήσας δ' ἄρα εἶπε πρὸς ὃν μεγαλήτορα θυμόν·
"ὤ μοι ἐγών, εἰ μέν κε πύλας καὶ τείχεα δύω,
Πουλυδάμας μοι πρῶτος ἐλεγχείην ἀναθήσει,
ὅς μ' ἐκέλευε Τρωσὶ ποτὶ πτόλιν ἡγήσασθαι

[1] θάλος: τέκος.

and on the nakedness of an old man slain, lo, this is the most piteous thing that cometh upon wretched mortals."

Thus spake the old man, and with his hands he plucked and tore the hoary hairs from his head; but he could not persuade the heart of Hector. And over against him the mother in her turn wailed and shed tears, loosening the folds of her robe, while with the other hand she showed her breast, and amid shedding of tears she spake unto him winged words: "Hector, my child, have thou respect unto this and pity me, if ever I gave thee the breast to lull thy pain. Think thereon, dear child, and ward off yon foemen from within the wall, neither stand thou forth to face him. Cruel is he; for if so be he slay thee, never shall I lay thee on a bier and bewail thee, dear plant, born of mine own self, nay, nor shall thy bounteous wife; but far away from us by the ships of the Argives shall swift dogs devour thee."

So the twain with weeping spake unto their dear son, beseeching him instantly; howbeit they could not persuade the heart of Hector, but he abode Achilles as he drew nigh in his mightiness. And as a serpent of the mountain awaiteth a man at his lair, having fed upon evil herbs, and dread wrath hath entered into him, and terribly he glareth as he coileth him about within his lair; even so Hector in his courage unquenchable would not give ground, leaning his bright shield against the jutting wall. Then, mightily moved, he spake unto his own great-hearted spirit: "Ah, woe is me, if I go within the gates and the walls Polydamas will be the first to put reproach upon me, for that he bade me lead the Trojans to

νύχθ' ὕπο τήνδ' ὀλοήν, ὅτε τ' ὤρετο δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς.
ἀλλ' ἐγὼ οὐ πιθόμην· ἦ τ' ἂν πολὺ κέρδιον ἦεν.
νῦν δ' ἐπεὶ ὤλεσα λαὸν ἀτασθαλίῃσιν ἐμῇσιν,
αἰδέομαι Τρῶας καὶ Τρῳάδας ἑλκεσιπέπλους,
μή ποτέ τις εἴπῃσι κακώτερος ἄλλος ἐμεῖο·
'Ἕκτωρ ἧφι βίηφι πιθήσας ὤλεσε λαόν.'
ὣς ἐρέουσιν· ἐμοὶ δὲ τότ' ἂν πολὺ κέρδιον εἴη
ἄντην ἢ Ἀχιλῆα κατακτείναντα νέεσθαι,
ἠέ κεν αὐτῷ ὀλέσθαι ἐϋκλειῶς πρὸ πόληος.
εἰ δέ κεν ἀσπίδα μὲν καταθείομαι ὀμφαλόεσσαν
καὶ κόρυθα βριαρήν, δόρυ δὲ πρὸς τεῖχος ἐρείσας
αὐτὸς ἰὼν Ἀχιλῆος ἀμύμονος ἀντίος ἔλθω
καί οἱ ὑπόσχωμαι Ἑλένην καὶ κτήμαθ' ἅμ' αὐτῇ,
πάντα μάλ' ὅσσα τ' Ἀλέξανδρος κοίλῃς ἐνὶ νηυσὶν
ἠγάγετο Τροίηνδ', ἥ τ' ἔπλετο νείκεος ἀρχή,
δωσέμεν Ἀτρεΐδῃσιν ἄγειν, ἅμα δ' ἀμφὶς Ἀχαιοῖς
ἄλλ' ἀποδάσσεσθαι, ὅσα τε πτόλις ἥδε κέκευθε·
Τρωσὶν δ' αὖ μετόπισθε γερούσιον ὅρκον ἕλωμαι
μή τι κατακρύψειν, ἀλλ' ἄνδιχα πάντα δάσασθαι
κτῆσιν ὅσην πτολίεθρον ἐπήρατον ἐντὸς ἐέργει·[1]
ἀλλὰ τί ἦ μοι ταῦτα φίλος διελέξατο θυμός;
μή μιν ἐγὼ μὲν ἵκωμαι ἰών, ὁ δέ μ' οὐκ ἐλεήσει
οὐδέ τί μ' αἰδέσεται, κτενέει δέ με γυμνὸν ἐόντα
αὔτως ὥς τε γυναῖκα, ἐπεί κ' ἀπὸ τεύχεα δύω.
οὐ μέν πως νῦν ἔστιν ἀπὸ δρυὸς οὐδ' ἀπὸ πέτρης
τῷ ὀαριζέμεναι, ἅ τε παρθένος ἠΐθεός τε,
παρθένος ἠΐθεός τ' ὀαρίζετον ἀλλήλοιιν.

[1] Line 121 is omitted in the best MSS.

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[1] This phrase (for which see *Od.* xix. 163) recurs a number of times in Greek literature, and appears to be a quotation from an old folk-tale dealing with the origin of mankind from trees or stones.

the city during this fatal night, when goodly Achilles arose. Howbeit I hearkened not—verily it had been better far! But now, seeing I have brought the host to ruin in my blind folly, I have shame of the Trojans, and the Trojans' wives with trailing robes, lest haply some other baser man may say: 'Hector, trusting in his own might, brought ruin on the host.' So will they say; but for me it were better far to meet Achilles man to man and slay him, and so get me home, or myself perish gloriously before the city. Or what if I lay down my bossed shield and my heavy helm, and leaning my spear against the wall, go myself to meet peerless Achilles, and promise him that Helen, and with her all the store of treasure that Alexander brought in his hollow ships to Troy—the which was the beginning of strife—will we give to the sons of Atreus to take away, and furthermore and separate therefrom will make due division with the Achaeans of all that this city holdeth; and if thereafter I take from the Trojans an oath sworn by the elders that they will hide nothing, but will divide all in twain, even all the treasure that the lovely city holdeth within? But why doth my heart thus hold converse with me? Let it not be that I go and draw nigh him, but he then pity me not nor anywise have reverence unto me, but slay me out of hand all unarmed, as I were a woman, when I have put from me mine armour. In no wise may I now from oak-tree or from rock [1] hold dalliance with him, even as youth and maiden—youth and maiden! [2]—hold dalliance one with the other. Better were it

[2] The repetition of the phrase seems best understood as intended to mark the grim contrast between the real and the imagined situation. It is not a mere trick of style.

βέλτερον αὖτ' ἔριδι ξυνελαυνέμεν ὅττι τάχιστα·
εἴδομεν ὁπποτέρῳ κεν Ὀλύμπιος εὖχος ὀρέξῃ."
Ὣς ὅρμαινε μένων, ὁ δέ οἱ σχεδὸν ἦλθεν Ἀχιλλεὺς
ἶσος Ἐνυαλίῳ, κορυθάϊκι πτολεμιστῇ,
σείων Πηλιάδα μελίην κατὰ δεξιὸν ὦμον
δεινήν· ἀμφὶ δὲ χαλκὸς ἐλάμπετο εἴκελος αὐγῇ
ἢ πυρὸς αἰθομένου ἢ ἠελίου ἀνιόντος.
Ἕκτορα δ', ὡς ἐνόησεν, ἕλε τρόμος· οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔτ' ἔτλη
αὖθι μένειν, ὀπίσω δὲ πύλας λίπε, βῆ δὲ φοβηθείς·
Πηλεΐδης δ' ἐπόρουσε ποσὶ κραιπνοῖσι πεποιθώς.
ἠΰτε κίρκος ὄρεσφιν, ἐλαφρότατος πετεηνῶν,
ῥηϊδίως οἴμησε μετὰ τρήρωνα πέλειαν,
ἡ δέ θ' ὕπαιθα φοβεῖται, ὁ δ' ἐγγύθεν ὀξὺ λεληκὼς
ταρφέ' ἐπαΐσσει, ἑλέειν τέ ἑ θυμὸς ἀνώγει·
ὣς ἄρ' ὅ γ' ἐμμεμαὼς ἰθὺς πέτετο, τρέσε δ' Ἕκτωρ
τεῖχος ὕπο Τρώων, λαιψηρὰ δὲ γούνατ' ἐνώμα.
οἱ δὲ παρὰ σκοπιὴν καὶ ἐρινεὸν ἠνεμόεντα
τείχεος αἰὲν ὑπὲκ κατ' ἀμαξιτὸν ἐσσεύοντο,
κρουνὼ δ' ἵκανον καλλιρρόω· ἔνθα δὲ πηγαὶ
δοιαὶ ἀναΐσσουσι Σκαμάνδρου δινήεντος.
ἡ μὲν γάρ θ' ὕδατι λιαρῷ ῥέει, ἀμφὶ δὲ καπνὸς
γίγνεται ἐξ αὐτῆς ὡς εἰ πυρὸς αἰθομένοιο·
ἡ δ' ἑτέρη θέρεϊ προρέει ἐϊκυῖα χαλάζῃ,
ἢ χιόνι ψυχρῇ, ἢ ἐξ ὕδατος κρυστάλλῳ.
ἔνθα δ' ἐπ' αὐτάων πλυνοὶ εὐρέες ἐγγὺς ἔασι
καλοὶ λαΐνεοι, ὅθι εἵματα σιγαλόεντα
πλύνεσκον Τρώων ἄλοχοι καλαί τε θύγατρες
τὸ πρὶν ἐπ' εἰρήνης, πρὶν ἐλθεῖν υἷας Ἀχαιῶν.
τῇ ῥα παραδραμέτην, φεύγων, ὁ δ' ὄπισθε διώκων·

to clash in strife with all speed; let us know to which of us twain the Olympian will vouchsafe glory."

So he pondered as he abode, and nigh to him came Achilles, the peer of Enyalius, warrior of the waving helm, brandishing over his right shoulder the Pelian ash, his terrible spear; and all round about the bronze flashed like the gleam of blazing fire or of the sun as he riseth. But trembling gat hold of Hector when he was ware of him, neither dared he any more abide where he was, but left the gates behind him, and fled in fear; and the son of Peleus rushed after him, trusting in his fleetness of foot. As a falcon in the mountains, swiftest of winged things, swoopeth lightly after a trembling dove: she fleeth before him, and he hard at hand darteth ever at her with shrill cries, and his heart biddeth him seize her; even so Achilles in his fury sped straight on, and Hector fled beneath the wall of the Trojans, and plied his limbs swiftly. Past the place of watch, and the wind-waved wild fig-tree they sped, ever away from under the wall along the waggon-track, and came to the two fair-flowing fountains, where well up the two springs that feed eddying Scamander. The one floweth with warm water, and round about a smoke goeth up therefrom as it were from a blazing fire, while the other even in summer floweth forth cold as hail or chill snow or ice that water formeth. And there hard by the selfsame springs are broad washing-tanks, fair and wrought of stone, where the wives and fair daughters of the Trojans were wont to wash bright raiment of old in the time of peace, before the sons of the Achaeans came. Thereby they ran, one fleeing, and one pursuing.

πρόσθε μὲν ἐσθλὸς ἔφευγε, δίωκε δέ μιν μέγ' ἀμείνων
καρπαλίμως, ἐπεὶ οὐχ ἱερήϊον οὐδὲ βοείην
ἀρνύσθην, ἅ τε ποσσὶν ἀέθλια γίγνεται ἀνδρῶν,
ἀλλὰ περὶ ψυχῆς θέον Ἕκτορος ἱπποδάμοιο.
ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἀεθλοφόροι περὶ τέρματα μώνυχες ἵπποι
ῥίμφα μάλα τρωχῶσι· τὸ δὲ μέγα κεῖται ἄεθλον,
ἢ τρίπος ἠὲ γυνή, ἀνδρὸς κατατεθνηῶτος·
ὣς τὼ τρὶς Πριάμοιο πόλιν πέρι δινηθήτην
καρπαλίμοισι πόδεσσι· θεοὶ δ' ἐς πάντες ὁρῶντο·
τοῖσι δὲ μύθων ἦρχε πατὴρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε·
"ὢ πόποι, ἦ φίλον ἄνδρα διωκόμενον περὶ τεῖχος
ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ὁρῶμαι· ἐμὸν δ' ὀλοφύρεται ἦτορ
Ἕκτορος, ὅς μοι πολλὰ βοῶν ἐπὶ μηρί' ἔκηεν
Ἴδης ἐν κορυφῇσι πολυπτύχου, ἄλλοτε δ' αὖτε
ἐν πόλει ἀκροτάτῃ· νῦν αὖτέ ἑ δῖος Ἀχιλλεὺς
ἄστυ πέρι Πριάμοιο ποσὶν ταχέεσσι διώκει.
ἀλλ' ἄγετε φράζεσθε, θεοί, καὶ μητιάασθε
ἠέ μιν ἐκ θανάτοιο σαώσομεν, ἦέ μιν ἤδη
Πηλεΐδῃ Ἀχιλῆϊ δαμάσσομεν ἐσθλὸν ἐόντα."
Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη·
"ὦ πάτερ ἀργικέραυνε, κελαινεφές, οἷον ἔειπες·
ἄνδρα θνητὸν ἐόντα, πάλαι πεπρωμένον αἴσῃ,
ἂψ ἐθέλεις θανάτοιο δυσηχέος ἐξαναλῦσαι;
ἔρδ'· ἀτὰρ οὔ τοι πάντες ἐπαινέομεν θεοὶ ἄλλοι."
Τὴν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεύς·
"θάρσει, Τριτογένεια, φίλον τέκος· οὔ νύ τι θυμῷ

In front a good man fled, but one mightier far pursued him swiftly; for it was not for beast of sacrifice or for bull's hide that they strove, such as are men's prizes for swiftness of foot, but it was for the life of horse-taming Hector that they ran. And as when single-hooved horses that are winners of prizes course swiftly about the turning-points, and some great prize is set forth, a tripod haply or a woman, in honour of a warrior that is dead; even so these twain circled thrice with swift feet about the city of Priam; and all the gods gazed upon them. Then among these the father of men and gods was first to speak: "Look you now, in sooth a well-loved man do mine eyes behold pursued around the wall; and my heart hath sorrow for Hector, who hath burned for me many thighs of oxen on the crests of many-ridged Ida, and at other times on the topmost citadel; but now again is goodly Achilles pursuing him with swift feet around the city of Priam. Nay then, come, ye gods, bethink you and take counsel whether we shall save him from death, or now at length shall slay him, good man though he be, by the hand of Achilles, son of Peleus."

Then spake unto him the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene: "O Father, Lord of the bright lightning and of the dark cloud, what a word hast thou said! A man that is mortal, doomed long since by fate, art thou minded to deliver again from dolorous death? Do as thou wilt; but be sure that we other gods assent not all thereto."

Then in answer to her spake Zeus, the cloud-gatherer: "Be of good cheer, Tritogeneia, dear child. In no wise do I speak with full purpose of

πρόφρονι μυθέομαι, ἐθέλω δέ τοι ἤπιος εἶναι·
ἕρξον ὅπῃ δή τοι νόος ἔπλετο, μηδ' ἔτ' ἐρώει."
Ὣς εἰπὼν ὄτρυνε πάρος μεμαυῖαν Ἀθήνην·
βῆ δὲ κατ' Οὐλύμποιο καρήνων ἀΐξασα.
Ἕκτορα δ' ἀσπερχὲς κλονέων ἔφεπ' ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς.
ὡς δ' ὅτε νεβρὸν ὄρεσφι κύων ἐλάφοιο δίηται,
ὄρσας ἐξ εὐνῆς, διά τ' ἄγκεα καὶ διὰ βήσσας·
τὸν δ' εἴ πέρ τε λάθῃσι καταπτήξας ὑπὸ θάμνῳ,
ἀλλά τ' ἀνιχνεύων θέει ἔμπεδον, ὄφρα κεν εὕρῃ·
ὣς Ἕκτωρ οὐ λῆθε ποδώκεα Πηλεΐωνα.
ὁσσάκι δ' ὁρμήσειε πυλάων Δαρδανιάων
ἀντίον ἀΐξασθαι ἐϋδμήτους ὑπὸ πύργους,
εἴ πώς οἱ καθύπερθεν ἀλάλκοιεν βελέεσσι,
τοσσάκι μιν προπάροιθεν ἀποστρέψασκε παραφθὰς
πρὸς πεδίον· αὐτὸς δὲ ποτὶ πτόλιος πέτετ' αἰεί.
ὡς δ' ἐν ὀνείρῳ οὐ δύναται φεύγοντα διώκειν·[1]
οὔτ' ἄρ' ὁ τὸν δύναται ὑποφεύγειν οὔθ' ὁ διώκειν·
ὣς ὁ τὸν οὐ δύνατο μάρψαι ποσίν, οὐδ' ὃς ἀλύξαι.
πῶς δέ κεν Ἕκτωρ κῆρας ὑπεξέφυγεν[2] θανάτοιο,
εἰ μή οἱ πύματόν τε καὶ ὕστατον ἤντετ' Ἀπόλλων
ἐγγύθεν, ὅς οἱ ἐπῶρσε μένος λαιψηρά τε γοῦνα;
λαοῖσιν δ' ἀνένευε καρήατι δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς,
οὐδ' ἔα ἱέμεναι ἐπὶ Ἕκτορι πικρὰ βέλεμνα,
μή τις κῦδος ἄροιτο βαλών, ὁ δὲ δεύτερος ἔλθοι.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ τὸ τέταρτον ἐπὶ κρουνοὺς ἀφίκοντο,

[1] Lines 199-201 were rejected by Aristarchus.
[2] ὑπεξέφυγεν: ὑπεξέφερεν.

[1] *i.e.* "escaped *thus far*." "The first stage of the catastrophe has ended; there is a marked pause in the narrative. Hector has as a fact escaped Achilles in the chase—the very

heart, but am minded to be kindly to thee. Do as thy pleasure is and hold thee back no more."

So saying he urged on Athene that was already eager, and down from the peaks of Olympus she went darting.

But hard upon Hector pressed swift Achilles in ceaseless pursuit. And as when on the mountains a hound rouseth from his covert the fawn of a deer and chaseth him through glens and glades, and though he escape for a time, cowering beneath a thicket, yet doth the hound track him out and run ever on until he find him; even so Hector escaped not the swift-footed son of Peleus. Oft as he strove to rush straight for the Dardanian gates to gain the shelter of the well-built walls, if so be his fellows from above might succour him with missiles, so oft would Achilles be beforehand with him and turn him back toward the plain, but himself sped on by the city's walls. And as in a dream a man availeth not to pursue one that fleeth before him—the one availeth not to flee, nor the other to pursue—even so Achilles availed not to overtake Hector in his fleetness, neither Hector to escape. And how had Hector escaped [1] the fates of death, but that Apollo, albeit for the last and latest time, drew nigh him to rouse his strength and make swift his knees? And to his folk goodly Achilles made sign with a nod of his head, and would not suffer them to hurl at Hector their bitter darts, lest another might smite him and win glory, and himself come too late. But when for the fourth time they were come to the springs, lo then

field where the πόδας ὠκύς would have expected most easily to surpass him. This is discreditable to Achilles if not explained—the Greek poet must save the honour of the Greek hero" (Leaf, *Iliad* ii. 615).

καὶ τότε δὴ χρύσεια πατὴρ ἐτίταινε τάλαντα,
ἐν δ' ἐτίθει δύο κῆρε τανηλεγέος θανάτοιο,
τὴν μὲν Ἀχιλλῆος, τὴν δ' Ἕκτορος ἱπποδάμοιο,
ἕλκε δὲ μέσσα λαβών· ῥέπε δ' Ἕκτορος αἴσιμον ἦμαρ,
ᾤχετο δ' εἰς Ἀΐδαο, λίπεν δέ ἑ Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων.
Πηλεΐωνα δ' ἵκανε θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη,
ἀγχοῦ δ' ἱσταμένη ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
"νῦν δὴ νῶι ἔολπα, διΐφιλε φαίδιμ' Ἀχιλλεῦ,
οἴσεσθαι μέγα κῦδος Ἀχαιοῖσι προτὶ νῆας,
Ἕκτορα δῃώσαντε μάχης ἄατόν περ ἐόντα.
οὔ οἱ νῦν ἔτι γ' ἔστι πεφυγμένον ἄμμε γενέσθαι,
οὐδ' εἴ κεν μάλα πολλὰ πάθοι ἑκάεργος Ἀπόλλων
προπροκυλινδόμενος πατρὸς Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο.
ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν νῦν στῆθι καὶ ἄμπνυε, τόνδε δ' ἐγώ τοι
οἰχομένη πεπιθήσω ἐναντίβιον μαχέσασθαι."
Ὣς φάτ' Ἀθηναίη, ὁ δ' ἐπείθετο, χαῖρε δὲ θυμῷ,
στῆ δ' ἄρ' ἐπὶ μελίης χαλκογλώχινος ἐρεισθείς.
ἡ δ' ἄρα τὸν μὲν ἔλειπε, κιχήσατο δ' Ἕκτορα δῖον
Δηϊφόβῳ ἐϊκυῖα δέμας καὶ ἀτειρέα φωνήν·
ἀγχοῦ δ' ἱσταμένη ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
"Ἠθεῖ', ἦ μάλα δή σε βιάζεται ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς,
ἄστυ πέρι Πριάμοιο ποσὶν ταχέεσσι διώκων·
ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ στέωμεν καὶ ἀλεξώμεσθα μένοντες."
Τὴν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε μέγας κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ·
"Δηΐφοβ', ἦ μέν μοι τὸ πάρος πολὺ φίλτατος ἦσθα
γνωτῶν, οὓς Ἑκάβη ἠδὲ Πρίαμος τέκε παῖδας·
νῦν δ' ἔτι καὶ μᾶλλον νοέω φρεσὶ τιμήσασθαι,

1 Apparently as a symbol of his own death, Hector's fate is said to depart to the world of the dead.

the Father lifted on high his golden scales, and set therein two fates of grievous death, one for Achilles, and one for horse-taming Hector; then he grasped the balance by the midst and raised it; and down sank the day of doom of Hector, and departed unto Hades;[1] and Phoebus Apollo left him. But unto Peleus' son came the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene, and drawing nigh she spake to him winged words:

"Now in good sooth, glorious Achilles, dear to Zeus, have I hope that to the ships we twain shall bear off great glory for the Achaeans, having slain Hector, insatiate of battle though he be; for now is it no more possible for him to escape us, nay, not though Apollo, that worketh afar, should travail sore, grovelling before Father Zeus, that beareth the aegis. But do thou now stand, and get thy breath; myself will I go and persuade yon warrior to do battle with thee man to man."

So spake Athene, and he obeyed and was glad at heart, and stood leaning upon his bronze-barbed spear of ash. But she left him, and came to goodly Hector in the likeness of Deïphobus both in form and untiring voice; and drawing nigh she spake to him winged words:

"Dear brother, full surely fleet Achilles doeth violence unto thee, chasing thee with swift feet around the city of Priam. But come, let us stand, and abiding here ward off his onset."

Then spake to her great Hector of the flashing helm: "Deïphobus, verily in time past thou wast far the dearest of my brethren, that were born of Hecabe and Priam, but now I deem that I shall honour thee in my heart even more, seeing thou

ὃς ἔτλης ἐμεῦ εἵνεκ', ἐπεὶ ἴδες ὀφθαλμοῖσι,
τείχεος ἐξελθεῖν, ἄλλοι δ' ἔντοσθε μένουσι."
Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη·
"ἠθεῖ', ἦ μὲν πολλὰ πατὴρ καὶ πότνια μήτηρ
λίσσονθ' ἑξείης γουνούμενοι, ἀμφὶ δ' ἑταῖροι,
αὖθι μένειν· τοῖον γὰρ ὑποτρομέουσιν ἅπαντες·
ἀλλ' ἐμὸς ἔνδοθι θυμὸς ἐτείρετο πένθεϊ λυγρῷ.
νῦν δ' ἰθὺς μεμαῶτε μαχώμεθα, μηδέ τι δούρων
ἔστω φειδωλή, ἵνα εἴδομεν εἴ κεν Ἀχιλλεὺς
νῶϊ κατακτείνας ἔναρα βροτόεντα φέρηται
νῆας ἔπι γλαφυράς, ἦ κεν σῷ δουρὶ δαμήῃ."
Ὣς φαμένη καὶ κερδοσύνῃ ἡγήσατ' Ἀθήνη·
οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ σχεδὸν ἦσαν ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισιν ἰόντες,
τὸν πρότερος προσέειπε μέγας κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ·
"οὔ σ' ἔτι, Πηλέος υἱέ, φοβήσομαι, ὡς τὸ πάρος περ
τρὶς περὶ ἄστυ μέγα Πριάμου δίον, οὐδέ ποτ' ἔτλην
μεῖναι ἐπερχόμενον· νῦν αὖτέ με θυμὸς ἀνῆκε
στήμεναι ἀντία σεῖο· ἕλοιμί κεν, ἤ κεν ἁλοίην.
ἀλλ' ἄγε δεῦρο θεοὺς ἐπιδώμεθα· τοὶ γὰρ ἄριστοι
μάρτυροι ἔσσονται καὶ ἐπίσκοποι ἁρμονιάων·
οὐ γὰρ ἐγώ σ' ἔκπαγλον ἀεικιῶ, αἴ κεν ἐμοὶ Ζεὺς
δώῃ καμμονίην, σὴν δὲ ψυχὴν ἀφέλωμαι·
ἀλλ' ἐπεὶ ἄρ κέ σε συλήσω κλυτὰ τεύχε', Ἀχιλλεῦ,
νεκρὸν Ἀχαιοῖσιν δώσω πάλιν· ὣς δὲ σὺ ῥέζειν."
Τὸν δ' ἄρ' ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·

[1] Lit. "let us give one another our gods."

hast dared for my sake, when thine eyes beheld me, to come forth from out the wall, while the others abide within."

To him then spake again the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene: "Dear brother, in sooth my father and queenly mother, yea, and my comrades round about me, besought me much, entreating me each in turn that I should abide there, in such wise do they all tremble before Achilles; but my heart within me was sore distressed with bitter grief. Howbeit now let us charge straight at him and do battle, neither let there be anywise a sparing of spears, to the end that we may know whether Achilles shall slay us twain, and bear our bloody spoils to the hollow ships, or whether he shall haply be vanquished by thy spear."

By such words and by guile Athene led him on. And when they were come near as they advanced one against the other, then first unto Achilles spake great Hector of the glancing helm: "No longer, son of Peleus, will I flee from thee, as before I thrice fled around the great city of Priam, nor ever had the heart to abide thy onset; but now again my spirit biddeth me stand and face thee, whether I slay or be slain. But come hither, let us call the gods to witness,[1] for they shall be the best witnesses and guardians of our covenant: I will do unto thee no foul despite, if Zeus grant me strength to outstay thee, and I take thy life; but when I have stripped from thee thy glorious armour, Achilles, I will give thy dead body back to the Achaeans; and so too do thou."

Then with an angry glance from beneath his brows spake unto him Achilles, swift of foot:

"Ἕκτορ, μή μοι, ἄλαστε, συνημοσύνας ἀγόρευε.
ὡς οὐκ ἔστι λέουσι καὶ ἀνδράσιν ὅρκια πιστά,
οὐδὲ λύκοι τε καὶ ἄρνες ὁμόφρονα θυμὸν ἔχουσιν,
ἀλλὰ κακὰ φρονέουσι διαμπερὲς ἀλλήλοισιν,
ὣς οὐκ ἔστ' ἐμὲ καὶ σὲ φιλήμεναι, οὐδέ τι νῶϊν
ὅρκια ἔσσονται, πρίν γ' ἢ ἕτερόν γε πεσόντα
αἵματος ἆσαι Ἄρηα, ταλαύρινον πολεμιστήν.
παντοίης ἀρετῆς μιμνήσκεο· νῦν σε μάλα χρὴ
αἰχμητήν τ' ἔμεναι καὶ θαρσαλέον πολεμιστήν.
οὔ τοι ἔτ' ἔσθ' ὑπάλυξις, ἄφαρ δέ σε Παλλὰς
  Ἀθήνη
ἔγχει ἐμῷ δαμάᾳ· νῦν δ' ἀθρόα πάντ' ἀποτίσεις
κήδε' ἐμῶν ἑτάρων, οὓς ἔκτανες ἔγχεϊ θύων."
  Ἦ ῥα, καὶ ἀμπεπαλὼν προΐει δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος·
καὶ τὸ μὲν ἄντα ἰδὼν ἠλεύατο φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ·
ἕζετο γὰρ προϊδών, τὸ δ' ὑπέρπτατο χάλκεον ἔγχος,
ἐν γαίῃ δ' ἐπάγη· ἀνὰ δ' ἥρπασε Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη,
ἂψ δ' Ἀχιλῆϊ δίδου, λάθε δ' Ἕκτορα, ποιμένα λαῶν.
Ἕκτωρ δὲ προσέειπεν ἀμύμονα Πηλεΐωνα·
"ἤμβροτες, οὐδ' ἄρα πώ τι, θεοῖς ἐπιείκελ' Ἀχιλ-
  λεῦ,
ἐκ Διὸς ἠείδης τὸν ἐμὸν μόρον· ἦ τοι ἔφης γε·
ἀλλά τις ἀρτιεπὴς καὶ ἐπίκλοπος ἔπλεο μύθων,
ὄφρα σ' ὑποδδείσας μένεος ἀλκῆς τε λάθωμαι.
οὐ μέν μοι φεύγοντι μεταφρένῳ ἐν δόρυ πήξεις,
ἀλλ' ἰθὺς μεμαῶτι διὰ στήθεσφιν ἔλασσον,
εἴ τοι ἔδωκε θεός· νῦν αὖτ' ἐμὸν ἔγχος ἄλευαι
χάλκεον· ὡς δή μιν σῷ ἐν χροῒ πᾶν κομίσαιο.

"Hector, talk not to me, thou madman, of covenants. As between lions and men there are no oaths of faith, nor do wolves and lambs have hearts of concord but are evil-minded continually one against the other, even so is it not possible for thee and me to be friends, neither shall there be oaths between us till one or the other shall have fallen, and glutted with his blood Ares, the warrior with tough shield of hide. Bethink thee of all manner of valour: now in good sooth it behoveth thee to quit thee as a spearman and a dauntless warrior. No more is there any escape for thee, but forthwith shall Pallas Athene lay thee low by my spear. Now shalt thou pay back the full price of all my sorrows for my comrades, whom thou didst slay when raging with thy spear."

He spake, and poised his far-shadowing spear, and hurled it; howbeit glorious Hector, looking steadily at him, avoided it; for he was ware of it in time and crouched, and the spear of bronze flew over, and fixed itself in the earth; but Pallas Athene caught it up, and gave it back to Achilles, unseen of Hector, shepherd of the host. And Hector spake unto the peerless son of Peleus: "Thou hast missed, neither in any wise, as it seemeth, O Achilles like to the gods, hast thou yet known from Zeus of my doom, though verily thou thoughtest it. Howbeit thou wast but glib of tongue and a cunning knave in speech, to the end that seized with fear of thee I might be forgetful of my might and my valour. Not as I flee shalt thou plant thy spear in my back; nay, as I charge upon thee drive thou it straight through my breast, if a god hath vouchsafed thee this. Now in turn avoid thou my spear of bronze. Would that thou mightest

καί κεν ἐλαφρότερος πόλεμος Τρώεσσι γένοιτο
σεῖο καταφθιμένοιο· σὺ γάρ σφισι πῆμα μέγιστον."
Ἦ ῥα, καὶ ἀμπεπαλὼν προΐει δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος,
καὶ βάλε Πηλεΐδαο μέσον σάκος οὐδ' ἀφάμαρτε·
τῆλε δ' ἀπεπλάγχθη σάκεος δόρυ. χώσατο δ' Ἕκτωρ
ὅττι ῥά οἱ βέλος ὠκὺ ἐτώσιον ἔκφυγε χειρός,
στῆ δὲ κατηφήσας, οὐδ' ἄλλ' ἔχε μείλινον ἔγχος.
Δηΐφοβον δ' ἐκάλει λευκάσπιδα μακρὸν ἀΰσας·
ᾔτεέ μιν δόρυ μακρόν· ὁ δ' οὔ τί οἱ ἐγγύθεν ἦεν·
Ἕκτωρ δ' ἔγνω ᾗσιν ἐνὶ φρεσὶ φώνησέν τε·
"ὢ πόποι, ἦ μάλα δή με θεοὶ θάνατόνδε κάλεσσαν·
Δηΐφοβον γὰρ ἐγώ γ' ἐφάμην ἥρωα παρεῖναι·
ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ἐν τείχει, ἐμὲ δ' ἐξαπάτησεν Ἀθήνη.
νῦν δὲ δὴ ἐγγύθι μοι θάνατος κακός, οὐδ' ἔτ' ἄνευθεν,
οὐδ' ἀλέη· ἦ γάρ ῥα πάλαι τό γε φίλτερον ἦεν
Ζηνί τε καὶ Διὸς υἷι ἑκηβόλῳ, οἵ με πάρος γε
πρόφρονες εἰρύατο· νῦν αὖτέ με μοῖρα κιχάνει.
μὴ μὰν ἀσπουδί γε καὶ ἀκλειῶς ἀπολοίμην,
ἀλλὰ μέγα ῥέξας τι καὶ ἐσσομένοισι πυθέσθαι."
Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσας εἰρύσσατο φάσγανον ὀξύ,
τό οἱ ὑπὸ λαπάρην τέτατο μέγα τε στιβαρόν τε,
οἴμησεν δὲ ἀλεὶς ὥς τ' αἰετὸς ὑψιπετήεις,
ὅς τ' εἶσιν πεδίονδε διὰ νεφέων ἐρεβεννῶν
ἁρπάξων ἢ ἄρν' ἀμαλὴν ἢ πτῶκα λαγωόν·
ὣς Ἕκτωρ οἴμησε τινάσσων φάσγανον ὀξύ.
ὁρμήθη δ' Ἀχιλεύς, μένεος δ' ἐμπλήσατο θυμὸν
ἀγρίου, πρόσθεν δὲ σάκος στέρνοιο κάλυψε

take it all into thy flesh! So would war be lighter for the Trojans, if thou wert but dead; for thou art their greatest bane."

He spake, and poised his far-shadowing spear and hurled it, and smote full upon the shield of the son of Peleus, and missed him not; but far from the shield the spear leapt back. And Hector waxed wroth for that the swift shaft had flown vainly from his hand, and he stood confounded, for he had no second spear of ash. Then he shouted aloud, and called to Deïphobus of the white shield, and asked of him a long spear; but he was nowise nigh. And Hector knew all in his heart, and spake, saying: "Out upon it, in good sooth have the gods called me to my death. For I deemed that the warrior Deïphobus was at hand, but lo, he is within the wall, and Athene hath beguiled me. Now of a surety is evil death nigh at hand, and no more afar from me, neither is there way of escape. So I ween from of old was the good pleasure of Zeus, and of the son of Zeus, the god that smiteth afar, even of them that aforetime were wont to succour me with ready hearts; but now again is my doom come upon me. Nay, but not without a struggle let me die, neither ingloriously, but in the working of some great deed for the hearing of men that are yet to be."

So saying, he drew his sharp sword that hung beside his flank, a great sword and a mighty, and gathering himself together swooped like an eagle of lofty flight that darteth to the plain through the dark clouds to seize a tender lamb or a cowering hare; even so Hector swooped, brandishing his sharp sword. And Achilles rushed upon him, his heart full of savage wrath, and before his breast he

καλὸν δαιδάλεον, κόρυθι δ' ἐπένευε φαεινῇ
τετραφάλῳ· καλαὶ δὲ περισσείοντο ἔθειραι
χρύσεαι, ἃς Ἥφαιστος ἵει λόφον ἀμφὶ θαμειάς.[1]
οἷος δ' ἀστὴρ εἶσι μετ' ἀστράσι νυκτὸς ἀμολγῷ
ἕσπερος, ὃς κάλλιστος ἐν οὐρανῷ ἵσταται ἀστήρ,
ὣς αἰχμῆς ἀπέλαμπ' εὐήκεος, ἣν ἄρ' Ἀχιλλεὺς
πάλλεν δεξιτερῇ φρονέων κακὸν Ἕκτορι δίῳ,
εἰσορόων χρόα καλόν, ὅπῃ εἴξειε μάλιστα.
τοῦ δὲ καὶ ἄλλο τόσον μὲν ἔχε χρόα χάλκεα τεύχεα,
καλά, τὰ Πατρόκλοιο βίην ἐνάριξε κατακτάς·
φαίνετο δ' ᾗ κληῗδες ἀπ' ὤμων αὐχέν' ἔχουσι,
λαυκανίην, ἵνα τε ψυχῆς ὤκιστος ὄλεθρος·
τῇ ῥ' ἐπὶ οἷ μεμαῶτ' ἔλασ' ἔγχεϊ δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς,
ἀντικρὺ δ' ἁπαλοῖο δι' αὐχένος ἤλυθ' ἀκωκή.
οὐδ' ἄρ' ἀπ' ἀσφάραγον μελίη τάμε χαλκοβάρεια,
ὄφρα τί μιν προτιείποι ἀμειβόμενος ἐπέεσσιν.[2]
ἤριπε δ' ἐν κονίῃς· ὁ δ' ἐπεύξατο δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς·
"Ἕκτορ, ἀτάρ που ἔφης Πατροκλῆ' ἐξεναρίζων
σῶς ἔσσεσθ', ἐμὲ δ' οὐδὲν ὀπίζεο νόσφιν ἐόντα,
νήπιε· τοῖο δ' ἄνευθεν ἀοσσητὴρ μέγ' ἀμείνων
νηυσὶν ἔπι γλαφυρῇσιν ἐγὼ μετόπισθε λελείμμην,
ὅς τοι γούνατ' ἔλυσα. σὲ μὲν κύνες ἠδ' οἰωνοὶ
ἑλκήσουσ' ἀϊκῶς, τὸν δὲ κτεριοῦσιν Ἀχαιοί."
Τὸν δ' ὀλιγοδρανέων προσέφη κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ·
"λίσσομ' ὑπὲρ ψυχῆς καὶ γούνων σῶν τε τοκήων,
μή με ἔα παρὰ νηυσὶ κύνας καταδάψαι Ἀχαιῶν,

[1] Line 316 (=xix. 383) is omitted in the best MSS.
[2] Line 329 was rejected by Aristarchus.

made a covering of his shield, fair and richly-dight, and tossed his bright four-horned helm; and fair about it waved the plumes wrought of gold, that Hephaestus had set thick about the crest. As a star goeth forth amid stars in the darkness of night, the star of evening, that is set in heaven as the fairest of all; even so went forth a gleam from the keen spear that Achilles poised in his right hand, as he devised evil for goodly Hector, looking the while upon his fair flesh to find where it was most open to a blow. Now all the rest of his flesh was covered by the armour of bronze, the goodly armour that he had stripped from mighty Patroclus when he slew him; but there was an opening where the collar bones part the neck and shoulders, even the gullet, where destruction of life cometh most speedily; even there, as he rushed upon him, goodly Achilles let drive with his spear; and clean out through the tender neck went the point. Howbeit the ashen spear, heavy with bronze, clave not the windpipe, to the end that he might yet make answer and speak unto his foe. Then fell he in the dust, and goodly Achilles exulted over him; "Hector, thou thoughtest, I ween, whilst thou wast spoiling Patroclus, that thou wouldest be safe, and hadst no thought of me that was afar, thou fool. Far from him a helper, mightier far, was left behind at the hollow ships, even I, that have loosed thy knees. Thee shall dogs and birds rend in unseemly wise, but to him shall the Achaeans give burial."

Then, his strength all spent, spake to him Hector of the flashing helm: "I implore thee by thy life and knees and parents, suffer me not to be devoured of dogs by the ships of the Achaeans; nay, take

ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν χαλκόν τε ἅλις χρυσόν τε δέδεξο,
δῶρα τά τοι δώσουσι πατὴρ καὶ πότνια μήτηρ,
σῶμα δὲ οἴκαδ' ἐμὸν δόμεναι πάλιν, ὄφρα πυρός με
Τρῶες καὶ Τρώων ἄλοχοι λελάχωσι θανόντα."
Τὸν δ' ἄρ' ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·
"μή με, κύον, γούνων γουνάζεο μηδὲ τοκήων.
αἲ γάρ πως αὐτόν με μένος καὶ θυμὸς ἀνείη
ὤμ' ἀποταμνόμενον κρέα ἔδμεναι, οἷα ἔοργας,
ὡς οὐκ ἔσθ' ὃς σῆς γε κύνας κεφαλῆς ἀπαλάλκοι,
οὐδ' εἴ κεν δεκάκις τε καὶ εἰκοσινήριτ' ἄποινα
στήσωσ' ἐνθάδ' ἄγοντες, ὑπόσχωνται δὲ καὶ ἄλλα,
οὐδ' εἴ κέν σ' αὐτὸν χρυσῷ ἐρύσασθαι ἀνώγοι
Δαρδανίδης Πρίαμος· οὐδ' ὧς σέ γε πότνια μήτηρ
ἐνθεμένη λεχέεσσι γοήσεται, ὃν τέκεν αὐτή,
ἀλλὰ κύνες τε καὶ οἰωνοὶ κατὰ πάντα δάσονται."
Τὸν δὲ καταθνῄσκων προσέφη κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ·
"ἦ σ' εὖ γιγνώσκων προτιόσσομαι, οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔμελλον
πείσειν· ἦ γὰρ σοί γε σιδήρεος ἐν φρεσὶ[1] θυμός.
φράζεο νῦν, μή τοί τι θεῶν μήνιμα γένωμαι
ἤματι τῷ ὅτε κέν σε Πάρις καὶ Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων
ἐσθλὸν ἐόντ' ὀλέσωσιν ἐνὶ Σκαιῇσι πύλῃσιν."
Ὣς ἄρα μιν εἰπόντα τέλος θανάτοιο κάλυψε,
ψυχὴ δ' ἐκ ῥεθέων πταμένη Ἄϊδόσδε βεβήκει,
ὃν πότμον γοόωσα, λιποῦσ' ἀνδροτῆτα καὶ ἥβην.
τὸν καὶ τεθνηῶτα προσηύδα δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς·
"τέθναθι· κῆρα δ' ἐγὼ τότε δέξομαι, ὁππότε κεν δὴ
Ζεὺς ἐθέλῃ τελέσαι ἠδ' ἀθάνατοι θεοὶ ἄλλοι."

[1] ἐν φρεσὶ: ἔνδοθι.

thou store of bronze and gold, gifts that my father and queenly mother shall give thee, but my body give thou back to my home, that the Trojans and the Trojans' wives may give me my due meed of fire in my death."

Then with an angry glance from beneath his brows spake unto him Achilles swift of foot: "Implore me not, dog, by knees or parents. Would that in any wise wrath and fury might bid me carve thy flesh and myself eat it raw, because of what thou hast wrought, as surely as there lives no man that shall ward off the dogs from thy head; nay, not though they should bring hither and weigh out ransom ten-fold, aye, twenty-fold, and should promise yet more; nay, not though Priam, son of Dardanus, should bid pay thy weight in gold; not even so shall thy queenly mother lay thee on a bier and make lament for thee, the son herself did bear, but dogs and birds shall devour thee utterly."

Then even in dying spake unto him Hector of the flashing helm: "Verily I know thee well, and forbode what shall be, neither was it to be that I should persuade thee; of a truth the heart in thy breast is of iron. Bethink thee now lest haply I bring the wrath of the gods upon thee on the day when Paris and Phoebus Apollo shall slay thee, valorous though thou art, at the Scaean gate."

Even as he thus spake the end of death enfolded him and his soul fleeting from his limbs was gone to Hades, bewailing her fate, leaving manliness and youth. And to him even in his death spake goodly Achilles: "Lie thou dead; my fate will I accept whenso Zeus willeth to bring it to pass and the other immortal gods."

Ἦ ῥα, καὶ ἐκ νεκροῖο ἐρύσσατο χάλκεον ἔγχος,
καὶ τό γ' ἄνευθεν ἔθηχ', ὁ δ' ἀπ' ὤμων τεύχε' ἐσύλα
αἱματόεντ'· ἄλλοι δὲ περίδραμον υἷες Ἀχαιῶν,
οἳ καὶ θηήσαντο φυὴν καὶ εἶδος ἀγητὸν
Ἕκτορος· οὐδ' ἄρα οἵ τις ἀνουτητί γε παρέστη.
ὧδε δέ τις εἴπεσκεν ἰδὼν ἐς πλησίον ἄλλον·
" ὢ πόποι, ἦ μάλα δὴ μαλακώτερος ἀμφαφάασθαι
Ἕκτωρ ἢ ὅτε νῆας ἐνέπρησεν[1] πυρὶ κηλέῳ."
ὣς ἄρα τις εἴπεσκε καὶ οὐτήσασκε παραστάς·
τὸν δ' ἐπεὶ ἐξενάριξε ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς,
στὰς ἐν Ἀχαιοῖσιν ἔπεα πτερόεντ' ἀγόρευεν·
" ὦ φίλοι, Ἀργείων ἡγήτορες ἠδὲ μέδοντες,[2]
ἐπεὶ δὴ τόνδ' ἄνδρα θεοὶ δαμάσασθαι ἔδωκαν,
ὃς κακὰ πόλλ' ἔρρεξεν, ὅσ' οὐ σύμπαντες οἱ ἄλλοι,
εἰ δ' ἄγετ' ἀμφὶ πόλιν σὺν τεύχεσι πειρηθῶμεν,
ὄφρα κ' ἔτι γνῶμεν Τρώων νόον, ὅν τιν' ἔχουσιν,
ἢ καταλείψουσιν πόλιν ἄκρην τοῦδε πεσόντος,
ἦε μένειν μεμάασι καὶ Ἕκτορος οὐκέτ' ἐόντος.
ἀλλὰ τί ἦ μοι ταῦτα φίλος διελέξατο θυμός;
κεῖται πὰρ νήεσσι νέκυς ἄκλαυτος ἄθαπτος,
Πάτροκλος· τοῦ δ' οὐκ ἐπιλήσομαι, ὄφρ' ἂν ἐγώ γε
ζωοῖσιν μετέω καί μοι φίλα γούνατ' ὀρώρῃ·[3]
εἰ δὲ θανόντων περ καταλήθοντ' εἰν Ἀΐδαο,
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ καὶ κεῖθι φίλου μεμνήσομ' ἑταίρου.
νῦν δ' ἄγ' ἀείδοντες παιήονα, κοῦροι Ἀχαιῶν,
νηυσὶν ἔπι γλαφυρῇσι νεώμεθα, τόνδε δ' ἄγωμεν.

[1] ἐνέπρησεν: ἐνέπρηθεν.

[2] Line 378 was given by Zenodotus in the form,

Ἀτρείδη τε καὶ ἄλλοι ἀριστῆες Παναχαιῶν,

He spake, and from the corpse drew forth his spear of bronze and laid it aside, and set him to strip from the shoulders the blood-stained armour. And the other sons of the Achaeans ran up round about, and gazed upon the stature and wondrous comeliness of Hector, neither did any draw nigh but dealt him a wound. And thus would one speak, with a look at his neighbour: " Look you, in good sooth softer is Hector for the handling now than when he burned the ships with blazing fire." Thus would one speak, and drawing nigh would deal a wound. But when goodly Achilles, swift of foot, had despoiled him, then stood he up among the Achaeans and spake winged words: " My friends, leaders and rulers of the Argives, seeing the gods have vouchsafed us to slay this man, that hath wrought much evil beyond all the host of the others, come, let us make trial in arms about the city, to the end that we may yet further know what purpose the Trojans have in mind, whether they will leave their high city now that this man is fallen, or whether they are minded to abide, even though Hector be no more. But why doth my heart thus hold converse with me? There lieth by the ships a dead man unwept, unburied, even Patroclus; him will I not forget so long as I abide among the living, and my knees are quick. Nay, if even in the house of Hades men forget their dead, yet will I even there remember my dear comrade. But come, singing our song of victory, ye sons of the Achaeans, let us go back to the hollow ships and bring thither this corpse. We have won us great

[8] Line 388 is given by some MSS. in the form,

ζωὸς ἐν Ἀργείοισι φιλοπτολέμοισι μετείω·

ἠράμεθα μέγα κῦδος· ἐπέφνομεν Ἕκτορα δῖον,[1]
ᾧ Τρῶες κατὰ ἄστυ θεῷ ὣς εὐχετόωντο."
Ἦ ῥα, καὶ Ἕκτορα δῖον ἀεικέα μήδετο ἔργα.
ἀμφοτέρων μετόπισθε ποδῶν τέτρηνε τένοντε
ἐς σφυρὸν ἐκ πτέρνης, βοέους δ' ἐξῆπτεν ἱμάντας,
ἐκ δίφροιο δ' ἔδησε, κάρη δ' ἕλκεσθαι ἔασεν·
ἐς δίφρον δ' ἀναβὰς ἀνά τε κλυτὰ τεύχε' ἀείρας
μάστιξέν ῥ' ἐλάαν, τὼ δ' οὐκ ἀέκοντε πετέσθην.
τοῦ δ' ἦν ἑλκομένοιο κονίσαλος, ἀμφὶ δὲ χαῖται
κυάνεαι πίτναντο, κάρη δ' ἅπαν ἐν κονίῃσι
κεῖτο πάρος χαρίεν· τότε δὲ Ζεὺς δυσμενέεσσι
δῶκεν ἀεικίσσασθαι ἑῇ ἐν πατρίδι γαίῃ.
Ὣς τοῦ μὲν κεκόνιτο κάρη ἅπαν· ἡ δέ νυ μήτηρ
τίλλε κόμην, ἀπὸ δὲ λιπαρὴν ἔρριψε καλύπτρην
τηλόσε, κώκυσεν δὲ μάλα μέγα παῖδ' ἐσιδοῦσα.
ᾤμωξεν δ' ἐλεεινὰ πατὴρ φίλος, ἀμφὶ δὲ λαοὶ
κωκυτῷ τ' εἴχοντο καὶ οἰμωγῇ κατὰ ἄστυ.
τῷ δὲ μάλιστ' ἄρ' ἔην ἐναλίγκιον, ὡς εἰ ἅπασα
Ἴλιος ὀφρυόεσσα πυρὶ σμύχοιτο κατ' ἄκρης.
λαοὶ μέν ῥα γέροντα μόγις ἔχον ἀσχαλόωντα,
ἐξελθεῖν μεμαῶτα πυλάων Δαρδανιάων.
πάντας δὲ λιτάνευε κυλινδόμενος κατὰ κόπρον,
ἐξ ὀνομακλήδην ὀνομάζων ἄνδρα ἕκαστον·
"σχέσθε, φίλοι, καί μ' οἶον ἐάσατε κηδόμενοί[2] περ
ἐξελθόντα πόληος ἱκέσθ' ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν·
λίσσωμ' ἀνέρα τοῦτον ἀτάσθαλον ὀβριμοεργόν,
ἤν πως ἡλικίην αἰδέσσεται ἠδ' ἐλεήσῃ

[1] Lines 393 f. were rejected by Aristarchus.
[2] κηδόμενοι Aristarchus; κηδόμενον.

glory; we have slain goodly Hector, to whom the Trojans made prayer throughout their city, as unto a god."

He spake, and devised foul entreatment for goodly Hector. The tendons of both his feet behind he pierced from heel to ankle, and made fast therethrough thongs of oxhide, and bound them to his chariot, but left the head to trail. Then when he had mounted his car and had lifted therein the glorious armour, he touched the horses with the lash to start them, and nothing loath the pair sped onward. And from Hector as he was dragged the dust rose up, and on either side his dark hair flowed outspread, and all in the dust lay the head that was before so fair; but now had Zeus given him over to his foes to suffer foul entreatment in his own native land.

So was his head all befouled with dust; but his mother tore her hair and from her flung far her gleaming veil and uttered a cry exceeding loud at sight of her son. And a piteous groan did his father utter, and around them the folk was holden of wailing and groaning throughout the city. Most like to this was it as though all beetling Ilios were utterly burning with fire. And the folk had much ado to hold back the old man in his frenzy, fain as he was to go forth from the Dardanian gates. To all he made prayer, grovelling the while in the filth, and calling on each man by name: "Withhold, my friends, and suffer me for all your love to go forth from the city alone, and hie me to the ships of the Achaeans. I will make prayer to yon ruthless man, yon worker of violence, if so be he may have shame before his fellows and have pity on my old age. He too, I

γῆρας· καὶ δέ νυ τῷ γε πατὴρ τοιόσδε τέτυκται,
Πηλεύς, ὅς μιν ἔτικτε καὶ ἔτρεφε πῆμα γενέσθαι
Τρωσί· μάλιστα δ' ἐμοὶ περὶ πάντων ἄλγε' ἔθηκε·
τόσσους γάρ μοι παῖδας ἀπέκτανε τηλεθάοντας.
τῶν πάντων οὐ τόσσον ὀδύρομαι ἀχνύμενός περ
ὡς ἑνός, οὗ μ' ἄχος ὀξὺ κατοίσεται Ἄϊδος εἴσω,
Ἕκτορος· ὡς ὄφελεν θανέειν ἐν χερσὶν ἐμῇσι·
τῶ κε κορεσσάμεθα κλαίοντέ τε μυρομένω τε,
μήτηρ θ', ἥ μιν ἔτικτε δυσάμμορος, ἠδ' ἐγὼ αὐτός."
Ὣς ἔφατο κλαίων, ἐπὶ δὲ στενάχοντο πολῖται·
Τρῳῇσιν δ' Ἑκάβη ἁδινοῦ ἐξῆρχε γόοιο·
"τέκνον, ἐγὼ δειλή· τί νυ βείομαι αἰνὰ παθοῦσα,[1]
σεῦ ἀποτεθνηῶτος; ὅ μοι νύκτας τε καὶ ἦμαρ
εὐχωλὴ κατὰ ἄστυ πελέσκεο, πᾶσί τ' ὄνειαρ
Τρωσί τε καὶ Τρῳῇσι κατὰ πτόλιν, οἵ σε θεὸν ὣς
δειδέχατ'· ἦ γὰρ καί σφι μάλα μέγα κῦδος ἔησθα
ζωὸς ἐών· νῦν αὖ θάνατος καὶ μοῖρα κιχάνει."
Ὣς ἔφατο κλαίουσ', ἄλοχος δ' οὔ πώ τι πέπυστο
Ἕκτορος· οὐ γάρ οἵ τις ἐτήτυμος ἄγγελος ἐλθὼν
ἤγγειλ' ὅττι ῥά οἱ πόσις ἔκτοθι μίμνε πυλάων,
ἀλλ' ἥ γ' ἱστὸν ὕφαινε μυχῷ δόμου ὑψηλοῖο
δίπλακα πορφυρέην, ἐν δὲ θρόνα ποικίλ' ἔπασσε.
κέκλετο δ' ἀμφιπόλοισιν ἐϋπλοκάμοις κατὰ δῶμα
ἀμφὶ πυρὶ στῆσαι τρίποδα μέγαν, ὄφρα πέλοιτο
Ἕκτορι θερμὰ λοετρὰ μάχης ἐκ νοστήσαντι,
νηπίη, οὐδ' ἐνόησεν ὅ μιν μάλα τῆλε λοετρῶν
χερσὶν Ἀχιλλῆος δάμασε γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη.
κωκυτοῦ δ' ἤκουσε καὶ οἰμωγῆς ἀπὸ πύργου·

[1] παθοῦσα: τεκοῦσα Aristarchus.

ween, hath a father such as I am, even Peleus, that begat him and reared him to be a bane to Trojans; but above all others hath he brought woe upon me, so many sons of mine hath he slain in their prime. Yet for them all I mourn not so much, despite my grief, as for one only, sharp grief for whom will bring me down to the house of Hades—even for Hector. Ah, would he had died in my arms; then had we taken our fill of weeping and wailing, the mother that bare him to her sorrow, and myself."

So spake he weeping, and thereto the townsfolk added their laments. And among the women of Troy Hecabe led the vehement lamentation: "My child, ah woe is me! How shall I live in my sore anguish, now thou art dead?—thou that wast my boast night and day in the city, and a blessing to all, both to the men and women of Troy throughout the town, who ever greeted thee as a god; for verily thou wast to them a glory exceeding great, while yet thou livedst; but now death and fate are come upon thee."

So spake she weeping; but the wife knew naught as yet—the wife of Hector—for no true messenger had come to tell her that her husband abode without the gates; but she was weaving a web in the innermost part of the lofty house, a purple web of double fold, and therein was broidering flowers of varied hue. And she called to her fair-tressed handmaids through the house to set a great tripod on the fire, to the end that there should be a hot bath for Hector whenso he returned from out the battle—unwitting one, neither wist she anywise that far from all baths flashing-eyed Athene had laid him low by the hand of Achilles. But the shrieks she heard and the groan-

τῆς δ' ἐλελίχθη γυῖα, χαμαὶ δέ οἱ ἔκπεσε κερκίς.
ἡ δ' αὖτις δμῳῇσιν ἐϋπλοκάμοισι μετηύδα·
"δεῦτε, δύω μοι ἕπεσθον, ἴδωμ' ὅτιν' ἔργα τέτυκται.
αἰδοίης ἑκυρῆς ὀπὸς ἔκλυον, ἐν δ' ἐμοὶ αὐτῇ
στήθεσι πάλλεται ἦτορ ἀνὰ στόμα, νέρθε δὲ γοῦνα
πήγνυται· ἐγγὺς δή τι κακὸν Πριάμοιο τέκεσσιν.
αἲ γὰρ ἀπ' οὔατος εἴη ἐμεῦ ἔπος· ἀλλὰ μάλ' αἰνῶς
δείδω μὴ δή μοι θρασὺν Ἕκτορα δῖος Ἀχιλλεὺς
μοῦνον ἀποτμήξας πόλιος πεδίονδε δίηται,
καὶ δή μιν καταπαύσῃ ἀγηνορίης ἀλεγεινῆς,
ἥ μιν ἔχεσκ', ἐπεὶ οὔ ποτ' ἐνὶ πληθυῖ μένεν ἀνδρῶν,
ἀλλὰ πολὺ προθέεσκε, τὸ ὃν μένος οὐδενὶ εἴκων."
Ὣς φαμένη μεγάροιο διέσσυτο μαινάδι ἴση,
παλλομένη κραδίην· ἅμα δ' ἀμφίπολοι κίον αὐτῇ.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ πύργον τε καὶ ἀνδρῶν ἷξεν ὅμιλον,
ἔστη παπτήνασ' ἐπὶ τείχεϊ, τὸν δ' ἐνόησεν
ἑλκόμενον πρόσθεν πόλιος· ταχέες δέ μιν ἵπποι
ἕλκον ἀκηδέστως κοίλας ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν.
τὴν δὲ κατ' ὀφθαλμῶν ἐρεβεννὴ νὺξ ἐκάλυψεν,
ἤριπε δ' ἐξοπίσω, ἀπὸ δὲ ψυχὴν ἐκάπυσσε.
τῆλε δ' ἀπὸ κρατὸς βάλε[1] δέσματα σιγαλόεντα,
ἄμπυκα κεκρύφαλόν τε ἰδὲ πλεκτὴν ἀναδέσμην
κρήδεμνόν θ', ὅ ῥά οἱ δῶκε χρυσέη Ἀφροδίτη
ἤματι τῷ ὅτε μιν κορυθαίολος ἠγάγεθ' Ἕκτωρ
ἐκ δόμου Ἠετίωνος, ἐπεὶ πόρε μυρία ἕδνα.
ἀμφὶ δέ μιν γαλόῳ τε καὶ εἰνατέρες ἅλις ἔσταν,

[1] βάλε Aristarchus: χέε.

ings from the wall, and her limbs reeled, and from her hand the shuttle fell to earth. Then she spake again among her fair-tressed handmaids: "Come hither two of you, and follow me, let me see what deeds have been wrought. It was the voice of my husband's honoured mother that I heard, and in mine own breast my heart leapeth to my mouth, and beneath me my knees are numbed; verily hard at hand is some evil thing for the children of Priam. Far from my ear be the word, but sorely am I afraid lest to my sorrow goodly Achilles may have cut off from the city bold Hector by himself alone, and have driven him to the plain, aye, and have by now made him to cease from the baneful valour that possessed him; seeing he would never abide in the throng of men, but would ever charge far to the front, yielding to no man in his might."

So saying she hasted through the hall with throbbing heart as one beside herself, and with her went her handmaidens. But when she was come to the wall and the throng of men, then on the wall she stopped and looked, and was ware of him as he was dragged before the city; and swift horses were dragging him ruthlessly toward the hollow ships of the Achaeans. Then down over her eyes came the darkness of night, and enfolded her, and she fell backward and gasped forth her spirit. Far from off her head she cast the bright attiring thereof, the frontlet and coif and kerchief and woven band, and the veil that golden Aphrodite had given her on the day when Hector of the flashing helm led her as his bride forth from the house of Eëtion, after he had brought bride-gifts past counting. And round about her came thronging her husband's sisters and his brothers' wives, who bare

αἵ ἑ μετὰ σφίσιν εἶχον ἀτυζομένην ἀπολέσθαι.
ἡ δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν ἔμπνυτο καὶ ἐς φρένα θυμὸς ἀγέρθη,
ἀμβλήδην γοόωσα μετὰ Τρῳῇσιν ἔειπεν·
"Ἕκτορ, ἐγὼ δύστηνος· ἰῇ ἄρα γιγνόμεθ' αἴσῃ
ἀμφότεροι, σὺ μὲν ἐν Τροίῃ Πριάμου κατὰ δῶμα,
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ Θήβῃσιν ὑπὸ Πλάκῳ ὑληέσσῃ
ἐν δόμῳ Ἠετίωνος, ὅ μ' ἔτρεφε τυτθὸν ἐοῦσαν,
δύσμορος αἰνόμορον· ὡς μὴ ὤφελλε τεκέσθαι.
νῦν δὲ σὺ μὲν Ἀΐδαο δόμους ὑπὸ κεύθεσι γαίης
ἔρχεαι, αὐτὰρ ἐμὲ στυγερῷ ἐνὶ πένθεϊ λείπεις
χήρην ἐν μεγάροισι· πάϊς δ' ἔτι νήπιος αὔτως,
ὃν τέκομεν σύ τ' ἐγώ τε δυσάμμοροι· οὔτε σὺ τούτῳ
ἔσσεαι, Ἕκτορ, ὄνειαρ, ἐπεὶ θάνες, οὔτε σοὶ οὗτος.
ἤν περ γὰρ πόλεμόν γε φύγῃ πολύδακρυν Ἀχαιῶν,[1]
αἰεί τοι τούτῳ γε πόνος καὶ κήδε' ὀπίσσω
ἔσσοντ'· ἄλλοι γάρ οἱ ἀπουρήσουσιν[2] ἀρούρας.
ἦμαρ δ' ὀρφανικὸν παναφήλικα παῖδα τίθησι·
πάντα δ' ὑπεμνήμυκε, δεδάκρυνται δὲ παρειαί,
δευόμενος δέ τ' ἄνεισι πάϊς ἐς πατρὸς ἑταίρους,
ἄλλον μὲν χλαίνης ἐρύων, ἄλλον δὲ χιτῶνος·
τῶν δ' ἐλεησάντων κοτύλην τις τυτθὸν ἐπέσχε,
χείλεα μέν τε δίην', ὑπερῴην δ' οὐκ ἐδίηνε.
τὸν δὲ καὶ ἀμφιθαλὴς ἐκ δαιτύος ἐστυφέλιξε,
χερσὶν πεπληγὼς καὶ ὀνειδείοισιν ἐνίσσων·
'ἔρρ' οὕτως· οὐ σός γε πατὴρ μεταδαίνυται ἡμῖν.'
δακρυόεις δέ τ' ἄνεισι πάϊς ἐς μητέρα χήρην,
Ἀστυάναξ, ὃς πρὶν μὲν ἑοῦ ἐπὶ γούνασι πατρὸς
μυελὸν οἶον ἔδεσκε καὶ οἰῶν πίονα δημόν·
αὐτὰρ ὅθ' ὕπνος ἕλοι, παύσαιτό τε νηπιαχεύων,

[1] Lines 487-499 were rejected by Aristarchus.
[2] ἀπουρήσουσιν: ἀπουρίσσουσιν.

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[1] Possibly, "wailing with deep sobs."

her up in their midst, distraught even unto death. But when she revived, and her spirit was returned into her breast, then she lifted up her voice in wailing,[1] and spake among the women of Troy: "Ah Hector, woe is me! to one fate, it seemeth, were we born, both of us twain, thou in Troy in the house of Priam, and I in Thebe beneath wooded Placus in the house of Eëtion, who reared me when I was a babe, hapless father of a cruel-fated child; would God he had never begotten me. Now thou unto the house of Hades beneath the deeps of earth art departing, but me thou leavest in bitter grief, a widow in thy halls, and thy son is still a mere babe, the son born of thee and me in our haplessness; nor shalt thou be any profit to him, Hector, seeing thou art dead, neither he to thee. For even though he escape the woeful war of the Achaeans, yet shall his portion be labour and sorrow in the aftertime, for others will take away his lands. The day of orphanhood cutteth a child off from the friends of his youth; ever is his head bowed low, and his cheeks are bathed in tears, and in his need the child hieth him to his father's friends, plucking one by the cloak and another by the tunic; and of them that are touched with pity, one holdeth forth his cup for a moment: his lips he wetteth, but his palate he wetteth not. And one whose father and mother yet live thrusteth him from the feast with smiting of the hand, and chideth him with words of reviling: 'Get thee gone, even as thou art! No father of thine feasteth in our company.' Then in tears unto his widowed mother cometh back the child—Astyanax, that aforetime on his father's knees ate only marrow and the rich fat of sheep; and when sleep came upon him and he ceased from

εὕδεσκ' ἐν λέκτροισιν, ἐν ἀγκαλίδεσσι τιθήνης,
εὐνῇ ἔνι μαλακῇ, θαλέων ἐμπλησάμενος κῆρ.
νῦν δ' ἂν πολλὰ πάθῃσι, φίλου ἀπὸ πατρὸς ἁμαρτών,
'Αστυάναξ, ὃν Τρῶες ἐπίκλησιν καλέουσιν·
οἶος γάρ σφιν ἔρυσο πύλας καὶ τείχεα μακρά.
νῦν δὲ σὲ μὲν παρὰ νηυσὶ κορωνίσι νόσφι τοκήων
αἰόλαι εὐλαὶ ἔδονται, ἐπεί κε κύνες κορέσωνται,
γυμνόν· ἀτάρ τοι εἵματ' ἐνὶ μεγάροισι κέονται
λεπτά τε καὶ χαρίεντα, τετυγμένα χερσὶ γυναικῶν.
ἀλλ' ἤ τοι τάδε πάντα καταφλέξω πυρὶ κηλέῳ,
οὐδὲν σοί γ' ὄφελος, ἐπεὶ οὐκ ἐγκείσεαι αὐτοῖς,
ἀλλὰ πρὸς Τρώων καὶ Τρωϊάδων κλέος εἶναι."
Ὣς ἔφατο κλαίουσ', ἐπὶ δὲ στενάχοντο γυναῖκες.

his childish play, then would he slumber on a couch in the arms of his nurse in his soft bed, his heart satisfied with good things But now, seeing he has lost his dear father, he will suffer ills full many—my Astyanax, whom the Trojans call by this name[1] for that thou alone didst save their gates and their high walls. But now by the beaked ships far from thy parents shall writhing worms devour thee, when the dogs have had their fill, as thou liest a naked corpse; yet in thy halls lieth raiment, finely-woven and fair, wrought by the hands of women. Howbeit all these things will I verily burn in blazing fire—in no wise a profit unto thee, seeing thou shalt not lie therein, but to be an honour unto thee from the men and women of Troy."

So spake she weeping, and thereto the women added their laments.

[1] See the note on vi. 403.

ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Ψ

Ὣς οἱ μὲν στενάχοντο κατὰ πτόλιν· αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὶ
ἐπεὶ δὴ νῆάς τε καὶ Ἑλλήσποντον ἵκοντο,
οἱ μὲν ἄρ' ἐσκίδναντο ἑὴν ἐπὶ νῆα ἕκαστος,
Μυρμιδόνας δ' οὐκ εἴα ἀποσκίδνασθαι Ἀχιλλεύς,
ἀλλ' ὅ γε οἷς ἑτάροισι φιλοπτολέμοισι μετηύδα·
"Μυρμιδόνες ταχύπωλοι, ἐμοὶ ἐρίηρες ἑταῖροι,
μὴ δή πω ὑπ' ὄχεσφι λυώμεθα μώνυχας ἵππους,
ἀλλ' αὐτοῖς ἵπποισι καὶ ἅρμασιν ἆσσον ἰόντες
Πάτροκλον κλαίωμεν· ὃ γὰρ γέρας ἐστὶ θανόντων.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεί κ' ὀλοοῖο τεταρπώμεσθα γόοιο,
ἵππους λυσάμενοι δορπήσομεν ἐνθάδε πάντες."
Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ᾤμωξαν ἀολλέες, ἦρχε δ' Ἀχιλλεύς.
οἱ δὲ τρὶς περὶ νεκρὸν ἐΰτριχας ἤλασαν ἵππους
μυρόμενοι· μετὰ δέ σφι Θέτις γόου ἵμερον ὦρσε.
δεύοντο ψάμαθοι, δεύοντο δὲ τεύχεα φωτῶν
δάκρυσι· τοῖον γὰρ πόθεον μήστωρα φόβοιο.
τοῖσι δὲ Πηλεΐδης ἁδινοῦ ἐξῆρχε γόοιο,
χεῖρας ἐπ' ἀνδροφόνους θέμενος στήθεσσιν ἑταίρου·
"χαῖρέ μοι, ὦ Πάτροκλε, καὶ εἰν Ἀΐδαο δόμοισι·
πάντα γὰρ ἤδη τοι τελέω τὰ πάροιθεν ὑπέστην,
Ἕκτορα δεῦρ' ἐρύσας δώσειν κυσὶν ὠμὰ δάσασθαι,

BOOK XXIII

Thus they made lamentation throughout the city; but the Achaeans, when they were come to the ships and the Hellespont, scattered each man to his own ship; howbeit the Myrmidons would Achilles nowise suffer to be scattered, but spake among his war-loving comrades, saying: "Ye Myrmidons of fleet steeds, my trusty comrades, let us not yet loose our single-hooved horses from their cars, but with horses and chariots let us draw nigh and mourn Patroclus; for that is the due of the dead. Then when we have taken our fill of dire lamenting, we will unyoke our horses and sup here all together."

So spake he, and they raised the voice of wailing all with one accord, and Achilles was leader thereof. Then thrice about the corpse they drave their fair-maned steeds, mourning the while; and among them Thetis roused desire of wailing. Wetted were the sands and wetted the armour of the warriors with their tears; so mighty a deviser of rout was he for whom they mourned. And among them the son of Peleus was leader in the vehement lamentation; laying his man-slaying hands upon the breast of his comrade: "Hail, I bid thee, O Patroclus, even in the house of Hades, for even now am I bringing to fulfilment all that aforetime I promised thee: that I would drag Hector hither and give him raw unto

δώδεκα δὲ προπάροιθε πυρῆς ἀποδειροτομήσειν
Τρώων ἀγλαὰ τέκνα, σέθεν κταμένοιο χολωθείς."
Ἦ ῥα, καὶ Ἕκτορα δῖον ἀεικέα μήδετο ἔργα,
πρηνέα πὰρ λεχέεσσι Μενοιτιάδαο τανύσσας
ἐν κονίῃς· οἱ δ' ἔντε' ἀφοπλίζοντο ἕκαστος
χάλκεα μαρμαίροντα, λύον δ' ὑψηχέας[1] ἵππους,
κὰδ δ' ἷζον παρὰ νηῒ ποδώκεος Αἰακίδαο
μυρίοι· αὐτὰρ ὁ τοῖσι τάφον μενοεικέα δαίνυ.
πολλοὶ μὲν βόες ἀργοὶ ὀρέχθεον ἀμφὶ σιδήρῳ[2]
σφαζόμενοι, πολλοὶ δ' ὄϊες καὶ μηκάδες αἶγες·
πολλοὶ δ' ἀργιόδοντες ὕες, θαλέθοντες ἀλοιφῇ,
εὑόμενοι τανύοντο διὰ φλογὸς Ἡφαίστοιο·
πάντῃ δ' ἀμφὶ νέκυν κοτυλήρυτον ἔρρεεν αἷμα.
Αὐτὰρ τόν γε ἄνακτα ποδώκεα Πηλεΐωνα
εἰς Ἀγαμέμνονα δῖον ἄγον βασιλῆες Ἀχαιῶν,
σπουδῇ παρπεπιθόντες ἑταίρου χωόμενον κῆρ.
οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ κλισίην Ἀγαμέμνονος ἷξον ἰόντες,
αὐτίκα κηρύκεσσι λιγυφθόγγοισι κέλευσαν
ἀμφὶ πυρὶ στῆσαι τρίποδα μέγαν, εἰ πεπίθοιεν
Πηλεΐδην λούσασθαι ἄπο βρότον αἱματόεντα.
αὐτὰρ ὅ γ' ἠρνεῖτο στερεῶς, ἐπὶ δ' ὅρκον ὄμοσσεν·
"οὐ μὰ Ζῆν', ὅς τίς τε θεῶν ὕπατος καὶ ἄριστος,
οὐ θέμις ἐστὶ λοετρὰ καρήατος ἆσσον ἱκέσθαι,
πρίν γ' ἐνὶ Πάτροκλον θέμεναι πυρὶ σῆμά τε χεῦαι
κείρασθαί τε κόμην, ἐπεὶ οὔ μ' ἔτι δεύτερον ὧδε
ἵξετ' ἄχος κραδίην, ὄφρα ζωοῖσι μετείω.
ἀλλ' ἦ τοι νῦν μὲν στυγερῇ πειθώμεθα δαιτί·

[1] λύον δ' ὑψηχέας: λύοντο δὲ μώνυχας.
[2] Lines 30 f. were rejected by some ancient critics.

[1] Others render "plunged."

dogs to devour, and of twelve glorious sons of the Trojans would I cut the throats before thy pyre, in my wrath at thy slaying."

He spake, and devised foul entreatment for goodly Hector, stretching him on his face in the dust before the bier of the son of Menoetius. And they put off, each man of them, their shining harness of bronze, and loosed their loud-neighing horses, and themselves sat down beside the ship of the swift-footed son of Aeacus, a countless host; and he made them a funeral feast to satisfy their hearts. Many sleek bulls bellowed [1] about the knife, as they were slaughtered, many sheep and bleating goats, and many white-tusked swine, rich with fat, were stretched to singe over the flame of Hephaestus; and everywhere about the corpse the blood ran so that one might dip cups therein.

But the prince, the swift-footed son of Peleus, was led unto goodly Agamemnon by the chiefs of the Achaeans, that had much ado to persuade him thereto, so wroth at heart was he for his comrade. But when, as they went, they were come to the hut of Agamemnon, forthwith they bade clear-voiced heralds set upon the fire a great cauldron, if so be they might persuade the son of Peleus to wash from him the bloody gore. But he steadfastly denied them, and sware an oath thereto: "Nay, verily by Zeus, that is highest and best of gods, it may not be that water should come nigh my head, until such time as I have laid Patroclus on the fire, and have heaped him a barrow, and shorn my hair withal, since never more shall a second grief thus reach my heart, while yet I abide among the living. Howbeit for this present let us yield us to the banquet we

ἠῶθεν δ' ὄτρυνον, ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγάμεμνον,
ὕλην τ' ἀξέμεναι παρά τε σχεῖν ὅσσ' ἐπιεικὲς
νεκρὸν ἔχοντα νέεσθαι ὑπὸ ζόφον ἠερόεντα,
ὄφρ' ἤ τοι τοῦτον μὲν ἐπιφλέγῃ ἀκάματον πῦρ
θᾶσσον ἀπ' ὀφθαλμῶν, λαοὶ δ' ἐπὶ ἔργα τράπωνται."
"Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα τοῦ μάλα μὲν κλύον ἠδ'
ἐπίθοντο.
ἐσσυμένως δ' ἄρα δόρπον ἐφοπλίσσαντες ἕκαστοι
δαίνυντ', οὐδέ τι θυμὸς ἐδεύετο δαιτὸς ἐΐσης.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ πόσιος καὶ ἐδητύος ἐξ ἔρον ἕντο,
οἱ μὲν κακκείοντες ἔβαν κλισίηνδε ἕκαστος,
Πηλεΐδης δ' ἐπὶ θινὶ πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης
κεῖτο βαρὺ στενάχων, πολέσιν μετὰ Μυρμιδόνεσσιν,
ἐν καθαρῷ, ὅθι κύματ' ἐπ' ἠϊόνος κλύζεσκον·
εὖτε τὸν ὕπνος ἔμαρπτε, λύων μελεδήματα θυμοῦ,
νήδυμος ἀμφιχυθείς—μάλα γὰρ κάμε φαίδιμα γυῖα
Ἕκτορ' ἐπαΐσσων προτὶ Ἴλιον ἠνεμόεσσαν—
ἦλθε δ' ἐπὶ ψυχὴ Πατροκλῆος δειλοῖο,
πάντ' αὐτῷ μέγεθός τε καὶ ὄμματα κάλ' ἐϊκυῖα,
καὶ φωνήν, καὶ τοῖα περὶ χροῒ εἵματα ἕστο·
στῆ δ' ἄρ' ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς καί μιν πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν·
"εὕδεις, αὐτὰρ ἐμεῖο λελασμένος ἔπλευ, Ἀχιλλεῦ.
οὐ μέν μευ ζώοντος ἀκήδεις, ἀλλὰ θανόντος·
θάπτε με ὅττι τάχιστα, πύλας Ἀΐδαο περήσω.
τῆλέ με εἴργουσι ψυχαί, εἴδωλα καμόντων,
οὐδέ μέ πω μίσγεσθαι ὑπὲρ ποταμοῖο ἐῶσιν,
ἀλλ' αὔτως ἀλάλημαι ἀν' εὐρυπυλὲς Ἄϊδος δῶ.
καί μοι δὸς τὴν χεῖρ', ὀλοφύρομαι· οὐ γὰρ ἔτ' αὖτις
νίσομαι ἐξ Ἀΐδαο, ἐπήν με πυρὸς λελάχητε.

needs must loathe; but in the morning rouse thou the folk, king of men Agamemnon, to bring wood, and to make ready all that it beseemeth a dead man to have, whenso he goeth beneath the murky darkness, to the end that unwearied fire may burn him quickly from sight, and the host betake it to its tasks."

So spake he, and they readily hearkened to him and obeyed, and speedily making ready each man his meal they supped, nor did their hearts lack aught of the equal feast. But when they had put from them the desire of food and drink, they went each man to his hut to take his rest; but the son of Peleus upon the shore of the loud-resounding sea lay groaning heavily amid the host of the Myrmidons, in an open space where the waves plashed upon the shore. And when sleep seized him, loosening the cares of his heart, being shed in sweetness round about him—for sore weary were his glorious limbs with speeding after Hector unto windy Ilios—then there came to him the spirit of hapless Patroclus, in all things like his very self, in stature and fair eyes and in voice, and in like raiment was he clad withal; and he stood above Achilles' head and spake to him, saying: "Thou sleepest, and hast forgotten me, Achilles. Not in my life wast thou unmindful of me, but now in my death! Bury me with all speed, that I pass within the gates of Hades. Afar do the spirits keep me aloof, the phantoms of men that have done with toils, neither suffer they me to join myself to them beyond the River, but vainly I wander through the wide-gated house of Hades. And give me thy hand, I pitifully entreat thee, for never more again shall I come back from out of Hades, when once ye

οὐ μὲν γὰρ ζωοί γε φίλων ἀπάνευθεν ἑταίρων
βουλὰς ἑζόμενοι βουλεύσομεν, ἀλλ' ἐμὲ μὲν κὴρ
ἀμφέχανε στυγερή, ἥ περ λάχε γιγνόμενόν περ·
καὶ δὲ σοὶ αὐτῷ μοῖρα, θεοῖς ἐπιείκελ' Ἀχιλλεῦ,
τείχει ὕπο Τρώων εὐηφενέων[1] ἀπολέσθαι.
ἄλλο δέ τοι ἐρέω καὶ ἐφήσομαι, αἴ κε πίθηαι·
μὴ ἐμὰ σῶν ἀπάνευθε τιθήμεναι ὀστέ', Ἀχιλλεῦ,
ἀλλ' ὁμοῦ, ὡς τράφομέν περ ἐν ὑμετέροισι δόμοισιν,
εὖτέ με τυτθὸν ἐόντα Μενοίτιος ἐξ Ὀπόεντος
ἤγαγεν ὑμέτερόνδ' ἀνδροκτασίης ὕπο λυγρῆς,
ἤματι τῷ ὅτε παῖδα κατέκτανον Ἀμφιδάμαντος,
νήπιος, οὐκ ἐθέλων, ἀμφ' ἀστραγάλοισι χολωθείς·
ἔνθα με δεξάμενος ἐν δώμασιν ἱππότα Πηλεὺς
ἔτραφέ τ' ἐνδυκέως καὶ σὸν θεράποντ' ὀνόμηνεν·
ὣς δὲ καὶ ὀστέα νῶϊν ὁμὴ σορὸς ἀμφικαλύπτοι
χρύσεος ἀμφιφορεύς, τόν τοι πόρε πότνια μήτηρ."[2]
Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·
"τίπτε μοι, ἠθείη κεφαλή, δεῦρ' εἰλήλουθας,
καί μοι ταῦτα ἕκαστ' ἐπιτέλλεαι; αὐτὰρ ἐγώ τοι
πάντα μάλ' ἐκτελέω καὶ πείσομαι ὡς σὺ κελεύεις.
ἀλλά μοι ἆσσον στῆθι· μίνυνθά περ ἀμφιβαλόντε
ἀλλήλους ὀλοοῖο τεταρπώμεσθα γόοιο."
Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσας ὠρέξατο χερσὶ φίλῃσιν,
οὐδ' ἔλαβε· ψυχὴ δὲ κατὰ χθονὸς ἠΰτε καπνὸς
ᾤχετο τετριγυῖα· ταφὼν δ' ἀνόρουσεν Ἀχιλλεὺς
χερσί τε συμπλατάγησεν, ἔπος δ' ὀλοφυδνὸν ἔειπεν·
"ὢ πόποι, ἦ ῥά τι ἔστι[3] καὶ εἰν Ἀΐδαο δόμοισι

[1] εὐηφενέων Aristophanes: εὐηγενέων MSS.; *cf.* xi. 427.
[2] Line 92 was rejected by Aristarchus.
[3] τι ἔστι: τίς ἐστι.

have given me my due of fire. Never more in life shall we sit apart from our dear comrades and take counsel together, but for me hath loathly fate opened its maw, the fate that was appointed me even from my birth. Aye, and thou thyself also, Achilles like to the gods, art doomed to be brought low beneath the wall of the wealthy Trojans. And another thing will I speak, and charge thee, if so be thou wilt hearken. Lay not my bones apart from thine, Achilles, but let them lie together, even as we were reared in your house, when Menoetius brought me, being yet a little lad, from Opoeis to your country, by reason of grievous man-slaying, on the day when I slew Amphidamus' son in my folly, though I willed it not, in wrath over the dice. Then the knight Peleus received me into his house and reared me with kindly care and named me thy squire; even so also let one coffer enfold our bones, a golden coffer with handles twain, the which thy queenly mother gave thee."

Then in answer spake to him Achilles, swift of foot: "Wherefore, O head beloved, art thou come hither, and thus givest me charge about each thing? Nay, verily I will fulfil thee all, and will hearken even as thou biddest. But, I pray thee, draw thou nigher; though it be but for a little space let us clasp our arms one about the other, and take our fill of dire lamenting."

So saying he reached forth with his hands, yet clasped him not; but the spirit like a vapour was gone beneath the earth, gibbering faintly. And seized with amazement Achilles sprang up, and smote his hands together, and spake a word of wailing: "Look you now, even in the house of

ψυχὴ καὶ εἴδωλον, ἀτὰρ φρένες οὐκ ἔνι πάμπαν·[1]
παννυχίη γάρ μοι Πατροκλῆος δειλοῖο
ψυχὴ ἐφεστήκει γοόωσά τε μυρομένη τε,
καί μοι ἕκαστ' ἐπέτελλεν, ἔϊκτο δὲ θέσκελον αὐτῷ."
Ὣς φάτο, τοῖσι δὲ πᾶσιν ὑφ' ἵμερον ὦρσε γόοιο·
μυρομένοισι δὲ τοῖσι φάνη ῥοδοδάκτυλος Ἠὼς
ἀμφὶ νέκυν ἐλεεινόν. ἀτὰρ κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων
οὐρῆάς τ' ὄτρυνε καὶ ἀνέρας ἀξέμεν ὕλην
πάντοθεν ἐκ κλισιῶν· ἐπὶ δ' ἀνὴρ ἐσθλὸς ὀρώρει,
Μηριόνης, θεράπων ἀγαπήνορος Ἰδομενῆος.
οἱ δ' ἴσαν ὑλοτόμους πελέκεας ἐν χερσὶν ἔχοντες
σειράς τ' εὐπλέκτους· πρὸ δ' ἄρ' οὐρῆες κίον αὐτῶν·
πολλὰ δ' ἄναντα κάταντα πάραντά τε δόχμιά τ' ἦλθον.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ κνημοὺς προσέβαν πολυπίδακος Ἴδης,
αὐτίκ' ἄρα δρῦς ὑψικόμους ταναήκεϊ χαλκῷ
τάμνον ἐπειγόμενοι· ταὶ δὲ μεγάλα κτυπέουσαι
πῖπτον. τὰς μὲν ἔπειτα διαπλήσσοντες Ἀχαιοὶ
ἔκδεον ἡμιόνων· ταὶ δὲ χθόνα ποσσὶ δατεῦντο
ἐλδόμεναι πεδίοιο διὰ ῥωπήϊα πυκνά.
πάντες δ' ὑλοτόμοι φιτροὺς φέρον· ὣς γὰρ ἀνώγει
Μηριόνης, θεράπων ἀγαπήνορος Ἰδομενῆος.
κὰδ δ' ἄρ' ἐπ' ἀκτῆς βάλλον ἐπισχερώ, ἔνθ' ἄρ' Ἀχιλλεὺς
φράσσατο Πατρόκλῳ μέγα ἠρίον ἠδὲ οἷ αὐτῷ.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ πάντῃ παρακάββαλον ἄσπετον ὕλην,
ἥατ' ἄρ' αὖθι μένοντες ἀολλέες. αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς
αὐτίκα Μυρμιδόνεσσι φιλοπτολέμοισι κέλευσε
χαλκὸν ζώννυσθαι, ζεῦξαι δ' ὑπ' ὄχεσφιν ἕκαστον

[1] Line 104 was rejected by Aristophanes.

Hades is the spirit and phantom somewhat, albeit the mind be not anywise therein; for the whole night long hath the spirit of hapless Patroclus stood over me, weeping and wailing, and gave me charge concerning each thing, and was wondrously like his very self."

So spake he, and in them all aroused the desire of lament; and rosy-fingered Dawn shone forth upon them while yet they wailed around the piteous corpse. But the lord Agamemnon sent forth mules and men from all sides from out the huts to fetch wood; and a man of valour watched thereover, even Meriones, squire of kindly Idomeneus. And they went forth bearing in their hands axes for the cutting of wood and well-woven ropes, and before them went the mules; and ever upward, downward, sideward, and aslant they fared. But when they were come to the spurs of many-fountained Ida, forthwith they set them to fell high-crested oaks with the long-edged bronze in busy haste; and with a mighty crash the trees kept falling. Then the Achaeans split the trunks asunder and bound them behind the mules, and these tore up the earth with their feet as they hasted toward the plain through the thick underbrush. And all the woodcutters bare logs; for so were they bidden of Meriones, squire of kindly Idomeneus. Then down upon the shore they cast them, man after man, where Achilles planned a great barrow for Patroclus and for himself. But when on all sides they had cast down the measureless wood, they sate them down there and abode, all in one throng. And Achilles straightway bade the war-loving Myrmidons gird them about with bronze, and yoke each man his horses to his

ἵππους· οἱ δ' ὄρνυντο καὶ ἐν τεύχεσσιν ἔδυνον,
ἂν δ' ἔβαν ἐν δίφροισι παραιβάται ἡνίοχοί τε,
πρόσθε μὲν ἱππῆες, μετὰ δὲ νέφος εἵπετο πεζῶν,
μυρίοι· ἐν δὲ μέσοισι φέρον Πάτροκλον ἑταῖροι.
θριξὶ δὲ πάντα νέκυν καταείνυσαν, ἃς ἐπέβαλλον
κειρόμενοι· ὄπιθεν δὲ κάρη ἔχε δῖος Ἀχιλλεὺς
ἀχνύμενος· ἕταρον γὰρ ἀμύμονα πέμπ' Ἄϊδόσδε.
Οἱ δ' ὅτε χῶρον ἵκανον ὅθί σφισι πέφραδ' Ἀχιλλεύς,
κάτθεσαν, αἶψα δέ οἱ μενοεικέα νήεον ὕλην.
ἔνθ' αὖτ' ἄλλ' ἐνόησε ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς·
στὰς ἀπάνευθε πυρῆς ξανθὴν ἀπεκείρατο χαίτην,
τήν ῥα Σπερχειῷ ποταμῷ τρέφε τηλεθόωσαν·
ὀχθήσας δ' ἄρα εἶπεν ἰδὼν ἐπὶ οἴνοπα πόντον·
"Σπερχεί', ἄλλως σοί γε πατὴρ ἠρήσατο Πηλεύς,
κεῖσέ με νοστήσαντα φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν
σοί τε κόμην κερέειν ῥέξειν θ' ἱερὴν ἑκατόμβην,
πεντήκοντα δ' ἔνορχα παρ' αὐτόθι μῆλ' ἱερεύσειν
ἐς πηγάς, ὅθι τοι τέμενος βωμός τε θυήεις.
ὣς ἠρᾶθ' ὁ γέρων, σὺ δέ οἱ νόον οὐκ ἐτέλεσσας.
νῦν δ' ἐπεὶ οὐ νέομαί γε φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν,
Πατρόκλῳ ἥρωϊ κόμην ὀπάσαιμι φέρεσθαι."
Ὣς εἰπὼν ἐν χερσὶ κόμην ἑτάροιο φίλοιο
θῆκεν, τοῖσι δὲ πᾶσιν ὑφ' ἵμερον ὦρσε γόοιο.
καί νύ κ' ὀδυρομένοισιν ἔδυ φάος ἠελίοιο,
εἰ μὴ Ἀχιλλεὺς αἶψ' Ἀγαμέμνονι εἶπε παραστάς·

car. And they arose and did on their armour and mounted their chariots, warriors and charioteers alike. In front fared the men in chariots, and thereafter followed a cloud of footmen, a host past counting; and in the midst his comrades bare Patroclus. And as with a garment they wholly covered the corpse with their hair that they shore off and cast thereon; and behind them goodly Achilles clasped the head, sorrowing the while; for peerless was the comrade whom he was speeding to the house of Hades.

But when they were come to the place that Achilles had appointed unto them, they set down the dead, and swiftly heaped up for him abundant store of wood. Then again swift-footed goodly Achilles took other counsel; he took his stand apart from the pyre and shore off a golden lock, the rich growth whereof he had nursed for the river Spercheüs, and, his heart mightily moved, he spake, with a look over the wine-dark sea: "Spercheüs, to no purpose did my father Peleus vow to thee that when I had come home thither to my dear native land, I would shear my hair to thee and offer a holy hecatomb, and on the selfsame spot would sacrifice fifty rams, males without blemish, into thy waters, where is thy demesne and thy fragrant altar. So vowed that old man, but thou didst not fulfil for him his desire. Now, therefore, seeing I go not home to my dear native land, I would fain give unto the warrior Patroclus this lock to fare with him."

He spake and set the lock in the hands of his dear comrade, and in them all aroused the desire of lament. And now would the light of the sun have gone down upon their weeping, had not Achilles drawn nigh to Agamemnon's side and said: "Son of

"'Ατρεΐδη, σοὶ γάρ τε μάλιστά γε λαὸς 'Αχαιῶν
πείσονται μύθοισι, γόοιο μὲν ἔστι καὶ ἆσαι,
νῦν δ' ἀπὸ πυρκαϊῆς σκέδασον καὶ δεῖπνον ἄνωχθι
ὅπλεσθαι· τάδε δ' ἀμφὶ πονησόμεθ' οἷσι μάλιστα
κήδεός ἐστι νέκυς· παρὰ δ' οἵ τ' ἀγοὶ ἄμμι μενόντων."
Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ τό γ' ἄκουσεν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν 'Αγαμέμνων,
αὐτίκα λαὸν μὲν σκέδασεν κατὰ νῆας ἐΐσας,
κηδεμόνες δὲ παρ' αὖθι μένον καὶ νήεον ὕλην,
ποίησαν δὲ πυρὴν ἑκατόμπεδον ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα,
ἐν δὲ πυρῇ ὑπάτῃ νεκρὸν θέσαν ἀχνύμενοι κῆρ.
πολλὰ δὲ ἴφια μῆλα καὶ εἰλίποδας ἕλικας βοῦς
πρόσθε πυρῆς ἔδερόν τε καὶ ἄμφεπον· ἐκ δ' ἄρα πάντων
δημὸν ἑλὼν ἐκάλυψε νέκυν μεγάθυμος 'Αχιλλεὺς
ἐς πόδας ἐκ κεφαλῆς, περὶ δὲ δρατὰ σώματα νήει.
ἐν δ' ἐτίθει μέλιτος καὶ ἀλείφατος ἀμφιφορῆας,
πρὸς λέχεα κλίνων· πίσυρας δ' ἐριαύχενας ἵππους
ἐσσυμένως ἐνέβαλλε πυρῇ μεγάλα στεναχίζων.
ἐννέα τῷ γε ἄνακτι τραπεζῆες κύνες ἦσαν,
καὶ μὲν τῶν ἐνέβαλλε πυρῇ δύο δειροτομήσας,
δώδεκα δὲ Τρώων μεγαθύμων υἱέας ἐσθλοὺς
χαλκῷ δηϊόων· κακὰ δὲ φρεσὶ μήδετο ἔργα·
ἐν δὲ πυρὸς μένος ἧκε σιδήρεον, ὄφρα νέμοιτο.
ᾤμωξέν τ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα, φίλον δ' ὀνόμηνεν ἑταῖρον·
"χαῖρέ μοι, ὦ Πάτροκλε, καὶ εἰν 'Αΐδαο δόμοισι·
πάντα γὰρ ἤδη τοι τελέω τὰ πάροιθεν ὑπέστην.
δώδεκα μὲν Τρώων μεγαθύμων υἱέας ἐσθλοὺς

Atreus—for to thy words as to those of none other will the host of the Achaeans give heed—of lamenting they may verily take their fill, but for this present disperse them from the pyre, and bid them make ready their meal; for all things here we to whom the dead is nearest and dearest will take due care; and with us let the chieftains also abide."

Then when the king of men Agamemnon heard this word, he forthwith dispersed the folk amid the shapely ships, but they that were nearest and dearest to the dead abode there, and heaped up the wood, and made a pyre of an hundred feet this way and that, and on the topmost part thereof they set the dead man, their hearts sorrow-laden. And many goodly sheep and many sleek kine of shambling gait they flayed and dressed before the pyre: and from them all great-souled Achilles gathered the fat, and enfolded the dead therein from head to foot, and about him heaped the flayed bodies. And thereon he set two-handled jars of honey and oil, leaning them against the bier; and four horses with high-arched necks he cast swiftly upon the pyre, groaning aloud the while. Nine dogs had the prince, that fed beneath his table, and of these did Achilles cut the throats of twain, and cast them upon the pyre. And twelve valiant sons of the great-souled Trojans slew he with the bronze—and grim was the work he purposed in his heart—and thereto he set the iron might of fire, to range at large. Then he uttered a groan, and called on his dear comrade by name: "Hail, I bid thee, O Patroclus, even in the house of Hades, for now am I bringing all to pass, which aforetime I promised thee. Twelve valiant sons of the great-

τοὺς ἅμα σοὶ πάντας πῦρ ἐσθίει· Ἕκτορα δ' οὔ τι
δώσω Πριαμίδην πυρὶ δαπτέμεν, ἀλλὰ κύνεσσιν."
Ὣς φάτ' ἀπειλήσας· τὸν δ' οὐ κύνες ἀμφεπένοντο,
ἀλλὰ κύνας μὲν ἄλαλκε Διὸς θυγάτηρ Ἀφροδίτη
ἤματα καὶ νύκτας, ῥοδόεντι δὲ χρῖεν ἐλαίῳ
ἀμβροσίῳ, ἵνα μή μιν ἀποδρύφοι ἑλκυστάζων.
τῷ δ' ἐπὶ κυάνεον νέφος ἤγαγε Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων
οὐρανόθεν πεδίονδε, κάλυψε δὲ χῶρον ἅπαντα
ὅσσον ἐπεῖχε νέκυς, μὴ πρὶν μένος ἠελίοιο
σκήλει' ἀμφὶ περὶ χρόα ἴνεσιν ἠδὲ μέλεσσιν.
Οὐδὲ πυρὴ Πατρόκλου ἐκαίετο τεθνηῶτος·
ἔνθ' αὖτ' ἄλλ' ἐνόησε ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς·
στὰς ἀπάνευθε πυρῆς δοιοῖς ἠρᾶτ' ἀνέμοισι,
Βορέῃ καὶ Ζεφύρῳ, καὶ ὑπίσχετο ἱερὰ καλά·
πολλὰ δὲ καὶ σπένδων χρυσέῳ δέπαϊ λιτάνευεν
ἐλθέμεν, ὄφρα τάχιστα πυρὶ φλεγεθοίατο νεκροί,
ὕλη τε σεύαιτο καήμεναι. ὦκα δὲ Ἶρις
ἀράων ἀΐουσα μετάγγελος ἦλθ' ἀνέμοισιν·
οἱ μὲν ἄρα Ζεφύροιο δυσαέος ἀθρόοι ἔνδον
εἰλαπίνην δαίνυντο· θέουσα δὲ Ἶρις ἐπέστη
βηλῷ ἔπι λιθέῳ. τοὶ δ' ὡς ἴδον ὀφθαλμοῖσι,
πάντες ἀνήϊξαν, κάλεόν τέ μιν εἰς ἓ ἕκαστος·
ἡ δ' αὖθ' ἕζεσθαι μὲν ἀνήνατο, εἶπε δὲ μῦθον·
"οὐχ ἕδος· εἶμι γὰρ αὖτις ἐπ' Ὠκεανοῖο ῥέεθρα,
Αἰθιόπων ἐς γαῖαν, ὅθι ῥέζουσ' ἑκατόμβας
ἀθανάτοις, ἵνα δὴ καὶ ἐγὼ μεταδαίσομαι ἱρῶν.
ἀλλ' Ἀχιλεὺς Βορέην ἠδὲ Ζέφυρον κελαδεινὸν

souled Trojans, lo all these together with thee the flame devoureth; but Hector, son of Priam, will I nowise give to the fire to feed upon, but to dogs."

So spake he threatening, but with Hector might no dogs deal; nay, the daughter of Zeus, Aphrodite, kept dogs from him by day alike and by night, and with oil anointed she him, rose-sweet, ambrosial, to the end that Achilles might not tear him as he dragged him. And over him Phoebus Apollo drew a dark cloud from heaven to the plain, and covered all the place whereon the dead man lay, lest ere the time the might of the sun should shrivel his flesh round about on his sinews and limbs.

Howbeit the pyre of dead Patroclus kindled not. Then again did swift-footed goodly Achilles take other counsel; he took his stand apart from the pyre, and made prayer to the two winds, to the North Wind and the West Wind, and promised fair offerings, and full earnestly, as he poured libations from a cup of gold, he besought them to come, to the end that the corpses might speedily blaze with fire, and the wood make haste to be kindled. Then forthwith Iris heard his prayer, and hied her with the message to the winds. They in the house of the fierce-blowing West Wind were feasting all together at the banquet, and Iris halted from her running on the threshold of stone. Soon as their eyes beheld her, they all sprang up and called her each one to himself. But she refused to sit, and spake saying: "I may not sit, for I must go back unto the streams of Oceanus, unto the land of the Ethiopians, where they are sacrificing hecatombs to the immortals, that I too may share in the sacred feast. But Achilles prayeth the North Wind and the noisy West Wind to come,

ἐλθεῖν ἀρᾶται, καὶ ὑπίσχεται ἱερὰ καλά,
ὄφρα πυρὴν ὄρσητε καήμεναι, ᾗ ἔνι κεῖται
Πάτροκλος, τὸν πάντες ἀναστενάχουσιν Ἀχαιοί."
Ἡ μὲν ἄρ' ὣς εἰποῦσ' ἀπεβήσετο, τοὶ δ' ὀρέοντο
ἠχῇ θεσπεσίῃ, νέφεα κλονέοντε πάροιθεν.
αἶψα δὲ πόντον ἵκανον ἀήμεναι, ὦρτο δὲ κῦμα
πνοιῇ ὕπο λιγυρῇ· Τροίην δ' ἐρίβωλον ἱκέσθην,
ἐν δὲ πυρῇ πεσέτην, μέγα δ' ἴαχε θεσπιδαὲς πῦρ.
παννύχιοι δ' ἄρα τοί γε πυρῆς ἄμυδις φλόγ' ἔβαλλον,
φυσῶντες λιγέως· ὁ δὲ πάννυχος ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεὺς
χρυσέου ἐκ κρητῆρος, ἑλὼν[1] δέπας ἀμφικύπελλον,
οἶνον ἀφυσσόμενος χαμάδις χέε, δεῦε δὲ γαῖαν,
ψυχὴν κικλήσκων Πατροκλῆος δειλοῖο.
ὡς δὲ πατὴρ οὗ παιδὸς ὀδύρεται ὀστέα καίων,
νυμφίου, ὅς τε θανὼν δειλοὺς ἀκάχησε τοκῆας,
ὣς Ἀχιλεὺς ἑτάροιο ὀδύρετο ὀστέα καίων,
ἑρπύζων παρὰ πυρκαϊήν, ἁδινὰ στεναχίζων.
Ἦμος δ' ἑωσφόρος εἶσι φόως ἐρέων ἐπὶ γαῖαν,
ὅν τε μέτα κροκόπεπλος ὑπεὶρ ἅλα κίδναται ἠώς,
τῆμος πυρκαϊὴ ἐμαραίνετο, παύσατο δὲ φλόξ.
οἱ δ' ἄνεμοι πάλιν αὖτις ἔβαν οἶκόνδε νέεσθαι
Θρηΐκιον κατὰ πόντον· ὁ δ' ἔστενεν οἴδματι θύων·
Πηλεΐδης δ' ἀπὸ πυρκαϊῆς ἑτέρωσε λιασθεὶς
κλίνθη κεκμηώς, ἐπὶ δὲ γλυκὺς ὕπνος ὄρουσεν·
οἱ δ' ἀμφ' Ἀτρεΐωνα ἀολλέες ἠγερέθοντο·
τῶν μιν ἐπερχομένων ὅμαδος καὶ δοῦπος ἔγειρεν,
ἕζετο δ' ὀρθωθεὶς καί σφεας πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν·

[1] ἑλὼν: ἔχων.

and promiseth them fair offerings, that so ye may rouse the pyre to burn whereon lieth Patroclus, for whom all the Achaeans groan aloud."

When she had thus spoken, she departed, and they arose with a wondrous din, driving the clouds tumultuously before them. And swiftly they came to the sea to blow thereon, and the wave swelled beneath the shrill blast; and they came to deep-soiled Troy-land, and fell upon the pyre, and mightily roared the wondrous-blazing fire. So the whole night long as with one blast they beat upon the flame of the pyre, blowing shrill; and the whole night long swift Achilles, taking a two-handled cup in hand, drew wine from a golden bowl and poured it upon the earth, and wetted the ground, calling ever upon the spirit of hapless Patroclus. As a father waileth for his son, as he burneth his bones, a son newly wed whose death hath brought woe to his hapless parents, even so wailed Achilles for his comrade as he burned his bones, going heavily about the pyre with ceaseless groaning.

But at the hour when the star of morning goeth forth to herald light over the face of the earth—the star after which followeth saffron-robed Dawn and spreadeth over the sea—even then grew the burning faint, and the flame thereof died down. And the winds went back again to return to their home over the Thracian sea, and it roared with surging flood. Then the son of Peleus withdrew apart from the burning pyre, and laid him down sore-wearied; and sweet sleep leapt upon him. But they that were with the son of Atreus gathered in a throng, and the noise and din of their oncoming aroused him; and he sat upright and spake to them saying: "Son of

"Ἀτρεΐδη τε καὶ ἄλλοι ἀριστῆες Παναχαιῶν,
πρῶτον μὲν κατὰ πυρκαϊὴν σβέσατ' αἴθοπι οἴνῳ
πᾶσαν, ὁπόσσον ἐπέσχε πυρὸς μένος· αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα
ὀστέα Πατρόκλοιο Μενοιτιάδαο λέγωμεν
εὖ διαγιγνώσκοντες· ἀριφραδέα δὲ τέτυκται·
ἐν μέσσῃ γὰρ ἔκειτο πυρῇ, τοὶ δ' ἄλλοι ἄνευθεν
ἐσχατιῇ καίοντ' ἐπιμὶξ ἵπποι τε καὶ ἄνδρες.
καὶ τὰ μὲν ἐν χρυσέῃ φιάλῃ καὶ δίπλακι δημῷ
θείομεν, εἰς ὅ κεν αὐτὸς ἐγὼν Ἄϊδι κεύθωμαι.[1]
τύμβον δ' οὐ μάλα πολλὸν ἐγὼ πονέεσθαι ἄνωγα,
ἀλλ' ἐπιεικέα τοῖον· ἔπειτα δὲ καὶ τὸν Ἀχαιοὶ
εὐρύν θ' ὑψηλόν τε τιθήμεναι, οἵ κεν ἐμεῖο
δεύτεροι ἐν νήεσσι πολυκλήϊσι λίπησθε."
Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἐπίθοντο ποδώκεϊ Πηλεΐωνι.
πρῶτον μὲν κατὰ πυρκαϊὴν σβέσαν αἴθοπι οἴνῳ,
ὅσσον ἐπὶ φλὸξ ἦλθε, βαθεῖα δὲ κάππεσε τέφρη·
κλαίοντες δ' ἑτάροιο ἐνηέος ὀστέα λευκὰ
ἄλλεγον ἐς χρυσέην φιάλην καὶ δίπλακα δημόν,
ἐν κλισίῃσι δὲ θέντες ἑανῷ λιτὶ κάλυψαν·
τορνώσαντο δὲ σῆμα θεμείλιά τε προβάλοντο
ἀμφὶ πυρήν· εἶθαρ δὲ χυτὴν ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἔχευαν,
χεύαντες δὲ τὸ σῆμα πάλιν κίον. αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς
αὐτοῦ λαὸν ἔρυκε καὶ ἵζανεν εὐρὺν ἀγῶνα,
νηῶν δ' ἔκφερ' ἄεθλα, λέβητάς τε τρίποδάς τε[2]
ἵππους θ' ἡμιόνους τε βοῶν τ' ἴφθιμα κάρηνα,
ἠδὲ γυναῖκας ἐϋζώνους πολιόν τε σίδηρον.
Ἱππεῦσιν μὲν πρῶτα ποδώκεσιν ἀγλά' ἄεθλα
θῆκε γυναῖκα ἄγεσθαι ἀμύμονα ἔργα ἰδυῖαν

[1] κεύθωμαι: κλεύθωμαι Aristarchus.
[2] Lines 259-261 were rejected by Aristophanes and Aristarchus.

Atreus, and ye other princes of the hosts of Achaea, first quench ye with flaming wine the burning pyre, even all whereon the might of the fire hath come, and thereafter let us gather the bones of Patroclus, Menoetius' son, singling them out well from the rest; and easy they are to discern, for he lay in the midst of the pyre, while the others burned apart on the edges thereof, horses and men mingled together. Then let us place the bones in a golden urn wrapped in a double layer of fat, until such time as I myself be hidden in Hades. Howbeit no huge barrow do I bid you rear with toil for him, but such a one only as beseemeth; but in aftertime do ye Achaeans build it broad and high, ye that shall be left amid the benched ships when I am gone."

So spake he, and they hearkened to the swift-footed son of Peleus. First they quenched with flaming wine the pyre, so far as the flame had come upon it, and the ash had settled deep; and with weeping they gathered up the white bones of their gentle comrade into a golden urn, and wrapped them in a double layer of fat, and placing the urn in the hut they covered it with a soft linen cloth. Then they traced the compass of the barrow and set forth the foundations thereof round about the pyre, and forthwith they piled the up-piled earth. And when they had piled the barrow, they set them to go back again. But Achilles stayed the folk even where they were, and made them to sit in a wide gathering; and from his ships brought forth prizes; cauldrons and tripods and horses and mules and strong oxen and fair-girdled women and grey iron.

For swift charioteers first he set forth goodly prizes, a woman to lead away, one skilled in goodly

καὶ τρίποδ' ὠτώεντα δυωκαιεικοσίμετρον,
τῷ πρώτῳ· ἀτὰρ αὖ τῷ δευτέρῳ ἵππον ἔθηκεν
ἑξέτε' ἀδμήτην, βρέφος ἡμίονον κυέουσαν·
αὐτὰρ τῷ τριτάτῳ ἄπυρον κατέθηκε λέβητα
καλόν, τέσσαρα μέτρα κεχανδότα, λευκὸν ἔτ' αὔτως·
τῷ δὲ τετάρτῳ θῆκε δύω χρυσοῖο τάλαντα,
πέμπτῳ δ' ἀμφίθετον φιάλην ἀπύρωτον ἔθηκε.
στῆ δ' ὀρθὸς καὶ μῦθον ἐν Ἀργείοισιν ἔειπεν·
"Ἀτρεΐδη τε καὶ ἄλλοι ἐϋκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοί,[1]
ἱππῆας τάδ' ἄεθλα δεδεγμένα κεῖτ' ἐν ἀγῶνι.
εἰ μὲν νῦν ἐπὶ ἄλλῳ ἀεθλεύοιμεν Ἀχαιοί,
ἦ τ' ἂν ἐγὼ τὰ πρῶτα λαβὼν κλισίηνδε φεροίμην·
ἴστε γὰρ ὅσσον ἐμοὶ ἀρετῇ περιβάλλετον ἵπποι·
ἀθάνατοί τε γάρ εἰσι, Ποσειδάων δὲ πόρ' αὐτοὺς
πατρὶ ἐμῷ Πηλῆϊ, ὁ δ' αὖτ' ἐμοὶ ἐγγυάλιξεν.
ἀλλ' ἢ τοι μὲν ἐγὼ μενέω καὶ μώνυχες ἵπποι·
τοίου γὰρ κλέος[2] ἐσθλὸν ἀπώλεσαν ἡνιόχοιο,
ἠπίου, ὅς σφωϊν μάλα πολλάκις ὑγρὸν ἔλαιον
χαιτάων κατέχευε, λοέσσας ὕδατι λευκῷ.
τὸν τώ γ' ἑσταότες πενθείετον, οὔδεϊ δέ σφι
χαῖται ἐρηρέδαται, τὼ δ' ἕστατον ἀχνυμένω κῆρ.
ἄλλοι δὲ στέλλεσθε κατὰ στρατόν, ὅς τις Ἀχαιῶν
ἵπποισίν τε πέποιθε καὶ ἅρμασι κολλητοῖσιν."
Ὣς φάτο Πηλεΐδης, ταχέες δ' ἱππῆες ἔγερθεν.[3]
ὦρτο πολὺ πρῶτος μὲν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Εὔμηλος,
Ἀδμήτου φίλος υἱός, ὃς ἱπποσύνῃ ἐκέκαστο·
τῷ δ' ἐπὶ Τυδεΐδης ὦρτο κρατερὸς Διομήδης,
ἵππους δὲ Τρῳοὺς ὕπαγε ζυγόν, οὕς ποτ' ἀπηύρα

[1] ἐϋκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοί: ἀριστῆες Παναχαιῶν.
[2] κλέος: σθένος. [3] ἔγερθεν: ἄγερθεν.

[1] The *μέτρον* is here evidently some definite, if unknown, standard of liquid measurement.

handiwork, and an eared tripod of two and twenty measures[1] for him that should be first; and for the second he appointed a mare of six years, unbroken, with a mule foal in her womb; and for the third he set forth a cauldron untouched of fire, a fair cauldron that held four measures, white even as at the first; and for the fourth he appointed two talents of gold; and for the fifth a two-handled urn, yet untouched of fire. Then he stood up, and spake among the Argives, saying:

"Son of Atreus, and ye other well-greaved Achaeans, for the charioteers these prizes lie waiting in the lists. If for some other's honour we Achaeans were now holding contests, surely it were I that should win the first prize, and bear it to my hut; for ye know how far my horses twain surpass in excellence, seeing they are immortal, and it was Poseidon that gave them to my father Peleus, and he gave them to me. Howbeit I verily will abide, I and my single-hooved horses, so valiant and glorious a charioteer have they lost, and one so kind, who full often would pour upon their manes soft oil when he had washed them in bright water. For him they stand and mourn, and on the ground their manes are trailing, and the twain stand there, grieving at heart. But do ye others make yourselves ready throughout the host, whosoever of the Achaeans hath trust in his horses and his jointed car."

So spake the son of Peleus, and the swift charioteers bestirred them. Upsprang, far the first, Eumelus, king of men, Admetus' dear son, a man well-skilled in horsemanship; and after him upsprang Tydeus' son, mighty Diomedes, and led beneath the yoke the horses of Tros, even them that on a time he had

Αἰνείαν, ἀτὰρ αὐτὸν ὑπεξεσάωσεν Ἀπόλλων.
τῷ δ' ἄρ' ἐπ' Ἀτρεΐδης ὦρτο ξανθὸς Μενέλαος
διογενής, ὑπὸ δὲ ζυγὸν ἤγαγεν ὠκέας ἵππους,
Αἴθην τὴν Ἀγαμεμνονέην τὸν ἑόν τε Πόδαργον·
τὴν Ἀγαμέμνονι δῶκ' Ἀγχισιάδης Ἐχέπωλος
δῶρ', ἵνα μή οἱ ἕποιθ' ὑπὸ Ἴλιον ἠνεμόεσσαν,
ἀλλ' αὐτοῦ τέρποιτο μένων· μέγα γάρ οἱ ἔδωκε
Ζεὺς ἄφενος, ναῖεν δ' ὅ γ' ἐν εὐρυχόρῳ Σικυῶνι·
τὴν ὅ γ' ὑπὸ ζυγὸν ἦγε, μέγα δρόμου ἰσχανόωσαν.
Ἀντίλοχος δὲ τέταρτος ἐΰτριχας ὁπλίσαθ' ἵππους,
Νέστορος ἀγλαὸς υἱὸς ὑπερθύμοιο ἄνακτος,
τοῦ Νηληϊάδαο· Πυλοιγενέες δέ οἱ ἵπποι
ὠκύποδες φέρον ἅρμα. πατὴρ δέ οἱ ἄγχι παραστὰς
μυθεῖτ' εἰς ἀγαθὰ φρονέων νοέοντι καὶ αὐτῷ·
"Ἀντίλοχ', ἤ τοι μέν σε νέον περ ἐόντα φίλησαν
Ζεύς τε Ποσειδάων τε, καὶ ἱπποσύνας ἐδίδαξαν
παντοίας· τῶ καί σε διδασκέμεν οὔ τι μάλα χρεώ·
οἶσθα γὰρ εὖ περὶ τέρμαθ' ἑλισσέμεν· ἀλλά τοι ἵπποι
βάρδιστοι θείειν· τῶ τ' οἴω λοίγι' ἔσεσθαι.
τῶν δ' ἵπποι μὲν ἔασιν ἀφάρτεροι, οὐδὲ μὲν αὐτοὶ
πλείονα ἴσασιν σέθεν αὐτοῦ μητίσασθαι.
ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ σύ, φίλος, μῆτιν ἐμβάλλεο θυμῷ
παντοίην, ἵνα μή σε παρεκπροφύγῃσιν ἄεθλα.
μήτι τοι δρυτόμος μέγ' ἀμείνων ἠὲ βίηφι·
μήτι δ' αὖτε κυβερνήτης ἐνὶ οἴνοπι πόντῳ
νῆα θοὴν ἰθύνει ἐρεχθομένην ἀνέμοισι·
μήτι δ' ἡνίοχος περιγίγνεται ἡνιόχοιο.
ἄλλος μέν θ' ἵπποισι καὶ ἅρμασιν οἷσι πεποιθὼς
ἀφραδέως ἐπὶ πολλὸν ἑλίσσεται ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα,

taken from Aeneas, albeit Apollo snatched away Aeneas' self; and after him uprose Atreus' son, fair-haired Menelaus, sprung from Zeus, and led beneath the yoke swift steeds, Aethe, Agamemnon's mare, and his own horse Podargus. The mare had Anchises' son Echepolus given to Agamemnon without price, to the end that he might not follow him to windy Ilios, but might abide at home and take his joy; for great wealth had Zeus given him, and he dwelt in spacious Sicyon: her Menelaus led beneath the yoke, and exceeding fain was she of the race. And fourth Antilochus made ready his fair-maned horses, he the peerless son of Nestor, the king high of heart, the son of Neleus; and bred at Pylos were the swift-footed horses that drew his car. And his father drew nigh and gave counsel to him for his profit—a wise man to one that himself had knowledge. "Antilochus, for all thou art young, yet have Zeus and Poseidon loved thee and taught thee all manner of horsemanship; wherefore to teach thee is no great need, for thou knowest well how to wheel about the turning-post; yet are thy horses slowest in the race: therefore I deem there will be sorry work for thee. The horses of the others are swifter, but the men know not how to devise more cunning counsel than thine own self. Wherefore come, dear son, lay thou up in thy mind cunning of every sort, to the end that the prizes escape thee not. By cunning, thou knowest, is a woodman far better than by might; by cunning too doth a helmsman on the wine-dark deep guide aright a swift ship that is buffeted by winds; and by cunning doth charioteer prove better than charioteer. Another man, trusting in his horses and car, heedlessly wheeleth wide to this side and that,

ἵπποι δὲ πλανόωνται ἀνὰ δρόμον, οὐδὲ κατίσχει·
ὃς δέ κε κέρδεα εἰδῇ ἐλαύνων ἥσσονας ἵππους,
αἰεὶ τέρμ᾽ ὁρόων στρέφει ἐγγύθεν, οὐδέ ἑ λήθει
ὅππως τὸ πρῶτον τανύσῃ βοέοισιν ἱμᾶσιν,
ἀλλ᾽ ἔχει ἀσφαλέως καὶ τὸν προὔχοντα δοκεύει.
σῆμα δέ τοι ἐρέω μάλ᾽ ἀριφραδές, οὐδέ σε λήσει.
ἕστηκε ξύλον αὖον ὅσον τ᾽ ὄργυι᾽ ὑπὲρ αἴης,
ἢ δρυὸς ἢ πεύκης· τὸ μὲν οὐ καταπύθεται ὄμβρῳ,
λᾶε δὲ τοῦ ἑκάτερθεν ἐρηρέδαται δύο λευκὼ
ἐν ξυνοχῇσιν ὁδοῦ, λεῖος δ᾽ ἱππόδρομος ἀμφίς·
ἤ τευ σῆμα βροτοῖο πάλαι κατατεθνηῶτος,
ἢ τό γε νύσσα τέτυκτο ἐπὶ προτέρων ἀνθρώπων,[1]
καὶ νῦν τέρματ᾽ ἔθηκε ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς.
τῷ σὺ μάλ᾽ ἐγχρίμψας ἐλάαν σχεδὸν ἅρμα καὶ ἵππους,
αὐτὸς δὲ κλινθῆναι ἐϋπλέκτῳ ἐνὶ δίφρῳ
ἦκ᾽ ἐπ᾽ ἀριστερὰ τοῖιν· ἀτὰρ τὸν δεξιὸν ἵππον
κένσαι ὁμοκλήσας, εἶξαί τέ οἱ ἡνία χερσίν.
ἐν νύσσῃ δέ τοι ἵππος ἀριστερὸς ἐγχριμφθήτω,
ὡς ἄν τοι πλήμνη γε δοάσσεται ἄκρον ἱκέσθαι
κύκλου ποιητοῖο· λίθου δ᾽ ἀλέασθαι ἐπαυρεῖν,
μή πως ἵππους τε τρώσῃς κατά θ᾽ ἅρματα ἄξῃς·
χάρμα δὲ τοῖς ἄλλοισιν, ἐλεγχείη δὲ σοὶ αὐτῷ
ἔσσεται· ἀλλά, φίλος, φρονέων πεφυλαγμένος εἶναι.
εἰ γάρ κ᾽ ἐν νύσσῃ γε παρεξελάσῃσθα διώκων,
οὐκ ἔσθ᾽ ὅς κέ σ᾽ ἕλῃσι μετάλμενος οὐδὲ παρέλθῃ,

[1] In the place of lines 332 f. Aristarchus read,
ἠὲ σκῖρος ἔην, νῦν αὖ θέτο τέρματ᾽ Ἀχιλλεύς.

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[1] The meaning seems to be that the cunning driver, instead of allowing his horses to run without control and set their own pace, keeps them constantly in hand, and "stretches" them to just the right degree from the very start.

and his horses roam over the course, neither keepeth he them in hand; whereas he that hath a crafty mind, albeit he drive worse horses, keepeth his eye ever on the turning-post and wheeleth close thereby, neither is unmindful how at the first to force his horses with the ox-hide reins,[1] but keepeth them ever in hand, and watcheth the man that leadeth him in the race. Now will I tell thee a manifest sign that will not escape thee. There standeth, as it were a fathom's height above the ground, a dry stump, whether of oak or of pine, which rotteth not in the rain, and two white stones on either side thereof are firmly set against it at the joinings of the course, and about it is smooth ground for driving. Haply it is a monument of some man long ago dead, or haply was made the turning-post of a race in days of men of old; and now hath swift-footed goodly Achilles appointed it his turning-post. Pressing hard thereon do thou drive close thy chariot and horses, and thyself lean in thy well-plaited[2] car a little to the left of the pair, and to the off horse do thou give the goad, calling to him with a shout, and give him rein from thy hand. But to the post let the near horse draw close, that the nave of the well-wrought wheel seem to graze the surface thereof—but be thou ware of touching the stone, lest haply thou wound thy horses and wreck thy car; so should there be joy for the rest, but reproach for thyself. Nay, dear son, be thou wise and on thy guard; for if at the turning-post thou shalt drive past the rest in thy course, there is no man that shall catch thee by a burst of speed, neither pass thee by, nay, not

[2] That the platform on which the charioteer and warrior stood in the Homeric chariot was plaited of thongs appears from v. 727 f.

οὐδ' εἴ κεν μετόπισθεν Ἀρίονα δῖον ἐλαύνοι,
Ἀδρήστου ταχὺν ἵππον, ὃς ἐκ θεόφιν γένος ἦεν,
ἢ τοὺς Λαομέδοντος, οἳ ἐνθάδε γ' ἔτραφεν ἐσθλοί."
"Ὣς εἰπὼν Νέστωρ Νηλήϊος ἂψ ἐνὶ χώρῃ
ἕζετ', ἐπεὶ ᾧ παιδὶ ἑκάστου πείρατ' ἔειπε.
Μηριόνης δ' ἄρα πέμπτος ἐΰτριχας ὡπλίσαθ' ἵππους.
ἂν δ' ἔβαν ἐς δίφρους, ἐν δὲ κλήρους ἐβάλοντο·
πάλλ' Ἀχιλεύς, ἐκ δὲ κλῆρος θόρε Νεστορίδαο
Ἀντιλόχου· μετὰ τὸν δὲ λάχε κρείων Εὔμηλος·
τῷ δ' ἄρ' ἐπ' Ἀτρεΐδης, δουρικλειτὸς Μενέλαος,
τῷ δ' ἐπὶ Μηριόνης λάχ' ἐλαυνέμεν· ὕστατος αὖτε
Τυδεΐδης ὄχ' ἄριστος ἐὼν λάχ' ἐλαυνέμεν ἵππους.
στὰν δὲ μεταστοιχί, σήμηνε δὲ τέρματ' Ἀχιλλεὺς
τηλόθεν ἐν λείῳ πεδίῳ· παρὰ δὲ σκοπὸν εἷσεν
ἀντίθεον Φοίνικα, ὀπάονα πατρὸς ἑοῖο,
ὡς μεμνέῳτο δρόμου[1] καὶ ἀληθείην ἀποείποι.
Οἱ δ' ἅμα πάντες ἐφ' ἵπποιιν μάστιγας ἄειραν,
πέπληγόν θ' ἱμᾶσιν, ὁμόκλησάν τ' ἐπέεσσιν
ἐσσυμένως· οἱ δ' ὦκα διέπρησσον πεδίοιο
νόσφι νεῶν ταχέως· ὑπὸ δὲ στέρνοισι κονίη
ἵστατ' ἀειρομένη ὥς τε νέφος ἠὲ θύελλα,
χαῖται δ' ἐρρώοντο μετὰ πνοιῇς ἀνέμοιο.
ἅρματα δ' ἄλλοτε μὲν χθονὶ πίλνατο πουλυβοτείρῃ,
ἄλλοτε δ' ἀΐξασκε μετήορα· τοὶ δ' ἐλατῆρες
ἕστασαν ἐν δίφροισι, πάτασσε δὲ θυμὸς ἑκάστου
νίκης ἱεμένων· κέκλοντο δὲ οἷσιν ἕκαστος
ἵπποις, οἱ δ' ἐπέτοντο κονίοντες πεδίοιο.
Ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ πύματον τέλεον δρόμον ὠκέες ἵπποι
ἂψ ἐφ' ἁλὸς πολιῆς, τότε δὴ ἀρετή γε ἑκάστου

[1] δρόμου: δρόμους Aristarchus.

though in pursuit he were driving goodly Arion, the swift horse of Adrastus, that was of heavenly stock, or those of Laomedon, the goodly breed of this land."

So saying Nestor, son of Neleus, sate him down again in his place, when he had told his son the sum of every matter.

And fifth Meriones made ready his fair-maned horses. Then they mounted their cars, and cast in the lots; and Achilles shook them, and forth leapt the lot of Nestor's son, Antilochus; after him had the lord Eumelus a place, and next to him Atreus' son, Menelaus, famed for his spear, and next to him Meriones drew his place; and last of all the son of Tydeus, albeit far the best, drew a place for his chariot. Then took they their places in a row, and Achilles shewed them the turning-post afar off in the smooth plain; and thereby he set as an umpire godlike Phoenix, his father's follower, that he might mark the running and tell the truth thereof.

Then they all at one moment lifted the lash each above his yoke of horses, and smote them with the reins, and called to them with words, full eagerly; and forthwith they sped swiftly over the plain away from the ships; and beneath their breasts the dust arose and stood, as it were a cloud or a whirlwind, and their manes streamed on the blasts of the wind. And the chariots would now course over the bounteous earth, and now again would bound on high; and they that drave stood in the cars, and each man's heart was athrob as they strove for victory; and they called every man to his horses, that flew in the dust over the plain.

But when now the swift horses were fulfilling the last stretch of the course, back toward the grey sea,

φαίνετ᾽, ἄφαρ δ᾽ ἵπποισι τάθη δρόμος· ὦκα δ᾽ ἔπειτα
αἱ Φηρητιάδαο ποδώκεες ἔκφερον ἵπποι.
τὰς δὲ μετ᾽ ἐξέφερον Διομήδεος ἄρσενες ἵπποι,
Τρώϊοι, οὐδέ τι πολλὸν ἄνευθ᾽ ἔσαν, ἀλλὰ μάλ᾽ ἐγγύς·
αἰεὶ γὰρ δίφρου ἐπιβησομένοισιν ἐΐκτην,
πνοιῇ δ᾽ Εὐμήλοιο μετάφρενον εὐρέε τ᾽ ὤμω
θέρμετ᾽· ἐπ᾽ αὐτῷ γὰρ κεφαλὰς καταθέντε πετέσθην.
καί νύ κεν ἢ παρέλασσ᾽ ἢ ἀμφήριστον ἔθηκεν,
εἰ μὴ Τυδέος υἷϊ κοτέσσατο Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων,
ὅς ῥά οἱ ἐκ χειρῶν ἔβαλεν μάστιγα φαεινήν.
τοῖο δ᾽ ἀπ᾽ ὀφθαλμῶν χύτο δάκρυα χωομένοιο,
οὕνεκα τὰς μὲν ὅρα ἔτι καὶ πολὺ μᾶλλον ἰούσας,
οἱ δ᾽ ἑοὶ ἐβλάφθησαν ἄνευ κέντροιο θέοντες.
οὐδ᾽ ἄρ᾽ Ἀθηναίην ἐλεφηράμενος λάθ᾽ Ἀπόλλων
Τυδεΐδην, μάλα δ᾽ ὦκα μετέσσυτο ποιμένα λαῶν,
δῶκε δέ οἱ μάστιγα, μένος δ᾽ ἵπποισιν ἐνῆκεν·
ἡ δὲ μετ᾽ Ἀδμήτου υἱὸν κοτέουσα βεβήκει,
ἵππειον δέ οἱ ἦξε θεὰ ζυγόν· αἱ δέ οἱ ἵπποι
ἀμφὶς ὁδοῦ δραμέτην, ῥυμὸς δ᾽ ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἐλύσθη.
αὐτὸς δ᾽ ἐκ δίφροιο παρὰ τροχὸν ἐξεκυλίσθη,
ἀγκῶνάς τε περιδρύφθη στόμα τε ῥῖνάς τε,
θρυλίχθη δὲ μέτωπον ἐπ᾽ ὀφρύσι· τὼ δέ οἱ ὄσσε
δακρυόφι πλῆσθεν, θαλερὴ δέ οἱ ἔσχετο φωνή.
Τυδεΐδης δὲ παρατρέψας ἔχε μώνυχας ἵππους,
πολλὸν τῶν ἄλλων ἐξάλμενος· ἐν γὰρ Ἀθήνη
ἵπποις ἧκε μένος καὶ ἐπ᾽ αὐτῷ κῦδος ἔθηκε.
τῷ δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἐπ᾽ Ἀτρεΐδης εἶχε ξανθὸς Μενέλαος.

[1] *i.e.* Eumelus, strictly the grandson of Pheres, but the patronymic is often thus used.

then verily was made manifest the worth of each, and the pace of their horses was forced to the uttermost. And forthwith the swift-footed mares of the son of Pheres [1] shot to the front, and after them Diomedes' stallions of the breed of Tros; not far behind were they, but close behind, for they seemed ever like to mount upon Eumelus' car, and with their breath his back waxed warm and his broad shoulders, for right over him did they lean their heads as they flew along. And now would Tydeus' son have passed him by or left the issue in doubt, had not Phoebus Apollo waxed wroth with him and smitten from his hand the shining lash. Then from his eyes ran tears in his wrath for that he saw the mares coursing even far swiftlier still than before, while his own horses were hampered, as running without goad. But Athene was not unaware of Apollo's cheating of the son of Tydeus, and right swiftly sped she after the shepherd of the host, and gave him back the lash and put strength into his horses. Then in wrath was she gone after the son of Admetus, and the goddess brake the yoke of his steeds, and to his cost the mares swerved to this side and that of the course, and the pole was swung to the earth; and Eumelus himself was hurled from out the car beside the wheel, and from his elbows and his mouth and nose the skin was stripped, and his forehead above his brows was bruised; and both his eyes were filled with tears and the flow of his voice was checked. Then Tydeus' son turned his single-hooved horses aside and drave on, darting out far in advance of the rest; for Athene put strength in his horses and gave glory to himself. And after him drave the son of Atreus, fair-haired Menelaus. But Antilochus called

'Αντίλοχος δ' ἵπποισιν ἐκέκλετο πατρὸς ἑοῖο·
"ἔμβητον καὶ σφῶϊ· τιταίνετον ὅττι τάχιστα.
ἤ τοι μὲν κείνοισιν ἐριζέμεν οὔ τι κελεύω,
Τυδεΐδεω ἵπποισι δαΐφρονος, οἷσιν 'Αθήνη[1]
νῦν ὤρεξε τάχος καὶ ἐπ' αὐτῷ κῦδος ἔθηκεν·
ἵππους δ' 'Ατρεΐδαο κιχάνετε, μηδὲ λίπησθον,
καρπαλίμως, μὴ σφῶϊν ἐλεγχείην καταχεύῃ
Αἴθη θῆλυς ἐοῦσα· τί ἦ λείπεσθε, φέριστοι;
ὧδε γὰρ ἐξερέω, καὶ μὴν τετελεσμένον ἔσται·
οὐ σφῶϊν κομιδὴ παρὰ Νέστορι ποιμένι λαῶν
ἔσσεται, αὐτίκα δ' ὔμμε κατακτενεῖ ὀξέϊ χαλκῷ,
αἴ κ' ἀποκηδήσαντε φερώμεθα χεῖρον ἄεθλον.
ἀλλ' ἐφομαρτεῖτον καὶ σπεύδετον ὅττι τάχιστα·
ταῦτα δ' ἐγὼν αὐτὸς τεχνήσομαι ἠδὲ νοήσω,
στεινωπῷ ἐν ὁδῷ παραδύμεναι, οὐδέ με λήσει."
Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δὲ ἄνακτος ὑποδείσαντες ὁμοκλὴν
μᾶλλον ἐπιδραμέτην ὀλίγον χρόνον· αἶψα δ' ἔπειτα
στεῖνος ὁδοῦ κοίλης ἴδεν 'Αντίλοχος μενεχάρμης.
ῥωχμὸς ἔην γαίης, ᾗ χειμέριον ἀλὲν ὕδωρ
ἐξέρρηξεν ὁδοῖο, βάθυνε δὲ χῶρον ἅπαντα·[2]
τῇ ῥ' εἶχεν Μενέλαος ἁματροχιὰς ἀλεείνων.
'Αντίλοχος δὲ παρατρέψας ἔχε μώνυχας ἵππους
ἐκτὸς ὁδοῦ, ὀλίγον δὲ παρακλίνας ἐδίωκεν.
'Ατρεΐδης δ' ἔδδεισε καὶ 'Αντιλόχῳ ἐγεγώνει·
"'Αντίλοχ', ἀφραδέως ἱππάζεαι· ἀλλ' ἄνεχ' ἵππους·
στεινωπὸς γὰρ ὁδός, τάχα δ' εὐρυτέρη παρελάσσαι·
μή πως ἀμφοτέρους δηλήσεαι ἅρματι κύρσας."

[1] Lines 405 f. were rejected by Aristarchus.
[2] ἅπαντα: ἔνερθεν.

to the horses of his father: "Go in now, ye twain as well; strain to your utmost speed. With yon steeds verily I nowise bid you strive, with the horses of wise-hearted Tydeus to the which Athene hath now given speed and vouchsafed glory to him that driveth them. But the horses of the son of Atreus do ye overtake with speed, and be not outstripped of them, lest shame be shed on you by Aethe that is but a mare. Why are ye outstripped, good steeds? For thus will I speak out to you, and verily it shall be brought to pass: no tendance shall there be for you twain with Nestor, the shepherd of the host, but forthwith will he slay you with the sharp bronze, if through your heedlessness we win but a worse prize. Nay, have after them with all speed ye may, and this will I myself contrive and plan, that we slip past them in the narrow way; it shall not escape me."

So spake he, and they, seized with fear at the rebuke of their master, ran swiftlier on for a little time, and then quickly did Antilochus, staunch in fight, espy a narrow place in the hollow road. A rift there was in the ground, where the water, swollen by winter rains, had broken away a part of the road and had hollowed all the place. There drave Menelaus in hope that none other might drive abreast of him. But Antilochus turned aside his single-hooved horses, and drave on outside the track, and followed after him, a little at one side. And the son of Atreus was seized with fear, and shouted to Antilochus: "Antilochus, thou art driving recklessly; nay, rein in thy horses! Here is the way straitened, but presently it will be wider for passing; lest haply thou work harm to us both by fouling my car."

Ὣς ἔφατ', Ἀντίλοχος δ' ἔτι καὶ πολὺ μᾶλλον ἔλαυνε
κέντρῳ ἐπισπέρχων, ὡς οὐκ ἀΐοντι ἐοικώς.
ὅσσα δὲ δίσκου οὖρα κατωμαδίοιο πέλονται,
ὅν τ' αἰζηὸς ἀφῆκεν ἀνὴρ πειρώμενος ἥβης,
τόσσον ἐπιδραμέτην· αἱ δ' ἠρώησαν ὀπίσσω
Ἀτρεΐδεω· αὐτὸς γὰρ ἑκὼν μεθέηκεν ἐλαύνειν,
μή πως συγκύρσειαν ὁδῷ ἔνι μώνυχες ἵπποι,
δίφρους τ' ἀνστρέψειαν ἐϋπλεκέας, κατὰ δ' αὐτοὶ
ἐν κονίῃσι πέσοιεν ἐπειγόμενοι περὶ νίκης.
τὸν καὶ νεικείων προσέφη ξανθὸς Μενέλαος·
"Ἀντίλοχ', οὔ τις σεῖο βροτῶν ὀλοώτερος ἄλλος·
ἔρρ', ἐπεὶ οὔ σ' ἔτυμόν γε φάμεν πεπνῦσθαι Ἀχαιοί.
ἀλλ' οὐ μὰν οὐδ' ὧς ἄτερ ὅρκου οἴσῃ ἄεθλον."[1]
Ὣς εἰπὼν ἵπποισιν ἐκέκλετο φώνησέν τε·
"μή μοι ἐρύκεσθον μηδ' ἕστατον ἀχνυμένω κῆρ.
φθήσονται τούτοισι πόδες καὶ γοῦνα καμόντα
ἢ ὑμῖν· ἄμφω γὰρ ἀτέμβονται νεότητος."
Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δὲ ἄνακτος ὑποδδείσαντες ὁμοκλὴν
μᾶλλον ἐπιδραμέτην, τάχα δέ σφισιν ἄγχι γένοντο.
Ἀργεῖοι δ' ἐν ἀγῶνι καθήμενοι εἰσορόωντο
ἵππους· τοὶ δ' ἐπέτοντο κονίοντες πεδίοιο.
πρῶτος δ' Ἰδομενεὺς Κρητῶν ἀγὸς ἐφράσαθ' ἵππους·
ἧστο γὰρ ἐκτὸς ἀγῶνος ὑπέρτατος ἐν περιωπῇ·
τοῖο δ' ἄνευθεν ἐόντος ὁμοκλητῆρος ἀκούσας
ἔγνω, φράσσατο δ' ἵππον ἀριπρεπέα προὔχοντα,
ὃς τὸ μὲν ἄλλο τόσον φοῖνιξ ἦν, ἐν δὲ μετώπῳ
λευκὸν σῆμα τέτυκτο περίτροχον ἠΰτε μήνη.
στῆ δ' ὀρθὸς καὶ μῦθον ἐν Ἀργείοισιν ἔειπεν·

[1] Without giving an oath, *i.e.* that he had used no trickery in the race; *cf.* 585. This of course Antilochus could not do.

So spake he, but Antilochus drave on even the more hotly, and plied the goad, as he were one that heard not. And far as is the range of a discus swung from the shoulder, which a young man hurleth, making trial of his strength, even so far ran they on; but the mares of the son of Atreus gave back, for of his own will he forbare to urge them, lest haply the single-hooved horses should clash together in the track, and overturn the well-plaited cars, and themselves be hurled in the dust in their eager haste for victory. Then fair-haired Menelaus chid Antilochus, and said: "Antilochus, than thou is none other of mortals more malicious. Go, and perdition take thee, since falsely did we Achaeans deem thee wise. Howbeit even so shalt thou not bear off the prize without an oath."[1]

So said he, and called to his horses, saying: "Hold not back, I bid you, neither stand ye still with grief at heart. Their feet and knees will grow weary before yours, for they both are lacking in youth."

So spake he, and they, seized with fear at the rebuke of their master, ran swiftlier on, and quickly came close anigh the others.

But the Argives sitting in the place of gathering were gazing at the horses, that flew amid the dust over the plain. And the first to mark them was Idomeneus, leader of the Cretans, for he sat without the gathering, the highest of all, in a place of outlook, and when he heard the voice of him that shouted, albeit afar off, he knew it; and he was ware of a horse, shewing clear to view in front, one that was a bay all the rest of him, but on his forehead was a white spot round like the moon. And he stood up, and spake among the Argives saying: "My friends,

"ὦ φίλοι, Ἀργείων ἡγήτορες ἠδὲ μέδοντες,
οἶος ἐγὼν ἵππους αὐγάζομαι ἦε καὶ ὑμεῖς;
ἄλλοι μοι δοκέουσι παροίτεροι ἔμμεναι ἵπποι,
ἄλλος δ' ἡνίοχος ἰνδάλλεται· αἱ δέ που αὐτοῦ
ἔβλαβεν ἐν πεδίῳ, αἳ κεῖσέ γε φέρτεραι ἦσαν·
ἦ τοι γὰρ τὰς πρῶτα ἴδον περὶ τέρμα βαλούσας,
νῦν δ' οὔ πῃ δύναμαι ἰδέειν, πάντῃ δέ μοι ὄσσε
Τρωϊκὸν ἂμ πεδίον παπταίνετον εἰσορόωντι.
ἠὲ τὸν ἡνίοχον φύγον ἡνία, οὐδὲ δυνάσθη
εὖ σχεθέειν περὶ τέρμα, καὶ οὐκ ἐτύχησεν ἑλίξας·
ἔνθα μιν ἐκπεσέειν ὀΐω σύν θ' ἅρματα ἆξαι,
αἱ δ' ἐξηρώησαν, ἐπεὶ μένος ἔλλαβε θυμόν.
ἀλλὰ ἴδεσθε καὶ ὔμμες ἀνασταδόν· οὐ γὰρ ἐγώ γε
εὖ διαγιγνώσκω· δοκέει δέ μοι ἔμμεναι ἀνὴρ
Αἰτωλὸς γενεήν, μετὰ δ' Ἀργείοισιν ἀνάσσει,[1]
Τυδέος ἱπποδάμου υἱός, κρατερὸς Διομήδης."
Τὸν δ' αἰσχρῶς ἐνένιπεν Ὀϊλῆος ταχὺς Αἴας·
"Ἰδομενεῦ, τί πάρος λαβρεύεαι; αἱ δ' ἔτ' ἄνευθεν
ἵπποι ἀερσίποδες πολέος πεδίοιο δίενται.
οὔτε νεώτατός ἐσσι μετ' Ἀργείοισι τοσοῦτον,
οὔτε τοι ὀξύτατον κεφαλῆς ἐκ δέρκεται ὄσσε·
ἀλλ' αἰεὶ μύθοις λαβρεύεαι· οὐδέ τί σε χρὴ
λαβραγόρην ἔμεναι· πάρα γὰρ καὶ ἀμείνονες ἄλλοι.[2]
ἵπποι δ' αὐταὶ ἔασι παροίτεραι, αἳ τὸ πάρος περ,
Εὐμήλου, ἐν δ' αὐτὸς ἔχων εὔληρα βέβηκε."
Τὸν δὲ χολωσάμενος Κρητῶν ἀγὸς ἀντίον ηὔδα·
"Αἶαν, νεῖκος ἄριστε, κακοφραδές, ἄλλα τε πάντα

[1] Line 471 was rejected by Aristarchus.
[2] Line 479 was rejected by Aristarchus.

leaders and rulers of the Argives, is it I alone that discern the horses, or do ye as well? Other are they, meseemeth, that be now in front, and other is the charioteer that appeareth; and the mares will have come to harm out yonder on the plain, they that were in front on the outward course. For in truth I marked them sweeping first about the turning-post, but now can I nowhere spy them, though mine eyes glance everywhither over the Trojan plain, as I gaze. Did the reins haply slip from the charioteer, and was he unable to guide the course aright about the post, and did he fail in the turn? Even there, methinks, must he have been hurled to earth, and have wrecked his car, and the mares must have swerved from the course in wild terror of heart. Howbeit stand ye up also, and look; for myself I discern not clearly, but the man seemeth to me to be an Aetolian by race, and is king among the Argives, even the son of horse-taming Tydeus, mighty Diomedes."

Then shamefully chid him swift Aias, son of Oïleus: "Idomeneus, why art thou a braggart from of old? Nay, still afar off are the high-stepping mares speeding over the wide plain. Neither art thou so far the youngest among the Argives, nor do thine eyes look forth from thy head so far the keenliest; yet thou ever pratest loudly. It beseemeth thee not to be loud of speech, for here be others better than thou. The selfsame mares are in the lead, that led of old, even they of Eumelus, and himself he standeth firmly in the car and holdeth the reins."

Then the leader of the Cretans waxed wroth, and spake in answer: "Aias, thou master of railing, witless in counsel, in all things else thou fallest

δεύεαι Ἀργείων, ὅτι τοι νόος ἐστὶν ἀπηνής.
δεῦρό νυν, ἢ τρίποδος περιδώμεθα ἠὲ λέβητος,
ἴστορα δ' Ἀτρεΐδην Ἀγαμέμνονα θείομεν ἄμφω,
ὁππότεραι πρόσθ' ἵπποι, ἵνα γνώῃς ἀποτίνων."
Ὣς ἔφατ', ὄρνυτο δ' αὐτίκ' Ὀϊλῆος ταχὺς Αἴας
χωόμενος χαλεποῖσιν ἀμείψασθαι ἐπέεσσι·
καί νύ κε δὴ προτέρω ἔτ' ἔρις γένετ' ἀμφοτέροισιν,
εἰ μὴ Ἀχιλλεὺς αὐτὸς ἀνίστατο καὶ φάτο μῦθον·
"μηκέτι νῦν χαλεποῖσιν ἀμείβεσθον ἐπέεσσιν,
Αἶαν Ἰδομενεῦ τε, κακοῖς, ἐπεὶ οὐδὲ ἔοικε.
καὶ δ' ἄλλῳ νεμεσᾶτον, ὅτις τοιαῦτά γε ῥέζοι.
ἀλλ' ὑμεῖς ἐν ἀγῶνι καθήμενοι εἰσοράασθε
ἵππους· οἱ δὲ τάχ' αὐτοὶ ἐπειγόμενοι περὶ νίκης
ἐνθάδ' ἐλεύσονται· τότε δὲ γνώσεσθε ἕκαστος
ἵππους Ἀργείων, οἳ δεύτεροι οἵ τε πάροιθεν."
Ὣς φάτο, Τυδεΐδης δὲ μάλα σχεδὸν ἦλθε διώκων,
μάστι δ' αἰὲν ἔλαυνε κατωμαδόν· οἱ δέ οἱ ἵπποι
ὑψόσ' ἀειρέσθην ῥίμφα πρήσσοντε κέλευθον.
αἰεὶ δ' ἡνίοχον κονίης ῥαθάμιγγες ἔβαλλον,
ἅρματα δὲ χρυσῷ πεπυκασμένα κασσιτέρῳ τε
ἵπποις ὠκυπόδεσσιν ἐπέτρεχον· οὐδέ τι πολλὴ
γίγνετ' ἐπισσώτρων ἁρματροχιὴ κατόπισθεν
ἐν λεπτῇ κονίῃ· τὼ δὲ σπεύδοντε πετέσθην.
στῆ δὲ μέσῳ ἐν ἀγῶνι, πολὺς δ' ἀνεκήκιεν ἱδρὼς
ἵππων ἔκ τε λόφων καὶ ἀπὸ στέρνοιο χαμᾶζε.
αὐτὸς δ' ἐκ δίφροιο χαμαὶ θόρε παμφανόωντος,
κλῖνε δ' ἄρα μάστιγα ποτὶ ζυγόν. οὐδὲ μάτησεν
ἴφθιμος Σθένελος, ἀλλ' ἐσσυμένως λάβ' ἄεθλον,

behind the other Argives, for thy mind is stubborn. Come now, let us wager a tripod or a cauldron, and as umpire betwixt us twain let us choose Atreus' son Agamemnon, as to which mares are in the lead—that thou mayest learn by paying the price."

So spake he, and forthwith uprose in wrath swift Aias, son of Oïleus, to answer him with angry words; and yet further would the strife between the twain have gone, had not Achilles himself stood up, and spoken, saying: "No longer now, O Aias and Idomeneus, answer ye one another with angry words, with evil words, for that were unseemly. Ye have indignation with another, whoso should act thus. Nay, sit ye down in the place of gathering, and watch ye the horses; full soon in their eager haste for victory will they come hither, and then shall ye know, each man of you, the horses of the Argives, which be behind, and which in the lead."

So spake he, and Tydeus' son came hard anigh as he drave, and with his lash dealt many a stroke down from the shoulder; and his horses leapt on high as they swiftly sped on their way. And ever did flakes of dust smite the charioteer, and his chariot overlaid with gold and tin ran on behind the swift-footed horses, and small trace there was of the wheel tires behind in the light dust, as the twain flew speeding on. Then he drew up in the midst of the place of gathering, and in streams the sweat flowed from the necks and chests of the horses to the ground. And Diomedes himself leapt to the ground from his gleaming car, and leaned the goad against the yoke. Neither did mighty Sthenelus anywise tarry, but speedily took the prize, and gave

δῶκε δ' ἄγειν ἑτάροισιν ὑπερθύμοισι γυναῖκα
καὶ τρίποδ' ὠτώεντα φέρειν· ὁ δ' ἔλυεν ὑφ' ἵππους.
Τῷ δ' ἄρ' ἐπ' Ἀντίλοχος Νηλήϊος ἤλασεν ἵππους,
κέρδεσιν, οὔ τι τάχει γε, παραφθάμενος Μενέλαον·
ἀλλὰ καὶ ὣς Μενέλαος ἔχ' ἐγγύθεν ὠκέας ἵππους·
ὅσσον δὲ τροχοῦ ἵππος ἀφίσταται, ὅς ῥα ἄνακτα
ἕλκῃσιν πεδίοιο τιταινόμενος σὺν ὄχεσφι·
τοῦ μέν τε ψαύουσιν ἐπισσώτρου τρίχες ἄκραι
οὐραῖαι· ὁ δέ τ' ἄγχι μάλα τρέχει, οὐδέ τι πολλὴ
χώρη μεσσηγύς, πολέος πεδίοιο θέοντος·
τόσσον δὴ Μενέλαος ἀμύμονος Ἀντιλόχοιο
λείπετ'· ἀτὰρ τὰ πρῶτα καὶ ἐς δίσκουρα λέλειπτο,
ἀλλά μιν αἶψα κίχανεν· ὀφέλλετο γὰρ μένος ἠῢ
ἵππου τῆς Ἀγαμεμνονέης, καλλίτριχος Αἴθης·
εἰ δέ κ' ἔτι προτέρω γένετο δρόμος ἀμφοτέροισι,
τῶ κέν μιν παρέλασσ' οὐδ'[1] ἀμφήριστον ἔθηκεν.
αὐτὰρ Μηριόνης, θεράπων ἐῢς Ἰδομενῆος,
λείπετ' ἀγακλῆος Μενελάου δουρὸς ἐρωήν·
βάρδιστοι μὲν γάρ οἱ ἔσαν καλλίτριχες ἵπποι,
ἥκιστος δ' ἦν αὐτὸς ἐλαυνέμεν ἅρμ' ἐν ἀγῶνι.
υἱὸς δ' Ἀδμήτοιο πανύστατος ἤλυθεν ἄλλων,
ἕλκων ἅρματα καλά, ἐλαύνων πρόσσοθεν[2] ἵππους.
τὸν δὲ ἰδὼν ᾤκτειρε ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς,
στὰς δ' ἄρ' ἐν Ἀργείοις ἔπεα πτερόεντ' ἀγόρευε·
"λοῖσθος ἀνὴρ ὤριστος ἐλαύνει μώνυχας ἵππους·
ἀλλ' ἄγε δή οἱ δῶμεν ἀέθλιον, ὡς ἐπιεικές,
δεύτερ'· ἀτὰρ τὰ πρῶτα φερέσθω Τυδέος υἱός."
Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἐπῄνεον ὡς ἐκέλευε.
καί νύ κέ οἱ πόρεν ἵππον, ἐπῄνησαν γὰρ Ἀχαιοί,

[1] παρέλασσ' οὐδ': παρέλασσεν ἢ Zenodotus.
[2] πρόσσοθεν: ὠκέας Zenodotus.

to his comrades, high of heart, the woman and the eared tripod to bear away; and himself loosed the horses from beneath the yoke.

And next after him Antilochus of the stock of Neleus drave his horses, for that by guile, and nowise by speed, had he outstripped Menelaus; howbeit even so Menelaus guided his swift horses close behind. Far as a horse is from the wheel, a horse that draweth his master over the plain, and straineth at the car—the tire thereof do the hindmost hairs of his tail touch, for it runneth close behind, and but scant space is there between, as he courseth over the wide plain—even by so much was Menelaus behind peerless Antilochus, though at the first he was behind far as a man hurleth the discus; howbeit quickly was he overtaking Antilochus, for the goodly mettle of the mare of Agamemnon, fair-maned Aethe, waxed ever higher. And if the course had been yet longer for the twain, then had he passed him by, neither left the issue in doubt. But Meriones, valiant squire of Idomeneus, was a spear-cast behind glorious Menelaus, for slowest of all were his fair-maned horses, and himself least skilled to drive a chariot in the race. And the son of Admetus came in last, behind all the rest, dragging his fair chariot and driving his horses before him. And at sight of him swift-footed, goodly Achilles had pity and he stood up amid the Argives, and spake winged words: "Lo, in the last place driveth his single-hooved horses the man that is far the best. But come, let us give him a prize, as is meet, a prize for the second place; but the first let the son of Tydeus bear away."

So spake he, and they all assented even as he bade. And now would he have given him the mare

εἰ μὴ ἄρ' Ἀντίλοχος μεγαθύμου Νέστορος υἱὸς
Πηλεΐδην Ἀχιλῆα δίκῃ ἠμείψατ' ἀναστάς·
"ὦ Ἀχιλεῦ, μάλα τοι κεχολώσομαι, αἴ κε τελέσσῃς
τοῦτο ἔπος· μέλλεις γὰρ ἀφαιρήσεσθαι ἄεθλον,
τὰ φρονέων ὅτι οἱ βλάβεν ἅρματα καὶ ταχέ' ἵππω
αὐτός τ' ἐσθλὸς ἐών· ἀλλ' ὤφελεν ἀθανάτοισιν
εὔχεσθαι· τῶ κ' οὔ τι πανύστατος ἦλθε διώκων.
εἰ δέ μιν οἰκτείρεις καί τοι φίλος ἔπλετο θυμῷ,
ἔστι τοι ἐν κλισίῃ χρυσὸς πολύς, ἔστι δὲ χαλκὸς
καὶ πρόβατ', εἰσὶ δέ τοι δμῳαὶ καὶ μώνυχες ἵπποι·
τῶν οἱ ἔπειτ' ἀνελὼν δόμεναι καὶ μεῖζον ἄεθλον,
ἠὲ καὶ αὐτίκα νῦν, ἵνα σ' αἰνήσωσιν Ἀχαιοί.
τὴν δ' ἐγὼ οὐ δώσω· περὶ δ' αὐτῆς πειρηθήτω
ἀνδρῶν ὅς κ' ἐθέλῃσιν ἐμοὶ χείρεσσι μάχεσθαι."
Ὣς φάτο, μείδησεν δὲ ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεὺς
χαίρων Ἀντιλόχῳ, ὅτι οἱ φίλος ἦεν ἑταῖρος·
καί μιν ἀμειβόμενος ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
"Ἀντίλοχ', εἰ μὲν δή με κελεύεις οἴκοθεν ἄλλο
Εὐμήλῳ ἐπιδοῦναι, ἐγὼ δέ κε καὶ τὸ τελέσσω.
δώσω οἱ θώρηκα, τὸν Ἀστεροπαῖον ἀπηύρων,
χάλκεον, ᾧ πέρι χεῦμα φαεινοῦ κασσιτέροιο
ἀμφιδεδίνηται· πολέος δέ οἱ ἄξιον ἔσται."
Ἦ ῥα, καὶ Αὐτομέδοντι φίλῳ ἐκέλευσεν ἑταίρῳ
οἰσέμεναι κλισίηθεν· ὁ δ' ᾤχετο καί οἱ ἔνεικεν,
Εὐμήλῳ δ' ἐν χερσὶ τίθει· ὁ δὲ δέξατο χαίρων.[1]
Τοῖσι δὲ καὶ Μενέλαος ἀνίστατο θυμὸν ἀχεύων,
Ἀντιλόχῳ ἄμοτον κεχολωμένος· ἐν δ' ἄρα κῆρυξ

[1] Line 565 is omitted in the best MSS.

—for the Achaeans assented thereto—but that Antilochus, son of great-souled Nestor, uprose and answered Achilles, son of Peleus, to claim his due: "Achilles, sore wroth shall I be with thee if thou fulfil this word, for thou art minded to rob me of my prize, bethinking thee of this, how his chariot and his swift horses came to harm, and himself withal, good man though he be. Nay, he should have made prayer to the immortals, then had he nowise come in last of all in the race. But if so be thou pitiest him, and he be dear to thy heart, lo, in thy hut is great store of gold, and bronze is there and sheep, aye, and handmaids too, and single-hooved horses. Thereof do thou hereafter take and give him even a goodlier prize, or even now forthwith, that the Achaeans may applaud thee. But the mare will I not yield; for her let any man that will, essay to do battle with me by might of hand."

So spake he, and swift-footed, goodly Achilles smiled, having joy in Antilochus, for that he was his dear comrade; and he made answer, and spake to him winged words: "Antilochus, if thou wilt have me give to Eumelus some other thing from out my house as a further prize, even this will I do. I will give him the corselet that I took from Asteropaeus; of bronze is it, and thereon is set in circles a casting of bright tin, and it shall be to him a thing of great worth."

He spake, and bade his dear comrade Automedon bring it from the hut; and he went and brought it, and placed it in Eumelus' hands; and he received it gladly.

Then among them uprose also Menelaus, sore vexed at heart, furiously wroth at Antilochus; and

χειρὶ σκῆπτρον ἔθηκε, σιωπῆσαί τε κέλευσεν
Ἀργείους· ὁ δ' ἔπειτα μετηύδα ἰσόθεος φώς·
"Ἀντίλοχε, πρόσθεν πεπνυμένε, ποῖον ἔρεξας.
ᾔσχυνας μὲν ἐμὴν ἀρετήν, βλάψας δέ μοι ἵππους,
τοὺς σοὺς πρόσθε βαλών, οἵ τοι πολὺ χείρονες ἦσαν.
ἀλλ' ἄγετ', Ἀργείων ἡγήτορες ἠδὲ μέδοντες,
ἐς μέσον ἀμφοτέροισι δικάσσατε, μηδ' ἐπ' ἀρωγῇ,
μή ποτέ τις εἴπῃσιν Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων·
'Ἀντίλοχον ψεύδεσσι βιησάμενος Μενέλαος
οἴχεται ἵππον ἄγων, ὅτι οἱ πολὺ χείρονες ἦσαν
ἵπποι, αὐτὸς δὲ κρείσσων ἀρετῇ τε βίῃ τε.'
εἰ δ' ἄγ' ἐγὼν αὐτὸς δικάσω, καί μ' οὔ τινά φημι
ἄλλον ἐπιπλήξειν Δαναῶν· ἰθεῖα γὰρ ἔσται.
Ἀντίλοχ', εἰ δ' ἄγε δεῦρο, διοτρεφές, ἣ θέμις ἐστί,[1]
στὰς ἵππων προπάροιθε καὶ ἅρματος, αὐτὰρ ἱμάσθλην
χερσὶν ἔχε ῥαδινήν, ᾗ περ τὸ πρόσθεν ἔλαυνες,
ἵππων ἁψάμενος γαιήοχον ἐννοσίγαιον
ὄμνυθι μὴ μὲν ἑκὼν τὸ ἐμὸν δόλῳ ἅρμα πεδῆσαι."
Τὸν δ' αὖτ' Ἀντίλοχος πεπνυμένος ἀντίον ηὔδα·
"ἄνσχεο νῦν· πολλὸν γὰρ ἐγώ γε νεώτερος εἰμι
σεῖο, ἄναξ Μενέλαε, σὺ δὲ πρότερος καὶ ἀρείων.
οἶσθ' οἷαι νέου ἀνδρὸς ὑπερβασίαι τελέθουσι·
κραιπνότερος μὲν γάρ τε νόος, λεπτὴ δέ τε μῆτις.
τῶ τοι ἐπιτλήτω κραδίη· ἵππον δέ τοι αὐτὸς
δώσω, τὴν ἀρόμην. εἰ καί νύ κεν οἴκοθεν ἄλλο
μεῖζον ἐπαιτήσειας, ἄφαρ κέ τοι αὐτίκα δοῦναι

[1] Line 581 was rejected by Aristarchus.

a herald gave the staff into his hand, and proclaimed silence among the Argives; and thereafter spake among them the godlike man:

"Antilochus, thou that aforetime wast wise, what a thing hast thou wrought! Thou hast put my skill to shame and hast thwarted my horses, thrusting to the front thine own that were worser far. Come now, ye leaders and rulers of the Argives, judge ye aright betwixt us twain, neither have regard unto either, lest in aftertime some one of the brazen-coated Achaeans shall say: 'Over Antilochus did Menelaus prevail by lies, and depart with the mare, for that his horses were worser far, but himself the mightier in worth and in power.' Nay, but I will myself declare the right, and I deem that none other of the Danaans shall reproach me, for my judgment shall be just. Antilochus, fostered of Zeus, up, come thou hither and, as is the appointed way, stand thou before thy horses and chariot, and take in hand the slender lash with which aforetime thou wast wont to drive, and laying thy hand on thy horses swear by him that holdeth and shaketh the earth that not of thine own will didst thou hinder my chariot by guile."

Then in turn wise Antilochus answered him: "Bear with me, now, for far younger am I than thou, king Menelaus, and thou art the elder and the better man. Thou knowest of what sort are the transgressions of a man that is young, for hasty is he of purpose, and but slender is his wit. Wherefore let thy heart be patient; the mare that I have won will I give thee of myself. Aye, and if thou shouldst ask some other goodlier thing from out my house, forthwith were I fain to give it thee out of hand, rather

βουλοίμην ἢ σοί γε, διοτρεφές, ἤματα πάντα
ἐκ θυμοῦ πεσέειν καὶ δαίμοσιν εἶναι ἀλιτρός."
Ἦ ῥα, καὶ ἵππον ἄγων μεγαθύμου Νέστορος υἱὸς
ἐν χείρεσσι τίθει Μενελάου· τοῖο δὲ θυμὸς
ἰάνθη ὡς εἴ τε περὶ σταχύεσσιν ἐέρση
ληΐου ἀλδήσκοντος, ὅτε φρίσσουσιν ἄρουραι·
ὣς ἄρα σοί, Μενέλαε, μετὰ φρεσὶ θυμὸς ἰάνθη.
καί μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
"Ἀντίλοχε, νῦν μέν τοι ἐγὼν ὑποείξομαι αὐτὸς
χωόμενος, ἐπεὶ οὔ τι παρήορος οὐδ᾽ ἀεσίφρων
ἦσθα πάρος· νῦν αὖτε νόον νίκησε νεοίη.
δεύτερον αὖτ᾽ ἀλέασθαι ἀμείνονας ἠπεροπεύειν.
οὐ γάρ κέν με τάχ᾽ ἄλλος ἀνὴρ παρέπεισεν Ἀχαιῶν·
ἀλλὰ σὺ γὰρ δὴ πόλλ᾽ ἔπαθες καὶ πόλλ᾽ ἐμόγησας,
σός τε πατὴρ ἀγαθὸς καὶ ἀδελφεὸς εἵνεκ᾽ ἐμεῖο·
τῶ τοι λισσομένῳ ἐπιπείσομαι, ἠδὲ καὶ ἵππον
δώσω ἐμήν περ ἐοῦσαν, ἵνα γνώωσι καὶ οἵδε
ὡς ἐμὸς οὔ ποτε θυμὸς ὑπερφίαλος καὶ ἀπηνής."
Ἦ ῥα, καὶ Ἀντιλόχοιο Νοήμονι δῶκεν ἑταίρῳ
ἵππον ἄγειν· ὁ δ᾽ ἔπειτα λέβηθ᾽ ἕλε παμφανόωντα.
Μηριόνης δ᾽ ἀνάειρε δύω χρυσοῖο τάλαντα
τέτρατος, ὡς ἔλασεν. πέμπτον δ᾽ ὑπελείπετ᾽ ἄεθλον,
ἀμφίθετος φιάλη· τὴν Νέστορι δῶκεν Ἀχιλλεὺς
Ἀργείων ἀν᾽ ἀγῶνα φέρων, καὶ ἔειπε παραστάς·
"τῆ νῦν, καὶ σοὶ τοῦτο, γέρον, κειμήλιον ἔστω,
Πατρόκλοιο τάφου μνῆμ᾽ ἔμμεναι· οὐ γὰρ ἔτ᾽ αὐτὸν
ὄψῃ ἐν Ἀργείοισι· δίδωμι δέ τοι τόδ᾽ ἄεθλον
αὔτως· οὐ γὰρ πύξ γε μαχήσεαι, οὐδὲ παλαίσεις,

than all my days be cast out of thy heart, thou nurtured of Zeus, and be a sinner in the eyes of the gods."

So spake the son of great-souled Nestor, and led up the mare, and gave her into the hands of Menelaus. And his heart was gladdened even as the corn when with the dew upon the ears it waxeth ripe, what time the fields are bristling. In such wise, Menelaus, was thy heart gladdened in thy breast. Then he spake winged words unto Antilochus, saying: "Antilochus, lo now, I of myself cease from mine anger against thee, since nowise flighty or light of wit wast thou of old, albeit now hath thy youth got the better of thy reason. Another time seek not to outwit thy betters. Verily not soon should another of the Achaeans have persuaded me, but thou hast suffered greatly and toiled greatly, thou and thy brave father and thy brother, for my sake; wherefore I will hearken to thy prayer, aye, and will give unto thee the mare, for all she is mine own, to the end that these too may know that my heart is never over-haughty neither unbending."

He spake, and gave the mare unto Noëmon, the comrade of Antilochus, to lead away, and himself thereafter took the shining cauldron. And Meriones took up the two talents of gold in the fourth place, even as he drave; but the fifth prize was left unclaimed, even the two-handled urn. Unto Nestor Achilles gave this, bearing it through the gathering of the Argives; and he came to his side, and said: "Take this now, old sire, and let it be treasure for thee, a memorial of Patroclus' burying; for nevermore shalt thou behold him among the Argives. Lo, I give thee this prize unwon; for not in boxing shalt thou

οὐδ᾽ ἔτ᾽ ἀκοντιστὺν ἐσδύσεαι, οὐδὲ πόδεσσι
θεύσεαι· ἤδη γὰρ χαλεπὸν κατὰ γῆρας ἐπείγει.[1]"
῝Ως εἰπὼν ἐν χερσὶ τίθει· ὁ δ᾽ ἐδέξατο χαίρων,
καί μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
"ναὶ δὴ ταῦτά γε πάντα, τέκος, κατὰ μοῖραν ἔειπες·
οὐ γὰρ ἔτ᾽ ἔμπεδα γυῖα, φίλος, πόδες, οὐδ᾽ ἔτι χεῖρες
ὤμων ἀμφοτέρωθεν ἐπαΐσσονται ἐλαφραί.
εἴθ᾽ ὣς ἡβώοιμι βίη τέ μοι ἔμπεδος εἴη
ὡς ὁπότε κρείοντ᾽ Ἀμαρυγκέα θάπτον Ἐπειοὶ
Βουπρασίῳ, παῖδες δὲ θέσαν βασιλῆος ἄεθλα·
ἔνθ᾽ οὔ τίς μοι ὁμοῖος ἀνὴρ γένετ᾽, οὔτ᾽ ἄρ᾽ Ἐπειῶν
οὔτ᾽ αὐτῶν Πυλίων οὔτ᾽ Αἰτωλῶν μεγαθύμων·
πὺξ μὲν ἐνίκησα Κλυτομήδεα, Ἤνοπος υἱόν,
Ἀγκαῖον δὲ πάλῃ Πλευρώνιον, ὅς μοι ἀνέστη·
Ἴφικλον δὲ πόδεσσι παρέδραμον ἐσθλὸν ἐόντα,
δουρὶ δ᾽ ὑπειρέβαλον Φυλῆά τε καὶ Πολύδωρον.
οἴοισίν μ᾽ ἵπποισι παρήλασαν Ἀκτορίωνε,
πλήθει πρόσθε βαλόντες, ἀγασσάμενοι περὶ νίκης,
οὕνεκα δὴ τὰ μέγιστα παρ᾽ αὐτόθι λείπετ᾽ ἄεθλα.
οἱ δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἔσαν δίδυμοι· ὁ μὲν ἔμπεδον ἡνιόχευεν,
ἔμπεδον ἡνιόχευ᾽, ὁ δ᾽ ἄρα μάστιγι κέλευεν.
ὣς ποτ᾽ ἔον· νῦν αὖτε νεώτεροι ἀντιοώντων

[1] ἐπείγει: ἔπεισιν, ἱκάνει.

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[1] It seems impossible to give a satisfactory interpretation of the enigmatic phrase πλήθει πρόσθε βαλόντες. Aristarchus held that the Actoriones derived an advantage from their composite form—one body with two heads, four arms and four legs—but that Nestor's protest against this was overruled. Two other explanations are given by the Scholiast: (1) that the Actoriones entered more than one chariot, and so impeded their rivals; (2) that the majority of those taking part in the race conspired to give them an unfair advantage at the start.

[2] I take the meaning of this passage to be the following:

contend, neither in wrestling, nor shalt thou enter the lists for the casting of javelins, neither run upon thy feet; for now grievous old age weigheth heavy upon thee."

So saying he placed the urn in his arms, and Nestor received it gladly, and spake, and addressed him with winged words: "Aye, verily, my son, all this hast thou spoken aright, for my limbs, even my feet, are no more firm, O my friend, as of old, nor do my arms as of old dart out lightly from my shoulders on either side. Would that I were young, and my strength were firm as on the day when the Epeians were burying lord Amarynceus at Buprasium, and his sons appointed prizes in honour of the king. Then was there no man that proved himself my peer, neither of the Epeians nor of Pylians themselves nor of the great-souled Aetolians. In boxing I overcame Clytomedes, son of Enops, and in wrestling Ancaeus of Pleuron, who stood up against me; Iphiclus I outran in the foot-race, good man though he was; and in casting the spear I outthrew Phyleus and Polydorus. In the chariot race alone the twain sons of Actor outstripped me by force of numbers[1] crowding their horses to the front, being exceeding jealous for victory, for that the goodliest prize abode yet there in the lists.[2] Twin brethren were they—the one drave with sure hand, drave with sure hand, while the other plied the goad. Thus was I on a time, but now let men that be younger face such-

Nestor had been successful in all four preceding contests, but the prizes for the chariot-race—the most important of all—remained yet in the lists, unwon. The Actoriones were therefore "exceeding jealous for victory," hoping that by winning the chiefest prize they might lessen the humiliation of their previous defeats.

ἔργων τοιούτων· ἐμὲ δὲ χρὴ γήραϊ λυγρῷ
πείθεσθαι, τότε δ' αὖτε μετέπρεπον ἡρώεσσιν.
ἀλλ' ἴθι καὶ σὸν ἑταῖρον ἀέθλοισι κτερέϊζε.
τοῦτο δ' ἐγὼ πρόφρων δέχομαι, χαίρει δέ μοι ἦτορ,
ὥς μευ ἀεὶ μέμνησαι ἐνηέος, οὐδέ σε λήθω,
τιμῆς θ' ἧς τέ μ' ἔοικε τετιμῆσθαι μετ' Ἀχαιοῖς.
σοὶ δὲ θεοὶ τῶνδ' ἀντὶ χάριν μενοεικέα δοῖεν."
Ὣς φάτο, Πηλεΐδης δὲ πολὺν καθ' ὅμιλον Ἀχαιῶν
ᾤχετ', ἐπεὶ πάντ' αἶνον ἐπέκλυε Νηλεΐδαο.
αὐτὰρ ὁ πυγμαχίης ἀλεγεινῆς θῆκεν ἄεθλα·
ἡμίονον ταλαεργὸν ἄγων κατέδησ' ἐν ἀγῶνι
ἑξέτε' ἀδμήτην, ἥ τ' ἀλγίστη δαμάσασθαι·
τῷ δ' ἄρα νικηθέντι τίθει δέπας ἀμφικύπελλον.
στῆ δ' ὀρθὸς καὶ μῦθον ἐν Ἀργείοισιν ἔειπεν·
"Ἀτρεΐδη τε καὶ ἄλλοι ἐϋκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοί,
ἄνδρε δύω περὶ τῶνδε κελεύομεν, ὥ περ ἀρίστω,
πὺξ μάλ' ἀνασχομένω πεπληγέμεν· ᾧ δέ κ' Ἀπόλλων
δώῃ καμμονίην, γνώωσι δὲ πάντες Ἀχαιοί,
ἡμίονον ταλαεργὸν ἄγων κλισίηνδε νεέσθω·
αὐτὰρ ὁ νικηθεὶς δέπας οἴσεται ἀμφικύπελλον."
Ὣς ἔφατ', ὄρνυτο δ' αὐτίκ' ἀνὴρ ἠΰς τε μέγας τε
εἰδὼς πυγμαχίης, υἱὸς Πανοπῆος Ἐπειός,
ἅψατο δ' ἡμιόνου ταλαεργοῦ φώνησέν τε·
"ἆσσον ἴτω ὅς τις δέπας οἴσεται ἀμφικύπελλον·
ἡμίονον δ' οὔ φημί τιν' ἀξέμεν ἄλλον Ἀχαιῶν
πυγμῇ νικήσαντ', ἐπεὶ εὔχομαι εἶναι ἄριστος.

like tasks; me it behoveth to yield to grievous old age, but then was I pre-eminent among warriors. But come, for thy comrade too hold thou funeral rites with contests. For this gift, I receive it with gladness, and my heart rejoiceth that thou ever rememberest me, thy friend, neither am I forgotten of thee, and the honour wherewith it beseemeth that I be honoured among the Achaeans. And to thee may the gods in requital hereof grant grace to satisfy thy heart."

So spake he, and the son of Peleus went his way through the great throng of the Achaeans, when he had hearkened to all the praise of the son of Neleus. Then set he forth prizes for grievous boxing. A sturdy mule he brought and tethered in the place of gathering, a mule of six years, unbroken, the which is hardest of all to break; and for him that should be worsted he appointed a two-handled cup. Then he stood up, and spake among the Argives, saying: "Son of Atreus, and ye other well-greaved Achaeans, for these prizes we invite warriors twain, the best there are, to lift up their hands and box amain. Let him to whom Apollo shall grant strength to endure, and all the Achaeans have knowledge thereof, go his way to his hut leading the sturdy mule; but he that is worsted shall bear as his prize the two-handled cup."

So spake he, and forthwith uprose a man valiant and tall, well-skilled in boxing, even Epeius, son of Panopeus; and he laid hold of the sturdy mule, and spake, saying: "Let him draw nigh, whoso is to bear as his prize the two-handled cup: the mule I deem that none other of the Achaeans shall lead away, by worsting me with his fists, for I avow me

ἦ οὐχ ἅλις ὅττι μάχης ἐπιδεύομαι; οὐδ' ἄρα πως ἦν
ἐν πάντεσσ' ἔργοισι δαήμονα φῶτα γενέσθαι.
ὧδε γὰρ ἐξερέω, τὸ δὲ καὶ τετελεσμένον ἔσται·
ἀντικρὺ χρόα τε ῥήξω σύν τ' ὀστέ' ἀράξω.
κηδεμόνες δέ οἱ ἐνθάδ' ἀολλέες αὖθι μενόντων,
οἵ κέ μιν ἐξοίσουσιν ἐμῆς ὑπὸ χερσὶ δαμέντα."
"Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἀκὴν ἐγένοντο σιωπῇ.
Εὐρύαλος δέ οἱ οἶος ἀνίστατο, ἰσόθεος φώς,
Μηκιστῆος υἱὸς Ταλαϊονίδαο ἄνακτος,
ὅς ποτε Θήβασδ' ἦλθε δεδουπότος Οἰδιπόδαο
ἐς τάφον· ἔνθα δὲ πάντας ἐνίκα Καδμείωνας.
τὸν μὲν Τυδεΐδης δουρικλυτὸς ἀμφεπονεῖτο
θαρσύνων ἔπεσιν, μέγα δ' αὐτῷ βούλετο νίκην.
ζῶμα δέ οἱ πρῶτον παρακάββαλεν, αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα
δῶκεν ἱμάντας ἐϋτμήτους βοὸς ἀγραύλοιο.
τὼ δὲ ζωσαμένω βήτην ἐς μέσσον ἀγῶνα,
ἄντα δ' ἀνασχομένω χερσὶ στιβαρῇσιν ἅμ' ἄμφω
σύν ῥ' ἔπεσον, σὺν δέ σφι βαρεῖαι χεῖρες ἔμιχθεν.
δεινὸς δὲ χρόμαδος γενύων γένετ', ἔρρεε δ' ἱδρὼς
πάντοθεν ἐκ μελέων· ἐπὶ δ' ὄρνυτο δῖος Ἐπειός,
κόψε δὲ παπτήναντα παρήϊον· οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔτι δὴν
ἑστήκειν· αὐτοῦ γὰρ ὑπήριπε φαίδιμα γυῖα.
ὡς δ' ὅθ' ὑπὸ φρικὸς Βορέω ἀναπάλλεται ἰχθὺς
θίν' ἐν φυκιόεντι, μέλαν[1] δέ ἑ κῦμ' ἐκάλυψεν,
ὣς πληγεὶς ἀνέπαλτο. ἀτὰρ μεγάθυμος Ἐπειὸς
χερσὶ λαβὼν ὤρθωσε· φίλοι δ' ἀμφέσταν ἑταῖροι,
οἵ μιν ἄγον δι' ἀγῶνος ἐφελκομένοισι πόδεσσιν

[1] μέλαν: μέγα.

to be the best man. Sufficeth it not that I fall short in battle? One may not, meseemeth, prove him a man of skill in every work. For thus will I speak, and verily this thing shall be brought to pass: utterly will I rend his flesh and crush his bones. Wherefore let them that be next of kin abide here in a throng, that they may bear him forth when worsted by my hands."

So spake he, and they all became hushed in silence. Euryalus alone uprose to face him, a godlike man, son of king Mecisteus, son of Talaus, who on a time had come to Thebes for the burial of Oedipus, when he had fallen, and there had worsted all the sons of Cadmus. And Tydeus' son, famed for his spear, made Euryalus ready, heartening him with words, and much he wished for him victory. A girdle first he cast about him, and thereafter gave him well-cut thongs of the hide of an ox of the field. So the twain, when they had girded themselves, stepped into the midst of the place of gathering, and lifting their mighty hands on high one against the other, fell to, and their hands clashed together in heavy blows. Dread then was the grinding of their teeth, and the sweat flowed on every side from off their limbs. But upon him goodly Epeius rushed as he peered for an opening, and smote him on the cheek, nor after that, methinks, did he long stand upright, for even there did his glorious limbs sink beneath him. And as when beneath the ripple of the North Wind a fish leapeth up on the tangle-strewn sand of a shallow, and then the black wave hideth it, even so leapt up Euryalus when he was smitten. But great-souled Epeius took him in his hands and set him on his feet, and his dear comrades thronged about him and led him through the place of gathering with trailing feet,

αἷμα παχὺ πτύοντα, κάρη βάλλονθ' ἑτέρωσε·
κὰδ δ' ἀλλοφρονέοντα μετὰ σφίσιν εἷσαν ἄγοντες,
αὐτοὶ δ' οἰχόμενοι κόμισαν δέπας ἀμφικύπελλον.
Πηλεΐδης δ' αἶψ' ἄλλα κατὰ τρίτα θῆκεν ἄεθλα,
δεικνύμενος Δαναοῖσι, παλαισμοσύνης ἀλεγεινῆς,
τῷ μὲν νικήσαντι μέγαν τρίποδ' ἐμπυριβήτην,
τὸν δὲ δυωδεκάβοιον ἐνὶ σφίσι τῖον Ἀχαιοί·
ἀνδρὶ δὲ νικηθέντι γυναῖκ' ἐς μέσσον ἔθηκε,
πολλὰ δ' ἐπίστατο ἔργα, τίον δέ ἑ τεσσαράβοιον.
στῆ δ' ὀρθὸς καὶ μῦθον ἐν Ἀργείοισιν ἔειπεν·
"ὄρνυσθ' οἳ καὶ τούτου ἀέθλου πειρήσεσθον."
ὣς ἔφατ', ὦρτο δ' ἔπειτα μέγας Τελαμώνιος Αἴας,
ἂν δ' Ὀδυσεὺς πολύμητις ἀνίστατο, κέρδεα εἰδώς.
ζωσαμένω δ' ἄρα τώ γε βάτην ἐς μέσσον ἀγῶνα,
ἀγκὰς δ' ἀλλήλων λαβέτην χερσὶ στιβαρῇσιν
ὡς ὅτ' ἀμείβοντες, τούς τε κλυτὸς ἤραρε τέκτων
δώματος ὑψηλοῖο, βίας ἀνέμων ἀλεείνων.
τετρίγει δ' ἄρα νῶτα θρασειάων ἀπὸ χειρῶν
ἑλκόμενα στερεῶς· κατὰ δὲ νότιος ῥέεν ἱδρώς,
πυκναὶ δὲ σμώδιγγες ἀνὰ πλευράς τε καὶ ὤμους
αἵματι φοινικόεσσαι ἀνέδραμον· οἳ δὲ μάλ' αἰεὶ
νίκης ἱέσθην τρίποδος πέρι ποιητοῖο·
οὔτ' Ὀδυσεὺς δύνατο σφῆλαι οὔδει τε πελάσσαι,
οὔτ' Αἴας δύνατο, κρατερὴ δ' ἔχεν ἲς Ὀδυσῆος.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δή ῥ' ἀνίαζον ἐϋκνήμιδας Ἀχαιούς,

spitting out clotted blood and letting his head hang to one side; and they brought him wandering in his wits and set him down in the midst of their company, and themselves went and fetched the two-handled cup.

Then the son of Peleus forthwith ordained in the sight of the Danaans other prizes for a third contest, even for toilsome wrestling—for him that should win, a great tripod to stand upon the fire, that the Achaeans prized amongst them at the worth of twelve oxen; and for him that should be worsted he set in the midst a woman of manifold skill in handiwork, and they prized her at the worth of four oxen. And he stood up and spake among the Argives, saying: "Up now, ye twain that will make essay likewise in this contest." So spake he, and thereat arose great Telamonian Aias, and up stood Odysseus of many wiles, he of guileful mind. Then the twain, when they had girded themselves, stepped into the midst of the place of gathering, and laid hold each of the other in close grip with their mighty hands, even as the gable rafters of a high house, which some famous craftsman joineth together, that he may have shelter from the might of the winds. And their backs creaked beneath the violent tugging of bold hands, and the sweat flowed down in streams; and many a weal, red with blood, sprang up along their ribs and shoulders; and ever they strove amain for victory, to win the fashioned tripod. Neither might Odysseus avail to trip Aias and throw him to the ground, nor Aias him, for the mighty strength of Odysseus held firm. But when at the last they were like to weary the well-greaved Achaeans,

δὴ τότε μιν προσέειπε μέγας Τελαμώνιος Αἴας·
“ διογενὲς Λαερτιάδη, πολυμήχαν’ Ὀδυσσεῦ,
ἤ μ’ ἀνάειρ’, ἢ ἐγὼ σέ· τὰ δ’ αὖ Διὶ πάντα μελήσει.”
Ὣς εἰπὼν ἀνάειρε· δόλου δ’ οὐ λήθετ’ Ὀδυσσεύς·
κόψ’ ὄπιθεν κώληπα τυχών, ὑπέλυσε δὲ γυῖα,
κὰδ δ’ ἔβαλ’ ἐξοπίσω· ἐπὶ δὲ στήθεσσιν Ὀδυσσεὺς
κάππεσε· λαοὶ δ’ αὖ θηεῦντό τε θάμβησάν τε.
δεύτερος αὖτ’ ἀνάειρε πολύτλας δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς,
κίνησεν δ’ ἄρα τυτθὸν ἀπὸ χθονός, οὐδέ τ’ ἄειρεν,
ἐν δὲ γόνυ γνάμψεν· ἐπὶ δὲ χθονὶ κάππεσον ἄμφω
πλησίοι ἀλλήλοισι, μιάνθησαν δὲ κονίῃ.
καί νύ κε τὸ τρίτον αὖτις ἀναΐξαντε πάλαιον,
εἰ μὴ Ἀχιλλεὺς αὐτὸς ἀνίστατο καὶ κατέρυκε·
“ μηκέτ’ ἐρείδεσθον, μηδὲ τρίβεσθε κακοῖσι·
νίκη δ’ ἀμφοτέροισιν· ἀέθλια δ’ ἶσ’ ἀνελόντες
ἔρχεσθ’, ὄφρα καὶ ἄλλοι ἀεθλεύωσιν Ἀχαιοί.”
Ὣς ἔφαθ’, οἱ δ’ ἄρα τοῦ μάλα μὲν κλύον ἠδὲ πίθοντο,
καί ῥ’ ἀπομορξαμένω κονίην δύσαντο χιτῶνας.
Πηλεΐδης δ’ αἶψ’ ἄλλα τίθει ταχυτῆτος ἄεθλα,
ἀργύρεον κρητῆρα, τετυγμένον· ἓξ δ’ ἄρα μέτρα
χάνδανεν, αὐτὰρ κάλλει ἐνίκα πᾶσαν ἐπ’ αἶαν
πολλόν, ἐπεὶ Σιδόνες πολυδαίδαλοι εὖ ἤσκησαν,
Φοίνικες δ’ ἄγον ἄνδρες ἐπ’ ἠεροειδέα πόντον,
στῆσαν δ’ ἐν λιμένεσσι, Θόαντι δὲ δῶρον ἔδωκαν·
υἷος δὲ Πριάμοιο Λυκάονος ὦνον ἔδωκε
Πατρόκλῳ ἥρωϊ Ἰησονίδης Εὔνηος.

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[1] The word κώληψ was as unknown to the ancients as it is to us; any rendering must be purely conjectural.

[2] Jason was the son, Euneos the grandson, of Thoas.

then unto Odysseus spake great Telamonian Aias, saying: "Zeus-born, son of Laërtes, Odysseus of many wiles, lift thou me, or let me lift thee; but the issue shall rest with Zeus."

He spake, and lifted him; but Odysseus forgat not his guile. He smote with a sure blow the hollow of Aias' knee[1] from behind, and loosed his limbs, so that he was thrown backward, and Odysseus fell upon his chest; and the people gazed thereon and were seized with wonder. Then in his turn the much-enduring goodly Odysseus essayed to lift, and moved him a little from the ground, but lifted him not; howbeit he crooked his knee within that of Aias; and upon the ground the twain fell one hard by the other, and were befouled with dust. And now would they have sprung up again for the third time and have wrestled, but that Achilles himself uprose, and held them back: "No longer strain ye now, neither be worn with pain. Victory is with you both; take then equal prizes and go your ways, that other Achaeans too may strive."

So spake he, and they readily hearkened to him and obeyed, and wiping from their bodies the dust they put upon them their tunics.

Then the son of Peleus straightway set forth other prizes for fleetness of foot: a mixing-bowl of silver, richly-wrought; six measures it held, and in beauty it was far the goodliest in all the earth, seeing that Sidonians, well skilled in deft handiwork, had wrought it cunningly, and men of the Phoenicians brought it over the murky deep, and landed it in harbour, and gave it as a gift to Thoas; and as a ransom for Lycaon, son of Priam, Jason's son Euneos[2] gave it to the warrior Patroclus. This bowl

καὶ τὸν Ἀχιλλεὺς θῆκεν ἀέθλιον οὗ ἑτάροιο,
ὅς τις ἐλαφρότατος ποσσὶ κραιπνοῖσι πέλοιτο·
δευτέρῳ αὖ βοῦν θῆκε μέγαν καὶ πίονα δημῷ,
ἡμιτάλαντον δὲ χρυσοῦ λοισθήϊ' ἔθηκε.
στῆ δ' ὀρθὸς καὶ μῦθον ἐν Ἀργείοισιν ἔειπεν·
"ὄρνυσθ' οἳ καὶ τούτου ἀέθλου πειρήσεσθε."
ὣς ἔφατ', ὄρνυτο δ' αὐτίκ' Ὀϊλῆος ταχὺς Αἴας,
ἂν δ' Ὀδυσεὺς πολύμητις, ἔπειτα δὲ Νέστορος υἱὸς
Ἀντίλοχος· ὁ γὰρ αὖτε νέους ποσὶ πάντας ἐνίκα.
στὰν δὲ μεταστοιχί· σήμηνε δὲ τέρματ' Ἀχιλλεύς.[1]
τοῖσι δ' ἀπὸ νύσσης τέτατο δρόμος· ὦκα δ' ἔπειτα
ἔκφερ' Ὀϊλιάδης·[2] ἐπὶ δ' ὄρνυτο δῖος Ὀδυσσεὺς
ἄγχι μάλ', ὡς ὅτε τίς τε γυναικὸς ἐϋζώνοιο
στήθεός ἐστι κανών, ὅν τ' εὖ μάλα χερσὶ τανύσσῃ
πηνίον ἐξέλκουσα παρὲκ μίτον, ἀγχόθι δ' ἴσχει
στήθεος· ὣς Ὀδυσεὺς θέεν ἐγγύθεν, αὐτὰρ ὄπισθεν
ἴχνια τύπτε πόδεσσι πάρος κόνιν ἀμφιχυθῆναι.
κὰδ δ' ἄρα οἱ κεφαλῆς χέ' ἀϋτμένα δῖος Ὀδυσσεὺς
αἰεὶ ῥίμφα θέων· ἴαχον δ' ἐπὶ πάντες Ἀχαιοὶ
νίκης ἱεμένῳ, μάλα δὲ σπεύδοντι κέλευον.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ πύματον τέλεον δρόμον, αὐτίκ' Ὀδυσσεὺς
εὔχετ' Ἀθηναίῃ γλαυκώπιδι ὃν κατὰ θυμόν·
"κλῦθι, θεά, ἀγαθή μοι ἐπίρροθος ἐλθὲ ποδοῖιν."
ὣς ἔφατ' εὐχόμενος· τοῦ δ' ἔκλυε Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη,

[1] Line 757 (=358) was rejected by Aristarchus.
[2] ἔκφερ' Ὀϊλιάδης : ἔκθορ' ὁ Ἰλιάδης Zenodotus.

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[1] Here, as in *Od.* viii. 121, I take νύσσα to mean, not the "scratch," but the turning-point (see Agar, *Homerica*, pp. 115 ff.). On the other interpretation the line may be rendered, "From the start their running was strained to the utmost."

[2] In the ancient loom, which was vertical, the threads of the warp hung down from the top. The even threads were

did Achilles set forth as a prize in honour of his comrade, even for him whoso should prove fleetest in speed of foot. For the second again he set an ox great and rich with fat; and a half-talent in gold he appointed for the last. And he stood up, and spake among the Argives saying: "Up now, ye that will make essay likewise in this contest." So spake he, and forthwith uprose swift Aias, son of Oïleus, and Odysseus of many wiles, and after them Antilochus, Nestor's son, for he surpassed all the youths in swiftness of foot. Then took they their places in a row, and Achilles showed them the goal, and a course was marked out for them from the turning-point.[1] Then speedily the son of Oïleus forged to the front, and close after him sped goodly Odysseus; close as is the weaving-rod to the breast of a fair-girdled woman, when she deftly draweth it in her hands, pulling the spool past the warp, and holdeth the rod nigh to her breast;[2] even so close behind ran Odysseus, and his feet trod in the footsteps of Aias or ever the dust had settled therein, and down upon his head beat the breath of goodly Odysseus, as he ran ever swiftly on; and all the Achaeans shouted to further him as he struggled for victory, and called to him as he strained to the utmost. But when now they were running the last part of the course, straightway Odysseus made prayer in his heart to flashing-eyed Athene: "Hear me, goddess, and come a goodly helper to my feet." So spake he in prayer, and Pallas Athene heard him, and made

attached to one horizontal rod, and the odd threads to another. The weaver by drawing these rods alternately towards her breast left in each case an opening through which she could pass the spool upon which was wound the thread for the woof.

γυῖα δ' ἔθηκεν ἐλαφρά, πόδας καὶ χεῖρας ὕπερθεν.[1]
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ τάχ' ἔμελλον ἐπαΐξασθαι ἄεθλον,
ἔνθ' Αἴας μὲν ὄλισθε θέων—βλάψεν γὰρ Ἀθήνη—
τῇ ῥα βοῶν κέχυτ' ὄνθος ἀποκταμένων ἐριμύκων,
οὓς ἐπὶ Πατρόκλῳ πέφνεν πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·
ἐν δ' ὄνθου βοέου πλῆτο στόμα τε ῥῖνάς τε.
κρητῆρ' αὖτ' ἀνάειρε πολύτλας δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς,
ὡς ἦλθε φθάμενος· ὁ δὲ βοῦν ἕλε φαίδιμος Αἴας.
στῆ δὲ κέρας μετὰ χερσὶν ἔχων βοὸς ἀγραύλοιο,
ὄνθον ἀποπτύων, μετὰ δ' Ἀργείοισιν ἔειπεν·
“ὢ πόποι, ἦ μ' ἔβλαψε θεὰ πόδας, ἣ τὸ πάρος περ
μήτηρ ὣς Ὀδυσῆϊ παρίσταται ἠδ' ἐπαρήγει.”
Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἳ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἐπ' αὐτῷ ἡδὺ γέλασσαν.
Ἀντίλοχος δ' ἄρα δὴ λοισθήϊον ἔκφερ' ἄεθλον
μειδιόων, καὶ μῦθον ἐν Ἀργείοισιν ἔειπεν.
“εἰδόσιν ὔμμ' ἐρέω πᾶσιν, φίλοι, ὡς ἔτι καὶ νῦν
ἀθάνατοι τιμῶσι παλαιοτέρους ἀνθρώπους.
Αἴας μὲν γὰρ ἐμεῖ' ὀλίγον προγενέστερός ἐστιν,
οὗτος δὲ προτέρης γενεῆς προτέρων τ' ἀνθρώπων·
ὠμογέροντα δέ μίν φασ' ἔμμεναι· ἀργαλέον δὲ
ποσσὶν ἐριδήσασθαι Ἀχαιοῖς, εἰ μὴ Ἀχιλλεῖ.”
Ὣς φάτο, κύδηνεν δὲ ποδώκεα Πηλεΐωνα.
τὸν δ' Ἀχιλεὺς μύθοισιν ἀμειβόμενος προσέειπεν·
“Ἀντίλοχ', οὐ μέν τοι μέλεος εἰρήσεται αἶνος,
ἀλλά τοι ἡμιτάλαντον ἐγὼ χρυσοῦ ἐπιθήσω.”
Ὣς εἰπὼν ἐν χερσὶ τίθει, ὁ δ' ἐδέξατο χαίρων.
αὐτὰρ Πηλεΐδης κατὰ μὲν δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος

[1] Line 772 (=v. 122) was rejected by Aristarchus.

his limbs light, his feet and his hands above. But when they were now about to dart forth to win the prize, then Aias slipped as he ran—for Athene hampered him—where was strewn the filth from the slaying of the loud-bellowing bulls that swift-footed Achilles had slain in honour of Patroclus; and with the filth of the bulls were his mouth and nostrils filled. So then much-enduring, goodly Odysseus took up the bowl, seeing he came in the first, and glorious Aias took the ox. And he stood holding in his hands the horn of the ox of the field, spewing forth the filth; and he spake among the Argives: "Out upon it, lo, the goddess hampered me in my running, she that standeth ever by Odysseus' side like a mother, and helpeth him."

So spake he, but they all laughed merrily at him. Then Antilochus bare away the last prize, smiling the while, and spake among the Argives, saying: "Among you all that know it well, will I declare, my friends, that even to this day the immortals shew honour to older men. For Aias is but a little older than I, whereas Odysseus is of an earlier generation and of earlier men—a green old age is his, men say—yet hard were he for any other Achaean to contend with in running, save only for Achilles."

So spake he, and gave glory to the son of Peleus, swift of foot. And Achilles made answer, and spake to him, saying: "Antilochus, not in vain shall thy word of praise be spoken; nay, I will add to thy prize a half-talent of gold."

So saying, he set it in his hands, and Antilochus received it gladly. But the son of Peleus brought and set in the place of gathering a far-shadowing

θῆκ᾽ ἐς ἀγῶνα φέρων, κατὰ δ᾽ ἀσπίδα καὶ τρυφάλειαν,
τεύχεα Σαρπήδοντος, ἅ μιν Πάτροκλος ἀπηύρα.
στῆ δ᾽ ὀρθὸς καὶ μῦθον ἐν Ἀργείοισιν ἔειπεν·
"ἄνδρε δύω περὶ τῶνδε κελεύομεν, ὥ περ ἀρίστω,
τεύχεα ἑσσαμένω, ταμεσίχροα χαλκὸν ἑλόντε,
ἀλλήλων προπάροιθεν ὁμίλου πειρηθῆναι.
ὁππότερός κε φθῇσιν ὀρεξάμενος χρόα καλόν,[1]
ψαύσῃ δ᾽ ἐνδίνων διά τ᾽ ἔντεα καὶ μέλαν αἷμα,[2]
τῷ μὲν ἐγὼ δώσω τόδε φάσγανον ἀργυρόηλον
καλὸν Θρηΐκιον, τὸ μὲν Ἀστεροπαῖον ἀπηύρων·
τεύχεα δ᾽ ἀμφότεροι ξυνήϊα ταῦτα φερέσθων·
καί σφιν δαῖτ᾽ ἀγαθὴν παραθήσομεν ἐν κλισίῃσιν."[3]
Ὣς ἔφατ᾽, ὦρτο δ᾽ ἔπειτα μέγας Τελαμώνιος Αἴας,
ἂν δ᾽ ἄρα Τυδεΐδης ὦρτο, κρατερὸς Διομήδης.
οἱ δ᾽ ἐπεὶ οὖν ἑκάτερθεν ὁμίλου θωρήχθησαν,
ἐς μέσον ἀμφοτέρω συνίτην μεμαῶτε μάχεσθαι,
δεινὸν δερκομένω· θάμβος δ᾽ ἔχε πάντας Ἀχαιούς.
ἀλλ᾽ ὅτε δὴ σχεδὸν ἦσαν ἐπ᾽ ἀλλήλοισιν ἰόντες,
τρὶς μὲν ἐπήϊξαν, τρὶς δὲ σχεδὸν ὁρμήθησαν.
ἔνθ᾽ Αἴας μὲν ἔπειτα κατ᾽ ἀσπίδα πάντοσ᾽ ἐΐσην
νύξ᾽, οὐδὲ χρό᾽ ἵκανεν· ἔρυτο γὰρ ἔνδοθι θώρηξ·
Τυδεΐδης δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἔπειτα ὑπὲρ σάκεος μεγάλοιο
αἰὲν ἐπ᾽ αὐχένι κῦρε φαεινοῦ δουρὸς ἀκωκῇ.
καὶ τότε δή ῥ᾽ Αἴαντι περιδδείσαντες Ἀχαιοὶ
παυσαμένους ἐκέλευσαν ἀέθλια ἶσ᾽ ἀνελέσθαι.

[1] Lines 805 f. were given by Aristophanes in the form: ὁππότερος κε πρόσθεν ἐπιγράψας χρόα καλὸν φθήῃ ἐπευξάμενος διά τ᾽ ἔντεα καὶ φόνον ἀνδρῶν.
[2] Line 806 was rejected by Aristarchus.
[3] Line 810 was rejected by Aristarchus.

spear,[1] and therewith a shield and helmet, the battle-gear of Sarpedon, that Patroclus stripped from him; and he stood up, and spake among the Argives, saying: "To win these prizes invite we warriors twain, the best there are, to clothe them in their armour and take bronze that cleaveth the flesh, and so make trial each of the other before the host. Whoso of the twain shall first reach the other's fair flesh, and touch the inward parts through armour and dark blood, to him will I give this silver-studded sword—a goodly Thracian sword which I took from Asteropaeus; and these arms let the twain bear away to hold in common; and a goodly banquet shall we set before them in our huts."

So spake he, and thereat arose great Telamonian Aias, and up rose the son of Tydeus, stalwart Diomedes. So when they had armed them on either side of the throng, into the midst strode the twain, eager for battle, glaring terribly; and amazement held all the Achaeans. But when they were come near as they advanced one against the other, thrice they set upon each other, and thrice they clashed together. Then Aias thrust upon the shield, that was well-balanced upon every side, but reached not the flesh, for the corselet within kept off the spear. But Tydeus' son over the great shield sought ever to reach the neck with the point of his shining spear. Then verily the Achaeans, seized with fear for Aias, bade them cease and take up equal prizes. Howbeit

[1] The following passage, containing the description of the contests in spear-thrusting, discus-throwing, and archery (lines 798-883), is full of difficulties and incongruities, and few regard it as an integral part of the *Iliad*. These contests are not included in the lists of those which were customary, as given in the words of Achilles (621 ff.) or of Nestor (634 ff.).

αὐτὰρ Τυδεΐδῃ δῶκεν μέγα φάσγανον ἥρως[1]
σὺν κολεῷ τε φέρων καὶ ἐϋτμήτῳ τελαμῶνι.
Αὐτὰρ Πηλεΐδης θῆκεν σόλον αὐτοχόωνον,
ὃν πρὶν μὲν ῥίπτασκε μέγα σθένος Ἠετίωνος·
ἀλλ' ἤ τοι τὸν πέφνε ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς,
τὸν δ' ἄγετ' ἐν νήεσσι σὺν ἄλλοισι κτεάτεσσι.
στῆ δ' ὀρθὸς καὶ μῦθον ἐν Ἀργείοισιν ἔειπεν·
"ὄρνυσθ' οἳ καὶ τούτου ἀέθλου πειρήσεσθε.
εἴ οἱ καὶ μάλα πολλὸν ἀπόπροθι πίονες ἀγροί,
ἕξει μιν καὶ πέντε περιπλομένους ἐνιαυτοὺς
χρεώμενος· οὐ μὲν γάρ οἱ ἀτεμβόμενός γε σιδήρου
ποιμὴν οὐδ' ἀροτὴρ εἶσ' ἐς πόλιν, ἀλλὰ παρέξει."
Ὣς ἔφατ', ὦρτο δ' ἔπειτα μενεπτόλεμος Πολυποίτης,
ἂν δὲ Λεοντῆος κρατερὸν μένος ἀντιθέοιο,
ἂν δ' Αἴας Τελαμωνιάδης καὶ δῖος Ἐπειός.
ἑξείης δ' ἵσταντο, σόλον δ' ἕλε δῖος Ἐπειός,
ἧκε δὲ δινήσας· γέλασαν δ' ἐπὶ πάντες Ἀχαιοί.
δεύτερος αὖτ' ἀφέηκε Λεοντεύς, ὄζος Ἄρηος.
τὸ τρίτον αὖτ' ἔρριψε μέγας Τελαμώνιος Αἴας,
χειρὸς ἄπο στιβαρῆς, καὶ ὑπέρβαλε σήματα πάντων.[2]
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ σόλον εἷλε μενεπτόλεμος Πολυποίτης,
ὅσσον τίς τ' ἔρριψε καλαύροπα βουκόλος ἀνήρ,
ἡ δέ θ' ἑλισσομένη πέτεται διὰ βοῦς ἀγελαίας,
τόσσον παντὸς ἀγῶνος ὑπέρβαλε· τοὶ δὲ βόησαν.
ἀνστάντες δ' ἕταροι Πολυποίταο κρατεροῖο
νῆας ἔπι γλαφυρὰς ἔφερον βασιλῆος ἄεθλον.
Αὐτὰρ ὁ τοξευτῆσι τίθει ἰόεντα σίδηρον,
κὰδ δ' ἐτίθει δέκα μὲν πελέκεας, δέκα δ' ἡμιπέλεκκα,

[1] Lines 824 f. were rejected by Aristophanes and Aristarchus.
[2] Line 843 was rejected by Aristarchus.

to Tydeus' son the warrior gave the great sword, bringing it with its scabbard and well-cut baldric.

Then the son of Peleus set forth a mass of rough-cast iron,[1] which of old the mighty strength of Eëtion was wont to hurl; but him had swift-footed goodly Achilles slain, and bare this away on his ships with his other possessions. And he stood up, and spake among the Argives, saying: "Up now, ye that will make essay likewise in this contest. Though his rich fields lie very far remote, the winner hereof will have it five revolving years to serve his need; for not through lack of iron will his shepherd or ploughman fare to the city; nay, this will supply them."

So spake he, and thereat arose Polypoetes, staunch in fight, and the mighty strength of godlike Leonteus, and Aias, son of Telamon, and goodly Epeius. Then they took their places in order, and goodly Epeius grasped the mass, and whirled and flung it; and all the Achaeans laughed aloud thereat. Then in turn Leonteus, scion of Ares, made a cast; and thirdly great Telamonian Aias hurled it from his strong hand, and sent it past the marks of all. But when Polypoetes, staunch in fight, grasped the mass, far as a herdsman flings his crook, and it flieth whirling over the herds of kine, even so far cast he it beyond all the gathering; and the folk shouted aloud. And the comrades of strong Polypoetes rose up and bare to the hollow ships the prize of the king.

Then for the archers he set forth as a prize dark iron—ten double axes laid he down, and ten single;

[1] Others take σόλον αὐτοχόωνον to mean a mass of "self-smelted" meteoric iron.

ἱστὸν δ' ἔστησεν νηὸς κυανοπρῴροιο
τηλοῦ ἐπὶ ψαμάθοις, ἐκ δὲ τρήρωνα πέλειαν
λεπτῇ μηρίνθῳ δῆσεν ποδός, ἧς ἄρ' ἀνώγει
τοξεύειν. "ὃς μέν κε βάλῃ τρήρωνα πέλειαν,
πάντας ἀειράμενος πελέκεας οἶκόνδε φερέσθω·
ὃς δέ κε μηρίνθοιο τύχῃ, ὄρνιθος ἁμαρτών,
ἥσσων γὰρ δὴ κεῖνος, ὁ δ' οἴσεται ἡμιπέλεκκα."
Ὣς ἔφατ', ὦρτο δ' ἔπειτα βίη Τεύκροιο ἄνακτος,
ἂν δ' ἄρα Μηριόνης, θεράπων ἐῢς Ἰδομενῆος.
κλήρους δ' ἐν κυνέῃ χαλκήρεϊ πάλλον ἑλόντες,
Τεῦκρος δὲ πρῶτος κλήρῳ λάχεν. αὐτίκα δ' ἰὸν
ἧκεν ἐπικρατέως, οὐδ' ἠπείλησεν ἄνακτι
ἀρνῶν πρωτογόνων ῥέξειν κλειτὴν ἑκατόμβην.[1]
ὄρνιθος μὲν ἄμαρτε· μέγηρε γάρ οἱ τό γ' Ἀπόλλων·
αὐτὰρ ὁ μήρινθον βάλε πὰρ πόδα, τῇ δέδετ' ὄρνις·
ἀντικρὺ δ' ἀπὸ μήρινθον τάμε πικρὸς ὀϊστός.
ἡ μὲν ἔπειτ' ἤϊξε πρὸς οὐρανόν, ἡ δὲ παρείθη
μήρινθος ποτὶ γαῖαν· ἀτὰρ κελάδησαν Ἀχαιοί.
σπερχόμενος δ' ἄρα Μηριόνης ἐξείρυσε χειρὸς
τόξον—ἀτὰρ δὴ ὀϊστὸν ἔχεν πάλαι, ὡς ἴθυνεν—
αὐτίκα δ' ἠπείλησεν ἑκηβόλῳ Ἀπόλλωνι
ἀρνῶν πρωτογόνων ῥέξειν κλειτὴν ἑκατόμβην.
ὕψι δ' ὑπαὶ νεφέων εἶδε τρήρωνα πέλειαν·
τῇ ῥ' ὅ γε δινεύουσαν ὑπὸ πτέρυγος βάλε μέσσην,
ἀντικρὺ δὲ διῆλθε βέλος· τὸ μὲν ἂψ ἐπὶ γαίῃ
πρόσθεν Μηριόναο πάγη ποδός· αὐτὰρ ἡ ὄρνις
ἱστῷ ἐφεζομένη νηὸς κυανοπρῴροιο
αὐχέν' ἀπεκρέμασεν, σὺν δὲ πτερὰ πυκνὰ λίασθεν.
ὠκὺς δ' ἐκ μελέων θυμὸς πτάτο, τῆλε δ' ἀπ' αὐτοῦ
κάππεσε· λαοὶ δ' αὖ θηεῦντό τε θάμβησάν τε.

[1] Line 864 is omitted in some MSS.

and he set up the mast of a dark-prowed ship far off in the sands, and with a slender cord made fast thereto by the foot a timorous dove, and bade shoot thereat. "Whoso shall hit the timorous dove let him take up all the double axes and bear them home, and whoso shall hit the cord, albeit he miss the bird : lo, his is the worser shot ; he shall bear as his prize the single axes."

So spake he, and there arose the might of the prince Teucer, and Meriones the valiant squire of Idomeneus. Then took they the lots and shook them in a helmet of bronze, and Teucer drew by lot the first place. Forthwith he let fly an arrow with might, howbeit he vowed not that he would sacrifice to the king a glorious hecatomb of firstling lambs. So he missed the bird, for Apollo grudged him that, but hit the cord beside its foot wherewith the bird was tied, and clean away the bitter arrow cut the cord. Then the dove darted skyward, and the cord hung loose toward earth ; and the Achaeans shouted aloud. But Meriones speedily snatched the bow from Teucer's hand — an arrow had he long been holding while Teucer aimed—and vowed forthwith that he would sacrifice to Apollo that smiteth afar a glorious hecatomb of firstling lambs. High up beneath the cloud he spied the timorous dove ; there as she circled round he struck her in the midst beneath the wing, and clean through passed the shaft, and fell again and fixed itself in the ground before the foot of Meriones ; but the dove, lighting on the mast of the dark-prowed ship, hung down her head, and her thick plumage drooped. Swiftly the life fled from her limbs, and she fell far from the mast ; and the people gazed thereon and were

ἂν δ' ἄρα Μηριόνης πελέκεας δέκα πάντας ἄειρε,
Τεῦκρος δ' ἡμιπέλεκκα φέρεν κοίλας ἐπὶ νῆας.
Αὐτὰρ Πηλεΐδης κατὰ μὲν δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος,
κὰδ δὲ λέβητ' ἄπυρον, βοὸς ἄξιον, ἀνθεμόεντα
θῆκ' ἐς ἀγῶνα φέρων· καί ῥ' ἥμονες ἄνδρες ἀνέσταν·
ἂν μὲν ἄρ' Ἀτρεΐδης εὐρὺ κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων,
ἂν δ' ἄρα Μηριόνης, θεράπων ἐῢς Ἰδομενῆος.
τοῖσι δὲ καὶ μετέειπε ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς.
"Ἀτρεΐδη· ἴδμεν γὰρ ὅσον προβέβηκας ἁπάντων
ἠδ' ὅσσον δυνάμει τε καὶ ἥμασιν ἔπλευ ἄριστος·
ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν τόδ' ἄεθλον ἔχων κοίλας ἐπὶ νῆας
ἔρχευ, ἀτὰρ δόρυ Μηριόνῃ ἥρωϊ πόρωμεν,
εἰ σύ γε σῷ θυμῷ ἐθέλοις· κέλομαι γὰρ ἐγώ γε."
Ὣς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθησεν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων·
δῶκε δὲ Μηριόνῃ δόρυ χάλκεον· αὐτὰρ ὅ γ' ἥρως
Ταλθυβίῳ κήρυκι δίδου περικαλλὲς ἄεθλον.

seized with wonder. And Meriones took up all ten double axes, and Teucer bare the single to the hollow ships.

Then the son of Peleus brought and set in the place of gathering a far-shadowing spear and a cauldron, that the fire had not yet touched, of an ox's worth, embossed with flowers; and men that were hurlers of javelins arose. Up rose the son of Atreus, wide-ruling Agamemnon, and Meriones, the valiant squire of Idomeneus. But among them spake swift-footed, goodly Achilles: "Son of Atreus, we know how far thou excellest all, and how far thou art the best in might and in the casting of the spear; nay, take thou this prize and go thy way to the hollow ships; but the spear let us give to the warrior Meriones, if thy heart consenteth thereto; so at least would I have it."

So spake he, and the king of men, Agamemnon, failed not to hearken. Then to Meriones he gave the spear of bronze, but the warrior handed to the herald Talthybius the beauteous prize.

ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Ω

Λῦτο δ' ἀγών, λαοὶ δὲ θοὰς ἐπὶ νῆας ἕκαστοι
ἐσκίδναντ' ἰέναι. τοὶ μὲν δόρποιο μέδοντο
ὕπνου τε γλυκεροῦ ταρπήμεναι· αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς
κλαῖε φίλου ἑτάρου μεμνημένος, οὐδέ μιν ὕπνος
ᾕρει πανδαμάτωρ, ἀλλ' ἐστρέφετ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα,
Πατρόκλου ποθέων ἀνδροτῆτά τε καὶ μένος ἠΰ,[1]
ἠδ' ὁπόσα τολύπευσε σὺν αὐτῷ καὶ πάθεν ἄλγεα,
ἀνδρῶν τε πτολέμους ἀλεγεινά τε κύματα πείρων·
τῶν μιμνησκόμενος θαλερὸν κατὰ δάκρυον εἶβεν,
ἄλλοτ' ἐπὶ πλευρὰς κατακείμενος, ἄλλοτε δ' αὖτε
ὕπτιος, ἄλλοτε δὲ πρηνής· τοτὲ δ' ὀρθὸς ἀναστὰς
δινεύεσκ' ἀλύων παρὰ θῖν' ἁλός. οὐδέ μιν ἠὼς
φαινομένη λήθεσκεν ὑπεὶρ ἅλα τ' ἠϊόνας τε,
ἀλλ' ὅ γ' ἐπεὶ ζεύξειεν ὑφ' ἅρμασιν ὠκέας ἵππους,
Ἕκτορα δ' ἕλκεσθαι δησάσκετο δίφρου ὄπισθεν,
τρὶς δ' ἐρύσας περὶ σῆμα Μενοιτιάδαο θανόντος
αὖτις ἐνὶ κλισίῃ παυέσκετο, τὸν δέ τ' ἔασκεν
ἐν κόνι ἐκτανύσας προπρηνέα. τοῖο δ' Ἀπόλλων
πᾶσαν ἀεικείην ἄπεχε χροῒ φῶτ' ἐλεαίρων
καὶ τεθνηότα περ· περὶ δ' αἰγίδι πάντα κάλυπτε[2]
χρυσείῃ, ἵνα μή μιν ἀποδρύφοι ἑλκυστάζων.
Ὣς ὁ μὲν Ἕκτορα δῖον ἀείκιζεν μενεαίνων·

[1] Lines 6-9 were rejected by Aristophanes and Aristarchus.
[2] Lines 20 f. were rejected by Aristarchus.

BOOK XXIV

Then was the gathering broken up, and the folk scattered, each man to go to his own ship. The rest bethought them of supper and of sweet sleep, to take their fill thereof; but Achilles wept, ever remembering his dear comrade, neither might sleep, that mastereth all, lay hold of him, but he turned him ever to this side or to that, yearning for the manhood and valorous might of Patroclus, thinking on all he had wrought with him and all the woes he had borne, passing though wars of men and the grievous waves. Thinking thereon he would shed big tears, lying now upon his side, now upon his back, and now upon his face; and then again he would rise upon his feet and roam distraught along the shore of the sea. Neither would he fail to mark the Dawn, as she shone over the sea and the sea-beaches, but would yoke beneath the car his swift horses, and bind Hector behind the chariot to drag him withal; and when he had haled him thrice about the barrow of the dead son of Menoetius, he would rest again in his hut, but would leave Hector outstretched on his face in the dust. Howbeit Apollo kept all defacement from his flesh, pitying the warrior even in death, and with the golden aegis he covered him wholly, that Achilles might not tear his body as he dragged him.

Thus Achilles in his fury did foul despite unto

τὸν δ' ἐλεαίρεσκον μάκαρες θεοὶ εἰσορόωντες,[1]
κλέψαι δ' ὀτρύνεσκον ἐΰσκοπον Ἀργεϊφόντην.
ἔνθ' ἄλλοις μὲν πᾶσιν ἑήνδανεν, οὐδέ ποθ' Ἥρῃ
οὐδὲ Ποσειδάων' οὐδὲ γλαυκώπιδι κούρῃ,
ἀλλ' ἔχον ὥς σφιν πρῶτον ἀπήχθετο Ἴλιος ἱρὴ
καὶ Πρίαμος καὶ λαὸς Ἀλεξάνδρου ἕνεκ' ἄτης,
ὃς νείκεσσε θεάς, ὅτε οἱ μέσσαυλον ἵκοντο,
τὴν δ' ᾔνησ' ἥ οἱ πόρε μαχλοσύνην ἀλεγεινήν.[2]
ἀλλ' ὅτε δή ῥ' ἐκ τοῖο δυωδεκάτη γένετ' ἠώς,
καὶ τότ' ἄρ' ἀθανάτοισι μετηύδα Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων·
"σχέτλιοί ἐστε, θεοί, δηλήμονες· οὔ νύ ποθ' ὑμῖν
Ἕκτωρ μηρί' ἔκηε βοῶν αἰγῶν τε τελείων;
τὸν νῦν οὐκ ἔτλητε νέκυν περ ἐόντα σαῶσαι,
ᾗ τ' ἀλόχῳ ἰδέειν καὶ μητέρι καὶ τέκεϊ ᾧ
καὶ πατέρι Πριάμῳ λαοῖσί τε, τοί κέ μιν ὦκα
ἐν πυρὶ κήαιεν καὶ ἐπὶ κτέρεα κτερίσαιεν.
ἀλλ' ὀλοῷ Ἀχιλῆϊ, θεοί, βούλεσθ' ἐπαρήγειν,
ᾧ οὔτ' ἂρ φρένες εἰσὶν ἐναίσιμοι οὔτε νόημα
γναμπτὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσι, λέων δ' ὣς ἄγρια οἶδεν,
ὅς τ' ἐπεὶ ἂρ μεγάλῃ τε βίῃ καὶ ἀγήνορι θυμῷ
εἴξας εἶσ' ἐπὶ μῆλα βροτῶν, ἵνα δαῖτα λάβῃσιν·
ὣς Ἀχιλεὺς ἔλεον μὲν ἀπώλεσεν, οὐδέ οἱ αἰδὼς
γίγνεται, ἥ τ' ἄνδρας μέγα σίνεται ἠδ' ὀνίνησι.[3]
μέλλει μέν πού τις καὶ φίλτερον ἄλλον ὀλέσσαι,
ἠὲ κασίγνητον ὁμογάστριον ἠὲ καὶ υἱόν·

[1] Lines 23-30 (or 25-30) were rejected by Aristarchus.
[2] Line 30 was given by Aristophanes in the form,

τὴν δ' ᾔνησ' ἥ οἱ κεχαρισμένα δῶρ' ὀνόμηνε.

[3] Line 45 (= Hesiod, *Works and Days*, 318) was rejected by Aristarchus.

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[1] This is the only allusion in the *Iliad* to the judgment of Paris.

goodly Hector; but the blessed gods had pity on him as they beheld him, and bestirred the keen-sighted Argeïphontes to steal away the corpse. And the thing was pleasing unto all the rest, yet not unto Hera or Poseidon or the flashing-eyed maiden, but they continued even as when at the first sacred Ilios became hateful in their eyes and Priam and his folk, by reason of the sin of Alexander, for that he put reproach upon those goddesses when they came to his steading,[1] and gave precedence to her who furthered his fatal lustfulness. But when at length the twelfth morn thereafter was come, then among the immortals spake Phoebus Apollo: "Cruel are ye, O ye gods, and workers of bane. Hath Hector then never burned for you thighs of bulls and goats without blemish? Him now have ye not the heart to save, a corpse though he be, for his wife to look upon and his mother and his child, and his father Priam and his people, who would forthwith burn him in the fire and pay him funeral rites. Nay, it is the ruthless Achilles, O ye gods, that ye are fain to succour, him whose mind is nowise right, neither the purpose in his breast one that may be bent; but his heart is set on cruelty, even as a lion that at the bidding of his great might and lordly spirit goeth forth against the flocks of men to win him a feast; even so hath Achilles lost all pity, neither is shame in his heart, the which harmeth men greatly and profiteth them withal.[2] Lo, it may be that a man hath lost one dearer even than was this—a brother, that the selfsame mother bare, or haply a son;

[2] *i.e.* shame, or fear for what men may say, while it may deter one from doing wrong, may also prevent one from doing what he knows to be right; see especially Euripides, *Hippolytus*, 385 f.

ἀλλ' ἤ τοι κλαύσας καὶ ὀδυράμενος μεθέηκε·
τλητὸν γὰρ Μοῖραι θυμὸν θέσαν ἀνθρώποισιν.
αὐτὰρ ὅ γ' Ἕκτορα δῖον, ἐπεὶ φίλον ἦτορ ἀπηύρα,
ἵππων ἐξάπτων περὶ σῆμ' ἑτάροιο φίλοιο
ἕλκει· οὐ μήν οἱ τό γε κάλλιον οὐδέ τ' ἄμεινον.
μὴ ἀγαθῷ περ ἐόντι νεμεσσηθέωμέν οἱ ἡμεῖς·
κωφὴν γὰρ δὴ γαῖαν ἀεικίζει μενεαίνων."
Τὸν δὲ χολωσαμένη προσέφη λευκώλενος Ἥρη·
"εἴη κεν καὶ τοῦτο τεὸν ἔπος, ἀργυρότοξε,
εἰ δὴ ὁμὴν Ἀχιλῆϊ καὶ Ἕκτορι θήσετε τιμήν.
Ἕκτωρ μὲν θνητός τε γυναῖκά τε θήσατο μαζόν·
αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεύς ἐστι θεᾶς γόνος, ἣν ἐγὼ αὐτὴ
θρέψα τε καὶ ἀτίτηλα καὶ ἀνδρὶ πόρον παράκοιτιν,
Πηλέϊ, ὃς περὶ κῆρι φίλος γένετ' ἀθανάτοισι.
πάντες δ' ἀντιάασθε, θεοί, γάμου· ἐν δὲ σὺ τοῖσι
δαίνυ' ἔχων φόρμιγγα, κακῶν ἕταρ', αἰὲν ἄπιστε."
Τὴν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεύς·
"Ἥρη, μὴ δὴ πάμπαν ἀποσκύδμαινε θεοῖσιν·
οὐ μὲν γὰρ τιμή γε μί' ἔσσεται· ἀλλὰ καὶ Ἕκτωρ
φίλτατος ἔσκε θεοῖσι βροτῶν οἳ ἐν Ἰλίῳ εἰσίν·
ὣς γὰρ ἐμοί γ', ἐπεὶ οὔ τι φίλων ἡμάρτανε δώρων.
οὐ γάρ μοί ποτε βωμὸς ἐδεύετο δαιτὸς ἐΐσης,
λοιβῆς τε κνίσης τε· τὸ γὰρ λάχομεν γέρας ἡμεῖς.
ἀλλ' ἤ τοι κλέψαι μὲν ἐάσομεν—οὐδέ πη ἔστι[1]
λάθρῃ Ἀχιλλῆος—θρασὺν Ἕκτορα· ἦ γάρ οἱ αἰεὶ
μήτηρ παρμέμβλωκεν ὁμῶς νύκτας τε καὶ ἦμαρ.

[1] Lines 71-73 were rejected by Aristarchus.

yet verily when he hath wept and wailed for him he maketh an end; for an enduring soul have the Fates given unto men. But this man, when he hath reft goodly Hector of life, bindeth him behind his chariot and draggeth him about the barrow of his dear comrade; in sooth neither honour nor profit shall he have therefrom. Let him beware lest we wax wroth with him, good man though he be; for lo, in his fury he doth foul despite unto senseless clay."

Then stirred to anger spake to him white-armed Hera: "Even this might be as thou sayest, Lord of the silver bow, if indeed ye gods will vouchsafe like honour to Achilles and to Hector. Hector is but mortal and was suckled at a woman's breast, but Achilles is the child of a goddess that I mine own self fostered and reared, and gave to a warrior to be his wife, even to Peleus, who was heartily dear to the immortals. And all of you, O ye gods, came to her marriage, and among them thyself too didst sit at the feast, thy lyre in thy hand, O thou friend of evil-doers, faithless ever."

Then Zeus, the cloud-gatherer, answered her, and said: "Hera, be not thou utterly wroth against the gods; the honour of these twain shall not be as one; howbeit Hector too was dearest to the gods of all mortals that are in Ilios. So was he to me at least, for nowise failed he of acceptable gifts. For never was my altar in lack of the equal feast, the drink-offering and the savour of burnt-offering, even the worship that is our due. Howbeit of the stealing away of bold Hector will we naught; it may not be but that Achilles would be ware thereof; for verily his mother cometh ever to his side alike by night and day. But I would that one of the gods would

ἀλλ' εἴ τις καλέσειε θεῶν Θέτιν ἆσσον ἐμεῖο,
ὄφρα τί οἱ εἴπω πυκινὸν ἔπος, ὥς κεν Ἀχιλλεὺς
δώρων ἐκ Πριάμοιο λάχῃ ἀπό θ' Ἕκτορα λύσῃ."
Ὣς ἔφατ', ὦρτο δὲ Ἶρις ἀελλόπος ἀγγελέουσα,
μεσσηγὺς δὲ Σάμου τε καὶ Ἴμβρου παιπαλοέσσης
ἔνθορε μείλανι πόντῳ· ἐπεστονάχησε δὲ λίμνη.
ἡ δὲ μολυβδαίνῃ ἰκέλη ἐς βυσσὸν ὄρουσεν,
ἥ τε κατ' ἀγραύλοιο βοὸς κέρας ἐμβεβαυῖα
ἔρχεται ὠμηστῇσιν ἐπ' ἰχθύσι κῆρα φέρουσα.
εὗρε δ' ἐνὶ σπῆϊ γλαφυρῷ Θέτιν, ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' ἄλλαι
ἥαθ' ὁμηγερέες ἅλιαι θεαί· ἡ δ' ἐνὶ μέσσῃς
κλαῖε μόρον οὗ παιδὸς ἀμύμονος, ὅς οἱ ἔμελλε
φθίσεσθ' ἐν Τροίῃ ἐριβώλακι, τηλόθι πάτρης·[1]
ἀγχοῦ δ' ἱσταμένη προσέφη πόδας ὠκέα Ἶρις·
"ὄρσο, Θέτι· καλέει Ζεὺς ἄφθιτα μήδεα εἰδώς."
τὴν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα θεὰ Θέτις ἀργυρόπεζα·
"τίπτε με κεῖνος ἄνωγε μέγας θεός; αἰδέομαι δὲ
μίσγεσθ' ἀθανάτοισιν, ἔχω δ' ἄχε' ἄκριτα θυμῷ.
εἶμι μέν, οὐδ' ἅλιον ἔπος ἔσσεται, ὅττι κεν εἴπῃ."
Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσασα κάλυμμ' ἕλε δῖα θεάων
κυάνεον, τοῦ δ' οὔ τι μελάντερον ἔπλετο ἔσθος,
βῆ δ' ἰέναι, πρόσθεν δὲ ποδήνεμος ὠκέα Ἶρις
ἡγεῖτ'· ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρα σφι λιάζετο κῦμα θαλάσσης.
ἀκτὴν δ' ἐξαναβᾶσαι ἐς οὐρανὸν ἀϊχθήτην,
εὗρον δ' εὐρύοπα Κρονίδην, περὶ δ' ἄλλοι ἅπαντες
ἥαθ' ὁμηγερέες μάκαρες θεοὶ αἰὲν ἐόντες.
ἡ δ' ἄρα πὰρ Διὶ πατρὶ καθέζετο, εἶξε δ' Ἀθήνη.

[1] Line 86 was rejected by Aristarchus.

[1] The poet probably refers to an artificial bait made of horn and weighted with lead; *cf. Od.* xii. 251 ff., and Haskins in *Journ. Philol.* xix. 238 ff. Others assume that a tube of horn was used as a guard to prevent the line from being bitten through. So Aristarchus and Aristotle.

call Thetis to come unto me, that I may speak to her a word of wisdom, to the end that Achilles may accept gifts from Priam, and give Hector back."

So spake he, and storm-footed Iris hasted to bear his message, and midway between Samos and rugged Imbros she leapt into the dark sea, and the waters sounded loud above her. Down sped she to the depths like a plummet of lead, the which, set upon the horn of an ox of the field, goeth down bearing death to the ravenous fishes.[1] And she found Thetis in the hollow cave, and round about her other goddesses of the sea sat in a throng, and she in their midst was wailing for the fate of her peerless son, who to her sorrow was to perish in deep-soiled Troy, far from his native land. And swift-footed Iris drew near, and spake to her: "Rouse thee, O Thetis; Zeus, whose counsels are everlasting, calleth thee." Then spake in answer Thetis, the silver-footed goddess: "Wherefore summoneth me that mighty god? I have shame to mingle in the company of the immortals, seeing I have measureless griefs at heart. Howbeit I will go, neither shall his word be vain, whatsoever he shall speak."

So saying, the fair goddess took a dark-hued veil, than which was no raiment more black, and set out to go, and before her wind-footed swift Iris led the way; and about them the surge of the sea parted asunder. And when they had stepped forth upon the beach they sped unto heaven; and they found the son of Cronos, whose voice is borne afar, and around him sat gathered together all the other blessed gods that are for ever. Then she sate her down beside father Zeus, and Athene gave place.

Ἥρη δὲ χρύσεον καλὸν δέπας ἐν χερὶ θῆκε
καί ῥ' εὔφρην' ἐπέεσσι· Θέτις δ' ὤρεξε πιοῦσα.
τοῖσι δὲ μύθων ἦρχε πατὴρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε·
"ἤλυθες Οὔλυμπόνδε, θεὰ Θέτι, κηδομένη περ,
πένθος ἄλαστον ἔχουσα μετὰ φρεσίν· οἶδα καὶ αὐτός·
ἀλλὰ καὶ ὧς ἐρέω τοῦ σ' εἵνεκα δεῦρο κάλεσσα.
ἐννῆμαρ δὴ νεῖκος ἐν ἀθανάτοισιν ὄρωρεν
Ἕκτορος ἀμφὶ νέκυι καὶ Ἀχιλλῆϊ πτολιπόρθῳ·
κλέψαι δ' ὀτρύνουσιν ἐΰσκοπον Ἀργεϊφόντην·
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ τόδε κῦδος[1] Ἀχιλλῆϊ προτιάπτω,
αἰδῶ καὶ φιλότητα τεὴν μετόπισθε φυλάσσων.
αἶψα μάλ' ἐς στρατὸν ἐλθὲ καὶ υἱέϊ σῷ ἐπίτειλον·
σκύζεσθαί οἱ εἰπὲ θεούς, ἐμὲ δ' ἔξοχα πάντων
ἀθανάτων κεχολῶσθαι, ὅτι φρεσὶ μαινομένῃσιν
Ἕκτορ' ἔχει παρὰ νηυσὶ κορωνίσιν οὐδ' ἀπέλυσεν,
αἴ κέν πως ἐμέ τε δείσῃ ἀπό θ' Ἕκτορα λύσῃ.
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ Πριάμῳ μεγαλήτορι Ἶριν ἐφήσω
λύσασθαι φίλον υἱόν, ἰόντ' ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν,
δῶρα δ' Ἀχιλλῆϊ φερέμεν, τά κε θυμὸν ἰήνῃ."
Ὣς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθησε θεὰ Θέτις ἀργυρόπεζα,
βῆ δὲ κατ' Οὐλύμποιο καρήνων ἀΐξασα,
ἷξεν δ' ἐς κλισίην οὗ υἱέος. ἔνθ' ἄρα τόν γε
εὗρ' ἁδινὰ στενάχοντα· φίλοι δ' ἀμφ' αὐτὸν ἑταῖροι
ἐσσυμένως ἐπένοντο καὶ ἐντύνοντ' ἄριστον·
τοῖσι δ' ὄϊς λάσιος μέγας ἐν κλισίῃ ἱέρευτο.
ἡ δὲ μάλ' ἄγχ' αὐτοῖο καθέζετο πότνια μήτηρ,
χειρί τέ μιν κατέρεξεν ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἔκ τ' ὀνόμαζε·
"τέκνον ἐμόν, τέο μέχρις ὀδυρόμενος καὶ ἀχεύων

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[1] The "honour" consists in the fact that in yielding the body Achilles, as Zeus goes on to tell her, is to receive rich recompense.

And Hera set in her hand a fair golden cup, and spake words of cheer; and Thetis drank, and gave back the cup. Then among them the father of men and gods was first to speak: "Thou art come to Olympus, goddess Thetis, for all thy sorrow, though thou hast comfortless grief at heart; I know it of myself; yet even so will I tell thee wherefore I called thee hither. For nine days' space hath strife arisen among the immortals as touching the corpse of Hector and Achilles, sacker of cities. They are for bestirring the keen-sighted Argeïphontes to steal the body away, yet herein do I accord honour[1] unto Achilles; for I would fain keep in time to come thy worship and thy love. Haste thee with all speed to the host and declare unto thy son my bidding. Say unto him that the gods are angered with him, and that I above all immortals am filled with wrath, for that in the fury of his heart he holdeth Hector at the beaked ships and gave him not back, if so be he may be seized with fear of me and give Hector back. But I will send forth Iris unto great-hearted Priam, to bid him go to the ships of the Achaeans to ransom his dear son, and to bear gifts unto Achilles which shall make glad his heart."

So spake he, and the goddess, silver-footed Thetis, failed not to hearken, but went darting down from the peaks of Olympus, and came to the hut of her son. There she found him groaning ceaselessly, and round about him his dear comrades with busy haste were making ready their early meal, and in the hut a ram, great and shaggy, lay slaughtered for them. Then she, his queenly mother, sate her down close by his side and stroked him with her hand, and spake, and called him by name: "My child, how long wilt thou devour thine heart with

σὴν ἔδεαι κραδίην, μεμνημένος οὔτε τι σίτου
οὔτ' εὐνῆς; ἀγαθὸν δὲ γυναικί περ ἐν φιλότητι[1]
μίσγεσθ'· οὐ γάρ μοι δηρὸν βέῃ, ἀλλά τοι ἤδη
ἄγχι παρέστηκεν θάνατος καὶ μοῖρα κραταιή.
ἀλλ' ἐμέθεν ξύνες ὦκα, Διὸς δέ τοι ἄγγελός εἰμι·
σκύζεσθαι σοί φησι θεούς, ἓ δ' ἔξοχα πάντων
ἀθανάτων κεχολῶσθαι, ὅτι φρεσὶ μαινομένῃσιν
Ἕκτορ' ἔχεις παρὰ νηυσὶ κορωνίσιν οὐδ' ἀπέλυσας.
ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ λῦσον, νεκροῖο δὲ δέξαι ἄποινα."
Τὴν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·
"τῇδ' εἴη· ὃς ἄποινα φέροι καὶ νεκρὸν ἄγοιτο,
εἰ δὴ πρόφρονι θυμῷ Ὀλύμπιος αὐτὸς ἀνώγει."
Ὣς οἵ γ' ἐν νηῶν ἀγύρει μήτηρ τε καὶ υἱὸς
πολλὰ πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἔπεα πτερόεντ' ἀγόρευον.
Ἶριν δ' ὄτρυνε Κρονίδης εἰς Ἴλιον ἱρήν·
"βάσκ' ἴθι, Ἶρι ταχεῖα, λιποῦσ' ἕδος Οὐλύμποιο
ἄγγειλον Πριάμῳ μεγαλήτορι Ἴλιον εἴσω
λύσασθαι φίλον υἱὸν ἰόντ' ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν,
δῶρα δ' Ἀχιλλῆϊ φερέμεν, τά κε θυμὸν ἰήνῃ,
οἶον, μηδέ τις ἄλλος ἅμα Τρώων ἴτω ἀνήρ.
κῆρύξ τίς οἱ ἕποιτο γεραίτερος, ὅς κ' ἰθύνοι
ἡμιόνους καὶ ἄμαξαν ἐΰτροχον, ἠδὲ καὶ αὖτις
νεκρὸν ἄγοι προτὶ ἄστυ, τὸν ἔκτανε δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς.
μηδέ τί οἱ θάνατος μελέτω φρεσὶ μηδέ τι τάρβος·
τοῖον γάρ οἱ πομπὸν ὀπάσσομεν Ἀργεϊφόντην,
ὃς ἄξει ἧός κεν ἄγων Ἀχιλῆϊ πελάσσῃ.
αὐτὰρ ἐπὴν ἀγάγῃσιν ἔσω κλισίην Ἀχιλῆος,
οὔτ' αὐτὸς κτενέει ἀπό τ' ἄλλους πάντας ἐρύξει·

[1] Lines 130-132 were rejected by Aristarchus.

weeping and sorrowing, and wilt take no thought of food, neither of the couch? Good were it for thee even to have dalliance in a woman's embrace. For, I tell thee, thou shalt not thyself be long in life, but even now doth death stand hard by thee and mighty fate. But hearken thou forthwith unto me, for I am a messenger unto thee from Zeus. He declareth that the gods are angered with thee, and that himself above all immortals is filled with wrath, for that in the fury of thine heart thou holdest Hector at the beaked ships, and gavest him not back. Nay come, give him up, and take ransom for the dead."

Then in answer to her spake Achilles, swift of foot: "So let it be; whoso bringeth ransom, let him bear away the dead, if verily with full purpose of heart the Olympian himself so biddeth."

On this wise amid the gathering of the ships mother and son spake many winged words one to the other, but the son of Cronos sent forth Iris to sacred Ilios: "Up, go, swift Iris; leave thou the abode of Olympus and bear tidings within Ilios unto great-hearted Priam that he go to the ships of the Achaeans to ransom his dear son, and that he bear gifts unto Achilles which shall make glad his heart; alone let him go, neither let any man beside of the Trojans go with him. A herald may attend him, an elder man, to guide the mules and the light-running waggon, and to carry back to the city the dead, even him that Achilles slew. Let not death be in his thoughts, neither any fear; such a guide will we give him, even Argeïphontes, who shall lead him, until in his leading he bring him nigh to Achilles. And when he shall have led him into the hut, neither shall Achilles himself slay him nor suffer any other

οὔτε γάρ ἐστ᾽ ἄφρων οὔτ᾽ ἄσκοπος οὔτ᾽ ἀλιτήμων,
ἀλλὰ μάλ᾽ ἐνδυκέως ἱκέτεω πεφιδήσεται ἀνδρός."
῝Ως ἔφατ᾽, ὦρτο δὲ ῏Ιρις ἀελλόπος ἀγγελέουσα.
ἷξεν δ᾽ ἐς Πριάμοιο, κίχεν δ᾽ ἐνοπήν τε γόον τε.
παῖδες μὲν πατέρ᾽ ἀμφὶ καθήμενοι ἔνδοθεν αὐλῆς
δάκρυσιν εἵματ᾽ ἔφυρον, ὁ δ᾽ ἐν μέσσοισι γεραιὸς
ἐντυπὰς ἐν χλαίνῃ κεκαλυμμένος· ἀμφὶ δὲ πολλὴ
κόπρος ἔην κεφαλῇ τε καὶ αὐχένι τοῖο γέροντος,
τήν ῥα κυλινδόμενος καταμήσατο χερσὶν ἑῇσι·
θυγατέρες δ᾽ ἀνὰ δώματ᾽ ἰδὲ νυοὶ ὠδύροντο,
τῶν μιμνησκόμεναι οἳ δὴ πολέες τε καὶ ἐσθλοὶ
χερσὶν ὑπ᾽ ᾽Αργείων κέατο ψυχὰς ὀλέσαντες.
στῆ δὲ παρὰ Πρίαμον Διὸς ἄγγελος, ἠδὲ προσηύδα
τυτθὸν φθεγξαμένη· τὸν δὲ τρόμος ἔλλαβε γυῖα·
"θάρσει, Δαρδανίδη Πρίαμε, φρεσί, μηδέ τι τάρβει·
οὐ μὲν γάρ τοι ἐγὼ κακὸν ὀσσομένη τόδ᾽ ἱκάνω,
ἀλλ᾽ ἀγαθὰ φρονέουσα· Διὸς δέ τοι ἄγγελός εἰμι,
ὅς σευ ἄνευθεν ἐὼν μέγα κήδεται ἠδ᾽ ἐλεαίρει.
λύσασθαί σε κέλευσεν ᾽Ολύμπιος ῞Εκτορα δῖον,
δῶρα δ᾽ ᾽Αχιλλῆϊ φερέμεν, τά κε θυμὸν ἰήνῃ,
οἶον, μηδέ τις ἄλλος ἅμα Τρώων ἴτω ἀνήρ·
κῆρύξ τίς τοι ἕποιτο γεραίτερος, ὅς κ᾽ ἰθύνοι
ἡμιόνους καὶ ἅμαξαν ἐΰτροχον, ἠδὲ καὶ αὖτις
νεκρὸν ἄγοι προτὶ ἄστυ, τὸν ἔκτανε δῖος ᾽Αχιλλεύς.
μηδέ τί τοι θάνατος μελέτω φρεσὶ μηδέ τι τάρβος·
τοῖος γάρ τοι πομπὸς ἅμ᾽ ἕψεται ᾽Αργεϊφόντης,
ὅς σ᾽ ἄξει ἧός κεν ἄγων ᾽Αχιλῆϊ πελάσσῃ.
αὐτὰρ ἐπὴν ἀγάγῃσιν ἔσω κλισίην ᾽Αχιλῆος,

to slay; for not without wisdom is he, neither without purpose, nor yet hardened in sin; nay, with all kindliness will he spare a suppliant man."

So spake he, and storm-footed Iris hasted to bear his message. She came to the house of Priam, and found therein clamour and wailing. His sons sat about their father within the court sullying their garments with their tears, and in their midst was the old king close-wrapped in his mantle; and upon the old man's head and neck was filth in abundance, which he had gathered in his hands as he grovelled on the earth. And his daughters and his sons' wives were wailing throughout the house, bethinking them of the warriors many and valiant who were lying low, slain by the hands of the Argives. And the messenger of Zeus drew nigh to Priam, and spake to him; softly she uttered her voice, yet trembling gat hold of his limbs: "Be of good courage, O Priam, son of Dardanus, and fear thou not at all. Not to forbode any evil to thee am I come hither, but with good intent. I am a messenger to thee from Zeus, who far away though he be, hath exceeding care for thee and pity. The Olympian biddeth thee ransom goodly Hector, and bear gifts to Achilles which shall make glad his heart; alone do thou go, neither let any man beside of the Trojans go with thee. A herald may attend thee, an elder man, to guide the mules and the light-running waggon, and to carry back to the city the dead, even him that Achilles slew. Let not death be in thy thoughts, neither any fear; such a guide shall go with thee, even Argeïphontes, who shall lead thee, until in his leading he bring thee nigh to Achilles. And when he shall have led thee into the hut, neither shall

οὔτ' αὐτὸς κτενέει ἀπό τ' ἄλλους πάντας ἐρύξει·
οὔτε γάρ ἐστ' ἄφρων οὔτ' ἄσκοπος οὔτ' ἀλιτήμων,
ἀλλὰ μάλ' ἐνδυκέως ἱκέτεω πεφιδήσεται ἀνδρός."
'Η μὲν ἄρ' ὣς εἰποῦσ' ἀπέβη πόδας ὠκέα Ἶρις,
αὐτὰρ ὅ γ' υἷας ἄμαξαν ἐΰτροχον ἡμιονείην
ὁπλίσαι ἠνώγει, πείρινθα δὲ δῆσαι ἐπ' αὐτῆς.
αὐτὸς δ' ἐς θάλαμον κατεβήσετο κηώεντα
κέδρινον ὑψόροφον, ὃς γλήνεα πολλὰ κεχάνδει·
ἐς δ' ἄλοχον Ἑκάβην ἐκαλέσσατο φώνησέν τε·
" δαιμονίη, Διόθεν μοι Ὀλύμπιος ἄγγελος ἦλθε
λύσασθαι φίλον υἱὸν ἰόντ' ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν,
δῶρα δ' Ἀχιλλῆϊ φερέμεν, τά κε θυμὸν ἰήνῃ.
ἀλλ' ἄγε μοι τόδε εἰπέ, τί τοι φρεσὶν εἴδεται εἶναι;
αἰνῶς γάρ μ' αὐτόν γε μένος καὶ θυμὸς ἀνώγει
κεῖσ' ἰέναι ἐπὶ νῆας ἔσω στρατὸν εὐρὺν Ἀχαιῶν."
Ὣς φάτο, κώκυσεν δὲ γυνὴ καὶ ἀμείβετο μύθῳ·
" ὤ μοι, πῇ δή τοι φρένες οἴχονθ', ᾗς τὸ πάρος περ
ἔκλε' ἐπ' ἀνθρώπους ξείνους ἠδ' οἷσιν ἀνάσσεις;
πῶς ἐθέλεις ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν ἐλθέμεν οἶος,
ἀνδρὸς ἐς ὀφθαλμοὺς ὅς τοι πολέας τε καὶ ἐσθλοὺς
υἱέας ἐξενάριξε; σιδήρειόν νύ τοι ἦτορ.
εἰ γάρ σ' αἱρήσει καὶ ἐσόψεται ὀφθαλμοῖσιν,
ὠμηστὴς καὶ ἄπιστος ἀνὴρ ὅ γε, οὔ σ' ἐλεήσει,
οὐδέ τί σ' αἰδέσεται. νῦν δὲ κλαίωμεν ἄνευθεν
ἥμενοι ἐν μεγάρῳ· τῷ δ' ὥς ποθι Μοῖρα κραταιὴ
γιγνομένῳ ἐπένησε λίνῳ, ὅτε μιν τέκον αὐτή,
ἀργίποδας κύνας ἆσαι ἑῶν ἀπάνευθε τοκήων,

Achilles himself slay thee nor suffer any other to slay; for not without wisdom is he, neither without purpose, nor yet hardened in sin; nay, with all kindliness will he spare a suppliant man."

When she had thus spoken swift-footed Iris departed; but the king bade his sons make ready the light-running mule waggon, and bind the wicker box thereon. And himself he went down to the vaulted treasure-chamber, fragrant of cedar wood and high of roof, that held jewels full many: and he called to him Hecabe his wife, and spake: "Lady, from Zeus hath an Olympian messenger come to me, that I go to the ships of the Achaeans to ransom my dear son, and that I bear gifts to Achilles which shall make glad his heart. But come, tell me this, how seemeth it to thy mind? For as touching mine own self, wondrously doth the desire of my heart bid me go thither to the ships, into the wide camp of the Achaeans."

So spake he, but his wife uttered a shrill cry, and spake in answer: "Ah, woe is me, whither now is gone the wisdom for the which of old thou wast famed among stranger folk and among them thou rulest? How art thou fain to go alone to the ships of the Achaeans to meet the eyes of the man who hath slain thy sons, many and valiant? Of iron verily is thy heart. For if so be he get thee in his power and his eyes behold thee, so savage and faithless is the man, he will neither pity thee nor anywise have reverence. Nay, let us now make our lament afar from him we mourn, abiding here in the hall. On this wise for him did mighty Fate spin with her thread at his birth, when myself did bear him, that he should glut swift-footed dogs far from his parents, in the

ἀνδρὶ πάρα κρατερῷ, τοῦ ἐγὼ μέσον ἧπαρ ἔχοιμι
ἐσθέμεναι προσφῦσα· τότ᾽ ἄντιτα ἔργα γένοιτο
παιδὸς ἐμοῦ, ἐπεὶ οὔ ἑ κακιζόμενόν γε κατέκτα,
ἀλλὰ πρὸ Τρώων καὶ Τρωϊάδων βαθυκόλπων
ἑσταότ᾽, οὔτε φόβου μεμνημένον οὔτ᾽ ἀλεωρῆς."
Τὴν δ᾽ αὖτε προσέειπε γέρων Πρίαμος θεοειδής·
"μή μ᾽ ἐθέλοντ᾽ ἰέναι κατερύκανε, μηδέ μοι αὐτὴ
ὄρνις ἐνὶ μεγάροισι κακὸς πέλευ· οὐδέ με πείσεις.
εἰ μὲν γάρ τίς μ᾽ ἄλλος ἐπιχθονίων ἐκέλευεν,
ἢ οἳ μάντιές εἰσι θυοσκόοι ἢ ἱερῆες,
ψεῦδός κεν φαῖμεν καὶ νοσφιζοίμεθα μᾶλλον·
νῦν δ᾽ αὐτὸς γὰρ ἄκουσα θεοῦ καὶ ἐσέδρακον ἄντην,
εἶμι, καὶ οὐχ ἅλιον ἔπος ἔσσεται. εἰ δέ μοι αἶσα
τεθνάμεναι παρὰ νηυσὶν Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων,
βούλομαι· αὐτίκα γάρ με κατακτείνειεν Ἀχιλλεὺς
ἀγκὰς ἑλόντ᾽ ἐμὸν υἱόν, ἐπὴν γόου ἐξ ἔρον εἵην."
Ἦ, καὶ φωριαμῶν ἐπιθήματα κάλ᾽ ἀνέῳγεν·
ἔνθεν δώδεκα μὲν περικαλλέας ἔξελε πέπλους,
δώδεκα δ᾽ ἁπλοΐδας χλαίνας, τόσσους δὲ τάπητας,
τόσσα δὲ φάρεα λευκά,[1] τόσους δ᾽ ἐπὶ τοῖσι χιτῶνας.
χρυσοῦ δὲ στήσας ἔφερεν δέκα πάντα τάλαντα,
ἐκ δὲ δύ᾽ αἴθωνας τρίποδας, πίσυρας δὲ λέβητας,
ἐκ δὲ δέπας περικαλλές, ὅ οἱ Θρῇκες πόρον ἄνδρες
ἐξεσίην ἐλθόντι, μέγα κτέρας· οὐδέ νυ τοῦ περ
φείσατ᾽ ἐνὶ μεγάροις ὁ γέρων, περὶ δ᾽ ἤθελε θυμῷ
λύσασθαι φίλον υἱόν. ὁ δὲ Τρῶας μὲν ἅπαντας
αἰθούσης ἀπέεργεν ἔπεσσ᾽ αἰσχροῖσιν ἐνίσσων·

[1] λευκά: καλά.

abode of a violent man, in whose inmost heart I were fain to fix my teeth and feed thereon; then haply might deeds of requital be wrought for my son, seeing in no wise while playing the dastard was he slain of him, but while standing forth in defence of the men and deep-bosomed women of Troy, with no thought of shelter or of flight."

Then in answer spake unto her the old man, godlike Priam: "Seek not to stay me that am fain to go, neither be thyself a bird of ill-boding in my halls; thou shalt not persuade me. For if any other of the men that are upon the face of the earth had bidden me this, whether of seers that divine from sacrifice or of priests, a false thing might we deem it, and turn away therefrom the more; but now—for myself I heard the voice of the goddess and looked upon her face—I will go forth, neither shall her word be vain. And if it be my fate to lie dead by the ships of the brazen-coated Achaeans, so would I have it; forthwith let Achilles slay me, when once I have clasped in my arms my son, and have put from me the desire for wailing."

He spake, and opened the goodly lids of chests, wherefrom he took twelve beauteous robes and twelve cloaks of single fold, and as many coverlets, and as many white mantles, and therewithal as many tunics. And of gold he weighed out and bare forth talents, ten in all, and two gleaming tripods, and four cauldrons, and a cup exceeding fair, that the men of Thrace had given him when he went thither on an embassage, a great treasure; not even this did the old man spare in his halls, for he was exceeding fain to ransom his dear son. Then drave he all the Trojans from out the portico, and chid them with

"ἔρρετε, λωβητῆρες ἐλεγχέες· οὔ νυ καὶ ὑμῖν
οἴκοι ἔνεστι γόος, ὅτι μ᾽ ἤλθετε κηδήσοντες;
ἦ ὀνόσασθ᾽[1] ὅτι μοι Κρονίδης Ζεὺς ἄλγε᾽ ἔδωκε,
παῖδ᾽ ὀλέσαι τὸν ἄριστον; ἀτὰρ γνώσεσθε καὶ ὔμμες·
ῥηΐτεροι γὰρ μᾶλλον Ἀχαιοῖσιν δὴ ἔσεσθε
κείνου τεθνηῶτος ἐναιρέμεν. αὐτὰρ ἐγώ γε
πρὶν ἀλαπαζομένην τε πόλιν κεραϊζομένην τε
ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἰδεῖν, βαίην δόμον Ἄϊδος εἴσω."
Ἦ, καὶ σκηπανίῳ δίεπ᾽ ἀνέρας· οἱ δ᾽ ἴσαν ἔξω
σπερχομένοιο γέροντος. ὁ δ᾽ υἱάσιν οἷσιν ὁμόκλα,
νεικείων Ἕλενόν τε Πάριν τ᾽ Ἀγάθωνά τε δῖον
Πάμμονά τ᾽ Ἀντίφονόν τε βοὴν ἀγαθόν τε Πολίτην
Δηΐφοβόν τε καὶ Ἱππόθοον καὶ Δῖον ἀγαυόν·
ἐννέα τοῖς ὁ γεραιὸς ὁμοκλήσας ἐκέλευε·
"σπεύσατέ μοι, κακὰ τέκνα, κατηφόνες· αἴθ᾽ ἅμα πάντες
Ἕκτορος ὠφέλετ᾽ ἀντὶ θοῇς ἐπὶ νηυσὶ πεφάσθαι.
ὢ μοι ἐγὼ πανάποτμος, ἐπεὶ τέκον υἷας ἀρίστους
Τροίῃ ἐν εὐρείῃ, τῶν δ᾽ οὔ τινά φημι λελεῖφθαι,
Μήστορά τ᾽ ἀντίθεον καὶ Τρωΐλον ἱππιοχάρμην
Ἕκτορά θ᾽, ὃς θεὸς ἔσκε μετ᾽ ἀνδράσιν, οὐδὲ ἐῴκει
ἀνδρός γε θνητοῦ πάϊς ἔμμεναι, ἀλλὰ θεοῖο·
τοὺς μὲν ἀπώλεσ᾽ Ἄρης, τὰ δ᾽ ἐλέγχεα πάντα λέλειπται,
ψεῦσταί τ᾽ ὀρχησταί τε, χοροιτυπίῃσιν ἄριστοι,
ἀρνῶν ἠδ᾽ ἐρίφων ἐπιδήμιοι ἁρπακτῆρες.
οὐκ ἂν δή μοι ἄμαξαν ἐφοπλίσσαιτε τάχιστα,
ταῦτά τε πάντ᾽ ἐπιθεῖτε, ἵνα πρήσσωμεν ὁδοῖο;"
Ὣς ἔφαθ᾽, οἱ δ᾽ ἄρα πατρὸς ὑποδδείσαντες ὁμοκλὴν
ἐκ μὲν ἄμαξαν ἄειραν ἐΰτροχον ἡμιονείην

[1] ὀνόσασθ᾽: οὔνεσθ᾽.

words of reviling: "Get ye hence, wretches, ye that work me shame! Have ye not also lamentation at home, that ye come hither to vex me? Count ye it not enough that Zeus, son of Cronos, hath brought this sorrow upon me, that I should lose my son the best of all? Nay, but yourselves too shall know it, for easier shall ye be, now he is dead, for the Achaeans to slay. But for me, or ever mine eyes behold the city sacked and laid waste, may I go down into the house of Hades."

He spake, and plying his staff went among the men, and they went forth from before the old man in his haste. Then called he aloud to his sons, chiding Helenus and Paris and goodly Agathon and Pammon and Antiphonus and Polites, good at the war-cry, and Deïphobus and Hippothous and lordly Dius. To these nine the old man called aloud, and gave command: "Haste ye, base children that are my shame; would that ye all together in Hector's stead had been slain at the swift ships! Woe is me, that am all unblest, seeing that I begat sons the best in the broad land of Troy, yet of them I avow that not one is left, not godlike Mestor, not Troïlus the warrior charioteer, not Hector that was a god among men, neither seemed he as the son of a mortal man, but of a god: all them hath Ares slain, yet these things of shame are all left me, false of tongue, nimble of foot, peerless at beating the floor in the dance, robbers of lambs and kids from your own folk. Will ye not make me ready a waggon, and that with speed, and lay all these things therein, that we may get forward on our way?"

So spake he, and they, seized with fear of the rebuke of their father, brought forth the light-running

καλὴν πρωτοπαγέα, πείρινθα δὲ δῆσαν ἐπ᾽ αὐτῆς,
κὰδ δ᾽ ἀπὸ πασσαλόφι ζυγὸν ᾕρεον ἡμιόνειον
πύξινον ὀμφαλόεν, εὖ οἰήκεσσιν ἀρηρός.[1]
ἐκ δ᾽ ἔφερον ζυγόδεσμον ἅμα ζυγῷ ἐννεάπηχυ.
καὶ τὸ μὲν εὖ κατέθηκαν ἐϋξέστῳ ἐπὶ ῥυμῷ,
πέζῃ ἔπι πρώτῃ, ἐπὶ δὲ κρίκον ἕστορι βάλλον,
τρὶς δ᾽ ἑκάτερθεν ἔδησαν ἐπ᾽ ὀμφαλόν, αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα
ἑξείης κατέδησαν, ὑπὸ γλωχῖνα δ᾽ ἔκαμψαν.
ἐκ θαλάμου δὲ φέροντες ἐϋξέστης ἐπ᾽ ἀπήνης
νήεον Ἑκτορέης κεφαλῆς ἀπερείσι᾽ ἄποινα,
ζεῦξαν δ᾽ ἡμιόνους κρατερώνυχας ἐντεσιεργούς,
τούς ῥά ποτε Πριάμῳ Μυσοὶ δόσαν ἀγλαὰ δῶρα.
ἵππους δὲ Πριάμῳ ὕπαγον ζυγόν, οὓς ὁ γεραιὸς
αὐτὸς ἔχων ἀτίταλλεν ἐϋξέστῃ ἐπὶ φάτνῃ.
Τὼ μὲν ζευγνύσθην ἐν δώμασιν ὑψηλοῖσι
κῆρυξ καὶ Πρίαμος, πυκινὰ φρεσὶ μήδε᾽ ἔχοντες·
ἀγχίμολον δέ σφ᾽ ἦλθ᾽ Ἑκάβη τετιηότι θυμῷ,
οἶνον ἔχουσ᾽ ἐν χειρὶ μελίφρονα δεξιτερῆφι,
χρυσέῳ ἐν δέπαϊ, ὄφρα λείψαντε κιοίτην.
στῆ δ᾽ ἵππων προπάροιθεν ἔπος τ᾽ ἔφατ᾽ ἔκ τ᾽ ὀνόμαζε·
"τῆ, σπεῖσον Διὶ πατρί, καὶ εὔχεο οἴκαδ᾽ ἱκέσθαι
ἂψ ἐκ δυσμενέων ἀνδρῶν, ἐπεὶ ἂρ σέ γε θυμὸς

[1] Line 269 was omitted by Zenodotus.

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[1] *i.e.* for the reins.

[2] The following suggestions may help to make clear the details of this difficult passage, in the interpretation of which I have followed Leaf. The pole of the chariot was so curved at the end as to run up to an almost vertical point (πέζῃ). The yoke was laid across the pole just at the bend (πέζῃ ἔπι πρώτῃ), a peg (ἕστωρ) being inserted through a ring (κρίκος) attached to the yoke, and then fastened into a hole in the

waggon drawn of mules, fair and newly-wrought, and bound upon it the wicker box; and down from its peg they took the mule-yoke, a box-wood yoke with a knob thereon, well-fitted with guiding-rings [1]; and they brought forth the yoke-band of nine cubits, and therewithal the yoke. The yoke they set with care upon the polished pole at the upturned end thereof, and cast the ring upon the thole; and they bound it fast to the knob with three turns to left and right, and thereafter made it fast to the post, and bent the hook thereunder.[2] Then they brought forth from the treasure-chamber and heaped upon the polished waggon the countless ransom for Hector's head, and yoked the strong-hooved mules that toil in harness, which on a time the Mysians had given to Priam, a splendid gift. And for Priam they led beneath the yoke horses that the old king kept for his own and reared at the polished stall.

Thus were the twain letting yoke their cars, in the high palace, even the herald and Priam, with thoughts of wisdom in their hearts, when nigh to them came Hecabe, her heart sore stricken, bearing in her right hand honey-hearted wine in a cup of gold, that they might make libation ere they went. And she stood before the horses, and spake, saying: "Take now, pour libation to father Zeus, and pray that thou mayest come back home from the midst of the foemen, seeing thy heart sendeth thee forth

pole. The *ζυγόδεσμον* was a rope attached at its middle to the yoke. By it the *πέζη* was made fast by three turns to the boss of the yoke, and then the ends of the rope were carried back to the car and tied to the *ἐξείη*, by which we may understand an upright post at the front of the car. "As to the meaning of *ὑπὸ γλωχῖνα δ' ἔκαμψαν* it is hardly possible to make a guess" (Leaf).

ὀτρύνει ἐπὶ νῆας, ἐμεῖο μὲν οὐκ ἐθελούσης.
ἀλλ' εὔχεο σύ γ' ἔπειτα κελαινεφέϊ Κρονίωνι
Ἰδαίῳ, ὅς τε Τροίην κατὰ πᾶσαν ὁρᾶται,
αἴτει δ' οἰωνόν, ταχὺν ἄγγελον, ὅς τέ οἱ αὐτῷ
φίλτατος οἰωνῶν, καί εὑ κράτος ἐστὶ μέγιστον,
δεξιόν, ὄφρα μιν αὐτὸς ἐν ὀφθαλμοῖσι νοήσας
τῷ πίσυνος ἐπὶ νῆας ἴῃς Δαναῶν ταχυπώλων.
εἰ δέ τοι οὐ δώσει ἑὸν ἄγγελον εὐρύοπα Ζεύς,
οὐκ ἂν ἐγώ γέ σ' ἔπειτα ἐποτρύνουσα κελοίμην
νῆας ἐπ' Ἀργείων ἰέναι μάλα περ μεμαῶτα."
Τὴν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη Πρίαμος θεοειδής·
"ὦ γύναι, οὐ μέν τοι τόδ' ἐφιεμένῃ ἀπιθήσω·
ἐσθλὸν γὰρ Διὶ χεῖρας ἀνασχέμεν, αἴ κ' ἐλεήσῃ."
Ἦ ῥα, καὶ ἀμφίπολον ταμίην ὄτρυν' ὁ γεραιὸς
χερσὶν ὕδωρ ἐπιχεῦαι ἀκήρατον· ἡ δὲ παρέστη
χέρνιβον ἀμφίπολος πρόχοόν θ' ἅμα χερσὶν ἔχουσα.[1]
νιψάμενος δὲ κύπελλον ἐδέξατο ἧς ἀλόχοιο·
εὔχετ' ἔπειτα στὰς μέσῳ ἕρκεϊ, λεῖβε δὲ οἶνον
οὐρανὸν εἰσανιδών, καὶ φωνήσας ἔπος ηὔδα·
"Ζεῦ πάτερ, Ἴδηθεν μεδέων, κύδιστε μέγιστε,
δός μ' ἐς Ἀχιλλῆος φίλον ἐλθεῖν ἠδ' ἐλεεινόν,
πέμψον δ' οἰωνόν, ταχὺν ἄγγελον, ὅς τε σοὶ αὐτῷ
φίλτατος οἰωνῶν, καί εὑ κράτος ἐστὶ μέγιστον,
δεξιόν, ὄφρα μιν αὐτὸς ἐν ὀφθαλμοῖσι νοήσας
τῷ πίσυνος ἐπὶ νῆας ἴω Δαναῶν ταχυπώλων."
Ὣς ἔφατ' εὐχόμενος, τοῦ δ' ἔκλυε μητίετα Ζεύς.

[1] Line 304 was rejected by Aristarchus.

to the ships, albeit I am fain thou shouldst not go. Thereafter make thou prayer unto the son of Cronos, lord of the dark clouds, the god of Ida, that looketh down upon all the land of Troy, and ask of him a bird of omen, even the swift messenger that to himself is dearest of birds and is mightiest in strength; let him appear upon thy right hand, to the end that marking the sign with thine own eyes, thou mayest have trust therein, and go thy way to the ships of the Danaans of fleet steeds. But if so be Zeus whose voice is borne afar grant thee not his own messenger, then I of a surety should not urge thee on and bid thee go to the ships of the Argives, how eager soever thou be."

Then in answer spake unto her godlike Priam: "Wife, I will not disregard this hest of thine; for good is it to lift up hands to Zeus, if so be he will have pity."

Thus spake the old man, and bade the housewife that attended pour over his hands water undefiled; and the handmaid drew nigh bearing in her hands alike basin and ewer. Then, when he had washed his hands, he took the cup from his wife and then made prayer, standing in the midst of the court, and poured forth the wine, with a look toward heaven, and spake aloud, saying: "Father Zeus, that rulest from Ida, most glorious, most great, grant that I may come unto Achilles' hut as one to be welcomed and to be pitied; and send a bird of omen, even the swift messenger that to thyself is dearest of birds and is mightiest in strength; let him appear upon my right hand, to the end that, marking the sign with mine own eyes, I may have trust therein, and go my way to the ships of the Danaans of fleet steeds."

So spake he in prayer, and Zeus the Counsellor

αὐτίκα δ' αἰετὸν ἧκε, τελειότατον πετεηνῶν,
μόρφνον θηρητῆρ', ὃν καὶ περκνὸν καλέουσιν.
ὅσση δ' ὑψορόφοιο θύρη θαλάμοιο τέτυκται
ἀνέρος ἀφνειοῖο, ἐῢ κληῗσ' ἀραρυῖα,
τόσσ' ἄρα τοῦ ἑκάτερθεν ἔσαν πτερά· εἴσατο δέ σφι
δεξιὸς ἀΐξας διὰ ἄστεος. οἱ δὲ ἰδόντες
γήθησαν, καὶ πᾶσιν ἐνὶ φρεσὶ θυμὸς ἰάνθη.
Σπερχόμενος δ' ὁ γεραιὸς ἑοῦ ἐπεβήσετο δίφρου,
ἐκ δ' ἔλασε προθύροιο καὶ αἰθούσης ἐριδούπου.
πρόσθε μὲν ἡμίονοι ἕλκον τετράκυκλον ἀπήνην,
τὰς Ἰδαῖος ἔλαυνε δαΐφρων· αὐτὰρ ὄπισθεν
ἵπποι, τοὺς ὁ γέρων ἐφέπων μάστιγι κέλευε
καρπαλίμως κατὰ ἄστυ· φίλοι δ' ἅμα πάντες ἕποντο
πόλλ' ὀλοφυρόμενοι ὡς εἰ θάνατόνδε κιόντα.
οἱ δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν πόλιος κατέβαν, πεδίον δ' ἀφίκοντο,
οἱ μὲν ἄρ' ἄψορροι προτὶ Ἴλιον ἀπονέοντο,
παῖδες καὶ γαμβροί, τὼ δ' οὐ λάθον εὐρύοπα Ζῆν
ἐς πεδίον προφανέντε· ἰδὼν δ' ἐλέησε γέροντα,
αἶψα δ' ἄρ' Ἑρμείαν, υἱὸν φίλον, ἀντίον ηὔδα·
"Ἑρμεία, σοὶ γάρ τε μάλιστά γε φίλτατόν ἐστιν
ἀνδρὶ ἑταιρίσσαι, καί τ' ἔκλυες ᾧ κ' ἐθέλῃσθα,
βάσκ' ἴθι, καὶ Πρίαμον κοίλας ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν
ὣς ἄγαγ', ὡς μήτ' ἄρ τις ἴδῃ μήτ' ἄρ τε νοήσῃ
τῶν ἄλλων Δαναῶν, πρὶν Πηλεΐωνάδ' ἱκέσθαι."
Ὣς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθησε διάκτορος Ἀργεϊφόντης.
αὐτίκ' ἔπειθ' ὑπὸ ποσσὶν ἐδήσατο καλὰ πέδιλα
ἀμβρόσια χρύσεια, τά μιν φέρον ἠμὲν ἐφ' ὑγρὴν
ἠδ' ἐπ' ἀπείρονα γαῖαν ἅμα πνοιῇς ἀνέμοιο·

heard him. Forthwith he sent an eagle, surest of omen among winged birds, the dusky eagle, even the hunter, that men call also the black eagle. Wide as is the door of some rich man's high-roofed treasure-chamber, a door well fitted with bolts, even so wide spread his wings to this side and to that; and he appeared to them on the right, darting across the city. And at sight of him they waxed glad, and the hearts in the breasts of all were cheered.

Then the old man made haste and stepped upon his car, and drave forth from the gateway and the echoing portico. In front the mules drew the four-wheeled waggon, driven of wise-hearted Idaeus, and behind came the horses that the old man ever plying the lash drave swiftly through the city; and his kinsfolk all followed wailing aloud as for one faring to his death. But when they had gone down from the city and were come to the plain, back then to Ilios turned his sons and his daughters' husbands; howbeit the twain were not unseen of Zeus, whose voice is borne afar, as they came forth upon the plain, but as he saw the old man he had pity, and forthwith spake to Hermes, his dear son:

"Hermes, seeing thou lovest above all others to companion a man, and thou givest ear to whomsoever thou art minded, up, go and guide Priam unto the hollow ships of the Achaeans in such wise that no man may see him or be ware of him among all the Danaans, until he be come to the son of Peleus."

So spake he, and the messenger, Argeïphontes, failed not to hearken. Straightway he bound beneath his feet his beautiful sandals, immortal, golden, which were wont to bear him over the waters of the sea and over the boundless land swift as the blasts

εἵλετο δὲ ῥάβδον, τῇ τ' ἀνδρῶν ὄμματα θέλγει
ὧν ἐθέλει, τοὺς δ' αὖτε καὶ ὑπνώοντας ἐγείρει.
τὴν μετὰ χερσὶν ἔχων πέτετο κρατὺς Ἀργεϊφόντης.
αἶψα δ' ἄρα Τροίην τε καὶ Ἑλλήσποντον ἵκανε·
βῆ δ' ἰέναι κούρῳ αἰσυμνητῆρι ἐοικώς,
πρῶτον ὑπηνήτῃ, τοῦ περ χαριεστάτη ἥβη.
Οἱ δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν μέγα σῆμα παρὲξ Ἴλοιο ἔλασσαν,
στῆσαν ἄρ' ἡμιόνους τε καὶ ἵππους, ὄφρα πίοιεν,
ἐν ποταμῷ· δὴ γὰρ καὶ ἐπὶ κνέφας ἤλυθε γαῖαν.
τὸν δ' ἐξ ἀγχιμόλοιο ἰδὼν ἐφράσσατο κῆρυξ
Ἑρμείαν, ποτὶ δὲ Πρίαμον φάτο φώνησέν τε·
"φράζεο, Δαρδανίδη· φραδέος νόου ἔργα τέτυκται.
ἄνδρ' ὁρόω, τάχα δ' ἄμμε διαρραίσεσθαι ὀΐω.
ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ φεύγωμεν ἐφ' ἵππων, ἤ μιν ἔπειτα
γούνων ἁψάμενοι λιτανεύσομεν, αἴ κ' ἐλεήσῃ."
Ὣς φάτο, σὺν δὲ γέροντι νόος χύτο, δείδιε δ' αἰνῶς,
ὀρθαὶ δὲ τρίχες ἔσταν ἐνὶ γναμπτοῖσι μέλεσσι,
στῆ δὲ ταφών. αὐτὸς δ' ἐριούνιος ἐγγύθεν ἐλθών,
χεῖρα γέροντος ἑλὼν ἐξείρετο καὶ προσέειπε·
"πῇ, πάτερ, ὧδ' ἵππους τε καὶ ἡμιόνους ἰθύνεις
νύκτα δι' ἀμβροσίην, ὅτε θ' εὕδουσι βροτοὶ ἄλλοι;
οὐδὲ σύ γ' ἔδδεισας μένεα πνείοντας Ἀχαιούς,
οἵ τοι δυσμενέες καὶ ἀνάρσιοι ἐγγὺς ἔασι;
τῶν εἴ τίς σε ἴδοιτο θοὴν διὰ νύκτα μέλαιναν
τοσσάδ' ὀνείατ' ἄγοντα, τίς ἂν δή τοι νόος εἴη;
οὔτ' αὐτὸς νέος ἐσσί, γέρων δέ τοι οὗτος ὀπηδεῖ,
ἄνδρ' ἀπαμύνασθαι, ὅτε τις πρότερος χαλεπήνῃ.

of the wind. And he took the wand wherewith he lulls to sleep the eyes of whom he will, while others again he awakens even out of slumber. With this in his hand the strong Argeïphontes flew, and quickly came to Troy-land and the Hellespont. Then went he his way in the likeness of a young man that is a prince, with the first down upon his lip, in whom the charm of youth is fairest.

Now when the others had driven past the great barrow of Ilus, they halted the mules and the horses in the river to drink; for darkness was by now come down over the earth. Then the herald looked and was ware of Hermes hard at hand, and he spake to Priam, saying: "Bethink thee, son of Dardanus, here is somewhat that calls for prudent thought. I see a man, and anon methinks shall we be cut to pieces. Come, let us flee in the chariot, or at least clasp his knees and entreat him, if so be he will have pity."

So spake he, and the old man's mind was confounded and he was sore afraid, and up stood the hair on his pliant limbs, and he stood in a daze. But of himself the Helper drew nigh, and took the old man's hand, and made question of him, saying: "Whither, Father, dost thou thus guide horses and mules through the immortal night when other mortals are sleeping? Art thou untouched by fear of the fury-breathing Achaeans, hostile men and ruthless that are hard anigh thee? If one of them should espy thee bearing such store of treasure through the swift black night, what were thy counsel then? Thou art not young thyself, and thy companion here is old, that ye should defend you against a man, when one waxes wroth without a cause. But

ἀλλ' ἐγὼ οὐδέν σε ῥέξω κακά, καὶ δέ κεν ἄλλον
σεῦ ἀπαλεξήσαιμι· φίλῳ δέ σε πατρὶ ἐΐσκω."
Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα γέρων Πρίαμος θεοειδής·
"οὕτω πῃ τάδε γ' ἐστί, φίλον τέκος, ὡς ἀγορεύεις.
ἀλλ' ἔτι τις καὶ ἐμεῖο θεῶν ὑπερέσχεθε χεῖρα,
ὅς μοι τοιόνδ' ἧκεν ὁδοιπόρον ἀντιβολῆσαι,
αἴσιον, οἷος δὴ σὺ δέμας καὶ εἶδος ἀγητός,
πέπνυσαί τε νόῳ, μακάρων δ' ἔξ ἐσσι τοκήων.
Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε διάκτορος Ἀργεϊφόντης·
"ναὶ δὴ ταῦτά γε πάντα, γέρον, κατὰ μοῖραν ἔειπες.
ἀλλ' ἄγε μοι τόδε εἰπὲ καὶ ἀτρεκέως κατάλεξον,
ἠέ πῃ ἐκπέμπεις κειμήλια πολλὰ καὶ ἐσθλὰ
ἄνδρας ἐς ἀλλοδαπούς, ἵνα περ τάδε τοι σόα μίμνῃ,
ἦ ἤδη πάντες καταλείπετε Ἴλιον ἱρὴν
δειδιότες· τοῖος γὰρ ἀνὴρ ὤριστος ὄλωλε
σὸς πάϊς· οὐ μὲν γάρ τι μάχης ἐπιδεύετ' Ἀχαιῶν."
Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα γέρων Πρίαμος θεοειδής·
"τίς δὲ σύ ἐσσι, φέριστε, τέων δ' ἔξ ἐσσι τοκήων;
ὥς μοι καλὰ τὸν οἶτον ἀπότμου παιδὸς ἔνισπες."
Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε διάκτορος Ἀργεϊφόντης·
"πειρᾷ ἐμεῖο, γεραιέ, καὶ εἴρεαι Ἕκτορα δῖον.
τὸν μὲν ἐγὼ μάλα πολλὰ μάχῃ ἔνι κυδιανείρῃ
ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ὄπωπα, καὶ εὖτ' ἐπὶ νηυσὶν ἐλάσσας
Ἀργείους κτείνεσκε, δαΐζων ὀξέϊ χαλκῷ·
ἡμεῖς δ' ἑσταότες θαυμάζομεν· οὐ γὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς
εἴα μάρνασθαι, κεχολωμένος Ἀτρεΐωνι.

as for me, I will nowise harm thee, nay, I will even defend thee against another; for like unto my dear father art thou in mine eyes."

Then the old man, godlike Priam, answered him: "Even so, dear son, are all these things as thou dost say. Howbeit still hath some god stretched out his hand even over me, seeing he hath sent a wayfarer such as thou to meet me, a bringer of blessing, so wondrous in form and comeliness, and withal thou art wise of heart; blessed parents are they from whom thou art sprung."

Then again the messenger, Argeïphontes, spake to him: "Yea verily, old sire, all this hast thou spoken according to right. But come, tell me this, and declare it truly, whether thou art bearing forth these many treasures and goodly unto some foreign folk, where they may abide for thee in safety, or whether by now ye are all forsaking holy Ilios in fear; so great a warrior, the noblest of all, hath perished, even thy son; for never held he back from warring with the Achaeans."

And the old man, godlike Priam, answered him: "Who art thou, noble youth, and from what parents art thou sprung, seeing thou speakest thus fitly of the fate of my hapless son?"

Then again the messenger, Argeïphontes, spake to him: "Thou wouldest make trial of me, old sire, in asking me of goodly Hector. Him have mine eyes full often seen in battle, where men win glory, and when after driving the Argives to the ships he would slay them in havoc with the sharp bronze; and we stood there and marvelled, for Achilles would not suffer us to fight, being filled with wrath

τοῦ γὰρ ἐγὼ θεράπων, μία δ' ἤγαγε νηῦς εὐεργής·
Μυρμιδόνων δ' ἔξ εἰμι, πατὴρ δέ μοί ἐστι Πολύκτωρ.
ἀφνειὸς μὲν ὅ γ' ἐστί, γέρων δὲ δὴ ὡς σύ περ ὧδε,
ἓξ δέ οἱ υἷες ἔασιν, ἐγὼ δέ οἱ ἕβδομός εἰμι·
τῶν μέτα παλλόμενος κλήρῳ λάχον ἐνθάδ' ἕπεσθαι.
νῦν δ' ἦλθον πεδίονδ' ἀπὸ νηῶν· ἠῶθεν γὰρ
θήσονται περὶ ἄστυ μάχην ἑλίκωπες Ἀχαιοί.
ἀσχαλόωσι γὰρ οἵδε καθήμενοι, οὐδὲ δύνανται
ἴσχειν ἐσσυμένους πολέμου βασιλῆες Ἀχαιῶν."
Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα γέρων Πρίαμος θεοειδής·
"εἰ μὲν δὴ θεράπων Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλῆος
εἶς, ἄγε δή μοι πᾶσαν ἀληθείην κατάλεξον,
ἢ ἔτι πὰρ νήεσσιν ἐμὸς πάϊς, ἦέ μιν ἤδη
ᾗσι κυσὶν μελεϊστὶ ταμὼν προὔθηκεν Ἀχιλλεύς."
Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε διάκτορος Ἀργεϊφόντης·
"ὦ γέρον, οὔ πω τόν γε κύνες φάγον οὐδ' οἰωνοί,
ἀλλ' ἔτι κεῖνος κεῖται Ἀχιλλῆος παρὰ νηῒ
αὔτως ἐν κλισίῃσι· δυωδεκάτη δέ οἱ ἠὼς
κειμένῳ, οὐδέ τί οἱ χρὼς σήπεται, οὐδέ μιν εὐλαὶ
ἔσθουσ', αἵ ῥά τε φῶτας ἀρηϊφάτους κατέδουσιν.
ἦ μέν μιν περὶ σῆμα ἑοῦ ἑτάροιο φίλοιο
ἕλκει ἀκηδέστως, ἠὼς ὅτε δῖα φανήῃ,
οὐδέ μιν αἰσχύνει· θηοῖό κεν αὐτὸς ἐπελθὼν
οἷον ἐερσήεις κεῖται, περὶ δ' αἷμα νένιπται,
οὐδέ ποθι μιαρός· σὺν δ' ἕλκεα πάντα μέμυκεν,
ὅσσ' ἐτύπη· πολέες γὰρ ἐν αὐτῷ χαλκὸν ἔλασσαν.

against the son of Atreus. His squire am I, and the selfsame well-wrought ship brought us hither. Of the Myrmidons am I one, and my father is Polyctor. Rich in substance is he, and an old man even as thou, and six sons hath he, and myself the seventh. From these by the casting of lots was I chosen to fare hitherward. And now am I come to the plain from the ships; for at dawn the bright-eyed Achaeans will set the battle in array about the city. For it irketh them that they sit idle here, nor can the kings of the Achaeans avail to hold them back in their eagerness for war."

And the old man, godlike Priam, answered him: "If thou art indeed a squire of Peleus' son Achilles, come now, tell me all the truth, whether my son is even yet by the ships or whether by now Achilles hath hewn him limb from limb and cast him before his dogs."

Then again the messenger Argeïphontes spake to him: "Old sire, not yet have dogs and birds devoured him, but still he lieth there beside the ship of Achilles amid the huts as he was at the first; and this is now the twelfth day that he lieth there, yet his flesh decayeth not at all, neither do worms consume it, such as devour men that be slain in fight. Truly Achilles draggeth him ruthlessly about the barrow of his dear comrade, so oft as sacred Dawn appeareth, howbeit he marreth him not; thou wouldst thyself marvel, wert thou to come and see how dewy-fresh he lieth, and is washen clean of blood, neither hath anywhere pollution; and all the wounds are closed wherewith he was stricken, for many there were that drave the bronze into his flesh. In such wise

ὥς τοι κήδονται μάκαρες θεοὶ υἷος ἑοῖο[1]
καὶ νέκυός περ ἐόντος, ἐπεί σφι φίλος περὶ κῆρι."[2]
Ὣς φάτο, γήθησεν δ' ὁ γέρων, καὶ ἀμείβετο μύθῳ·
"ὦ τέκος, ἦ ῥ' ἀγαθὸν καὶ ἐναίσιμα δῶρα διδοῦναι
ἀθανάτοις, ἐπεὶ οὔ ποτ' ἐμὸς πάϊς, εἴ ποτ' ἔην γε,
λήθετ' ἐνὶ μεγάροισι θεῶν, οἳ Ὄλυμπον ἔχουσι·
τῶ οἱ ἀπομνήσαντο καὶ ἐν θανάτοιό περ αἴσῃ.
ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ τόδε δέξαι ἐμεῦ πάρα καλὸν ἄλεισον,
αὐτόν τε ῥῦσαι, πέμψον δέ με σύν γε θεοῖσιν,
ὄφρα κεν ἐς κλισίην Πηληϊάδεω ἀφίκωμαι."
Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε διάκτορος Ἀργεϊφόντης·
"πειρᾷ ἐμεῖο, γεραιέ, νεωτέρου, οὐδέ με πείσεις,
ὅς με κέλεαι σέο δῶρα παρὲξ Ἀχιλῆα δέχεσθαι.
τὸν μὲν ἐγὼ δείδοικα καὶ αἰδέομαι περὶ κῆρι
συλεύειν, μή μοί τι κακὸν μετόπισθε γένηται.
σοὶ δ' ἂν ἐγὼ πομπὸς καί κε κλυτὸν Ἄργος ἱκοίμην,
ἐνδυκέως ἐν νηῒ θοῇ ἢ πεζὸς ὁμαρτέων·
οὐκ ἄν τίς τοι πομπὸν ὀνοσσάμενος μαχέσαιτο."
Ἦ, καὶ ἀναΐξας ἐριούνιος ἅρμα καὶ ἵππους
καρπαλίμως μάστιγα καὶ ἡνία λάζετο χερσίν,
ἐν δ' ἔπνευσ' ἵπποισι καὶ ἡμιόνοις μένος ἠΰ.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ πύργους τε νεῶν καὶ τάφρον ἵκοντο,
οἱ δὲ νέον περὶ δόρπα φυλακτῆρες πονέοντο,
τοῖσι δ' ἐφ' ὕπνον ἔχευε διάκτορος Ἀργεϊφόντης
πᾶσιν, ἄφαρ δ' ὤϊξε πύλας καὶ ἀπῶσεν ὀχῆας,
ἐς δ' ἄγαγε Πρίαμόν τε καὶ ἀγλαὰ δῶρ' ἐπ' ἀπήνης.

[1] ἑοῖο: ἑῆος.
[2] Line 423 was rejected by Aristophanes and Aristarchus.

do the blessed gods care for thy son, a corpse though he be, seeing he was dear unto their hearts."

So spake he, and the old man waxed glad, and answered, saying: "My child, a good thing is it in sooth e'en to give to the immortals such gifts as be due; for never did my son—as sure as ever such a one there was—forget in our halls the gods that hold Olympus; wherefore they have remembered this for him, even though he be in the doom of death. But come, take thou from me this fair goblet, and guard me myself, and guide me with the speeding of the gods, until I be come unto the hut of the son of Peleus."

And again the messenger, Argeïphontes, spake to him: "Thou dost make trial of me, old sire, that am younger than thou; but thou shalt not prevail upon me, seeing thou biddest me take gifts from thee while Achilles knoweth naught thereof. Of him have I fear and awe at heart, that I should defraud him, lest haply some evil befal me hereafter. Howbeit as thy guide would I go even unto glorious Argos, attending thee with kindly care in a swift ship or on foot; nor would any man make light of thy guide and set upon thee."

So spake the Helper, and leaping upon the chariot behind the horses quickly grasped in his hands the lash and reins, and breathed great might into the horses and mules. But when they were come to the walls and the trench that guarded the ships, even as the watchers were but now busying them about their supper, upon all of these the messenger Argeïphontes shed sleep, and forthwith opened the gates, and thrust back the bars, and brought within Priam, and the splendid gifts upon

ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ κλισίην Πηληϊάδεω ἀφίκοντο
ὑψηλήν, τὴν Μυρμιδόνες ποίησαν ἄνακτι
δοῦρ' ἐλάτης κέρσαντες· ἀτὰρ καθύπερθεν ἔρεψαν
λαχνήεντ' ὄροφον λειμωνόθεν ἀμήσαντες·
ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ μεγάλην αὐλὴν ποίησαν ἄνακτι
σταυροῖσιν πυκινοῖσι· θύρην δ' ἔχε μοῦνος ἐπιβλὴς
εἰλάτινος, τὸν τρεῖς μὲν ἐπιρρήσσεσκον Ἀχαιοί,
τρεῖς δ' ἀναοίγεσκον μεγάλην κληῖδα θυράων,
τῶν ἄλλων· Ἀχιλεὺς δ' ἄρ' ἐπιρρήσσεσκε καὶ οἶος·
δή ῥα τόθ' Ἑρμείας ἐριούνιος ᾦξε γέροντι,
ἐς δ' ἄγαγε κλυτὰ δῶρα ποδώκεϊ Πηλεΐωνι,
ἐξ ἵππων δ' ἀπέβαινεν ἐπὶ χθόνα φώνησέν τε·
"ὦ γέρον, ἦ τοι ἐγὼ θεὸς ἄμβροτος εἰλήλουθα,
Ἑρμείας· σοὶ γάρ με πατὴρ ἅμα πομπὸν ὄπασσεν.
ἀλλ' ἦ τοι μὲν ἐγὼ πάλιν εἴσομαι, οὐδ' Ἀχιλῆος
ὀφθαλμοὺς εἴσειμι· νεμεσσητὸν δέ κεν εἴη
ἀθάνατον θεὸν ὧδε βροτοὺς ἀγαπαζέμεν ἄντην·
τύνη δ' εἰσελθὼν λαβὲ γούνατα Πηλεΐωνος,
καί μιν ὑπὲρ πατρὸς καὶ μητέρος ἠϋκόμοιο
λίσσεο καὶ τέκεος, ἵνα οἱ σὺν θυμὸν ὀρίνῃς."
Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσας ἀπέβη πρὸς μακρὸν Ὄλυμπον
Ἑρμείας· Πρίαμος δ' ἐξ ἵππων ἆλτο χαμᾶζε,
Ἰδαῖον δὲ κατ' αὖθι λίπεν· ὁ δὲ μίμνεν ἐρύκων
ἵππους ἡμιόνους τε· γέρων δ' ἰθὺς κίεν οἴκου,
τῇ ῥ' Ἀχιλεὺς ἵζεσκε διΐφιλος· ἐν δέ μιν αὐτὸν
εὗρ', ἕταροι δ' ἀπάνευθε καθήατο· τὼ δὲ δύ' οἴω,
ἥρως Αὐτομέδων τε καὶ Ἄλκιμος, ὄζος Ἄρηος,
ποίπνυον παρεόντε· νέον δ' ἀπέληγεν ἐδωδῆς
ἔσθων καὶ πίνων· ἔτι καὶ παρέκειτο τράπεζα.[1]

[1] Line 476 was rejected by Aristarchus.

the wain. But when they were come to the hut of Peleus' son, the lofty hut which the Myrmidons had builded for their king, hewing therefor beams of fir —and they had roofed it over with downy thatch, gathered from the meadows; and round it they reared for him, their king, a great court with thick-set pales; and the door thereof was held by one single bar of fir that three Achaeans were wont to drive home, and three to draw back the great bolt of the door (three of the rest, but Achilles would drive it home even of himself)—then verily the helper Hermes opened the door for the old man, and brought in the glorious gifts for the swift-footed son of Peleus; and from the chariot he stepped down to the ground and spake, saying:

"Old sire, I that am come to thee am an immortal god, even Hermes; for the Father sent me to guide thee on thy way. But now verily will I go back, neither come within Achilles' sight; good cause for wrath would it be that an immortal god should thus openly be entertained of mortals. But go thou in, and clasp the knees of the son of Peleus and entreat him by his father and his fair-haired mother and his child, that thou mayest stir his soul."

So spake Hermes, and departed unto high Olympus; and Priam leapt from his chariot to the ground, and left there Idaeus, who abode holding the horses and mules; but the old man went straight toward the house where Achilles, dear to Zeus, was wont to sit. Therein he found Achilles, but his comrades sat apart: two only, the warrior Automedon and Alcimus, scion of Ares, waited busily upon him; and he was newly ceased from meat, even from eating and drinking, and the table yet stood by his side.

τοὺς δ' ἔλαθ' εἰσελθὼν Πρίαμος μέγας, ἄγχι δ' ἄρα στὰς
χερσὶν Ἀχιλλῆος λάβε γούνατα καὶ κύσε χεῖρας
δεινὰς ἀνδροφόνους, αἵ οἱ πολέας κτάνον υἷας.
ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἂν ἄνδρ' ἄτη πυκινὴ λάβῃ, ὅς τ' ἐνὶ πάτρῃ
φῶτα κατακτείνας ἄλλων ἐξίκετο δῆμον,
ἀνδρὸς ἐς ἀφνειοῦ, θάμβος δ' ἔχει εἰσορόωντας,
ὣς Ἀχιλεὺς θάμβησεν ἰδὼν Πρίαμον θεοειδέα·
θάμβησαν δὲ καὶ ἄλλοι, ἐς ἀλλήλους δὲ ἴδοντο.
τὸν καὶ λισσόμενος Πρίαμος πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπε·
"μνῆσαι πατρὸς σοῖο, θεοῖς ἐπιείκελ' Ἀχιλλεῦ,
τηλίκου ὥς περ ἐγών, ὀλοῷ ἐπὶ γήραος οὐδῷ·
καὶ μέν που κεῖνον περιναιέται ἀμφὶς ἐόντες
τείρουσ', οὐδέ τις ἔστιν ἀρὴν καὶ λοιγὸν ἀμῦναι.
ἀλλ' ἦ τοι κεῖνός γε σέθεν ζώοντος ἀκούων
χαίρει τ' ἐν θυμῷ, ἐπί τ' ἔλπεται ἤματα πάντα
ὄψεσθαι φίλον υἱὸν ἀπὸ Τροίηθεν ἰόντα·
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ πανάποτμος, ἐπεὶ τέκον υἷας ἀρίστους
Τροίῃ ἐν εὐρείῃ, τῶν δ' οὔ τινά φημι λελεῖφθαι.
πεντήκοντά μοι ἦσαν, ὅτ' ἤλυθον υἷες Ἀχαιῶν·
ἐννεακαίδεκα μέν μοι ἰῆς ἐκ νηδύος ἦσαν,
τοὺς δ' ἄλλους μοι ἔτικτον ἐνὶ μεγάροισι γυναῖκες.
τῶν μὲν πολλῶν θοῦρος Ἄρης ὑπὸ γούνατ' ἔλυσεν·
ὃς δέ μοι οἶος ἔην, εἴρυτο δὲ ἄστυ καὶ αὐτούς,
τὸν σὺ πρῴην κτεῖνας ἀμυνόμενον περὶ πάτρης,
Ἕκτορα· τοῦ νῦν εἵνεχ' ἱκάνω νῆας Ἀχαιῶν
λυσόμενος παρὰ σεῖο, φέρω δ' ἀπερείσι' ἄποινα.
ἀλλ' αἰδεῖο θεούς, Ἀχιλεῦ, αὐτόν τ' ἐλέησον,
μνησάμενος σοῦ πατρός· ἐγὼ δ' ἐλεεινότερός περ,

Unseen of these great Priam entered in, and coming close to Achilles, clasped in his hands his knees, and kissed his hands, the terrible, man-slaying hands that had slain his many sons. And as when sore blindness of heart cometh upon a man, that in his own country slayeth another and escapeth to a land of strangers, to the house of some man of substance, and wonder holdeth them that look upon him; even so was Achilles seized with wonder at sight of godlike Priam, and seized with wonder were the others likewise, and they glanced one at the other. But Priam made entreaty, and spake to him, saying: "Remember thy father, O Achilles like to the gods, whose years are even as mine, on the grievous threshold of old age. Him full likely the dwellers that be round about are entreating evilly, neither is there any to ward from him ruin and bane. Howbeit, while he heareth of thee as yet alive he hath joy at heart, and therewithal hopeth day by day that he shall see his dear son returning from Troy-land. But I—I am utterly unblest, seeing I begat sons the best in the broad land of Troy, yet of them I avow that not one is left. Fifty I had, when the sons of the Achaeans came; nineteen were born to me of the self-same womb, and the others women of the palace bare. Of these, many as they were, furious Ares hath loosed the knees, and he that alone was left me, that by himself guarded the city and the men, him thou slewest but now as he fought for his country, even Hector. For his sake am I now come to the ships of the Achaeans to win him back from thee, and I bear with me ransom past counting. Nay, have thou awe of the gods, Achilles, and take pity on me, remembering thine own father. Lo, I am more

ἔτλην δ' οἷ' οὔ πώ τις ἐπιχθόνιος βροτὸς ἄλλος,
ἀνδρὸς παιδοφόνοιο ποτὶ στόμα χεῖρ' ὀρέγεσθαι."
Ὣς φάτο, τῷ δ' ἄρα πατρὸς ὑφ' ἵμερον ὦρσε γόοιο·
ἁψάμενος δ' ἄρα χειρὸς ἀπώσατο ἦκα γέροντα.
τὼ δὲ μνησαμένω, ὁ μὲν Ἕκτορος ἀνδροφόνοιο
κλαῖ' ἁδινὰ προπάροιθε ποδῶν Ἀχιλῆος ἐλυσθείς,
αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς κλαῖεν ἑὸν πατέρ', ἄλλοτε δ' αὖτε
Πάτροκλον· τῶν δὲ στοναχὴ κατὰ δώματ' ὀρώρει.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεί ῥα γόοιο τετάρπετο δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς,
καί οἱ ἀπὸ πραπίδων ἦλθ' ἵμερος ἠδ' ἀπὸ γυίων,[1]
αὐτίκ' ἀπὸ θρόνου ὦρτο, γέροντα δὲ χειρὸς ἀνίστη,
οἰκτείρων πολιόν τε κάρη πολιόν τε γένειον,
καί μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
" ἆ δείλ', ἦ δὴ πολλὰ κάκ' ἄνσχεο σὸν κατὰ θυμόν.
πῶς ἔτλης ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν ἐλθέμεν οἶος,
ἀνδρὸς ἐς ὀφθαλμοὺς ὅς τοι πολέας τε καὶ ἐσθλοὺς
υἱέας ἐξενάριξα; σιδήρειόν νύ τοι ἦτορ.
ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ κατ' ἄρ' ἕζευ ἐπὶ θρόνου, ἄλγεα δ' ἔμπης
ἐν θυμῷ κατακεῖσθαι ἐάσομεν ἀχνύμενοί περ·
οὐ γάρ τις πρῆξις πέλεται κρυεροῖο γόοιο·
ὣς γὰρ ἐπεκλώσαντο θεοὶ δειλοῖσι βροτοῖσι,
ζώειν ἀχνυμένους· αὐτοὶ δέ τ' ἀκηδέες εἰσί.
δοιοὶ γάρ τε πίθοι κατακείαται ἐν Διὸς οὔδει
δώρων οἷα δίδωσι, κακῶν, ἕτερος δὲ ἑάων·
ᾧ μέν κ' ἀμμείξας δώῃ Ζεὺς τερπικέραυνος,
ἄλλοτε μέν τε κακῷ ὅ γε κύρεται, ἄλλοτε δ' ἐσθλῷ·

[1] Line 514 was rejected by Aristarchus.

[1] The Greek admits of the rendering, " two urns . . . of the evil gifts that he giveth, and one of blessings," but the rendering given above agrees with Plato's interpretation (*Repub.* ii. 379 D).

piteous far than he, and have endured what no other mortal on the face of earth hath yet endured, to reach forth my hand to the face of him that hath slain my sons."

So spake he, and in Achilles he roused desire to weep for his father; and he took the old man by the hand, and gently put him from him. So the twain bethought them of their dead, and wept; the one for man-slaying Hector wept sore, the while he grovelled at Achilles' feet, but Achilles wept for his own father, and now again for Patroclus; and the sound of their moaning went up through the house. But when goodly Achilles had had his fill of lamenting, and the longing therefor had departed from his heart and limbs, forthwith then he sprang from his seat, and raised the old man by his hand, pitying his hoary head and hoary beard; and he spake and addressed him with winged words: "Ah, unhappy man, full many in good sooth are the evils thou hast endured in thy soul. How hadst thou the heart to come alone to the ships of the Achaeans, to meet the eyes of me that have slain thy sons many and valiant? Of iron verily is thy heart. But come, sit thou upon a seat, and our sorrows will we suffer to lie quiet in our hearts, despite our pain; for no profit cometh of chill lament. For on this wise have the gods spun the thread for wretched mortals, that they should live in pain; and themselves are sorrowless. For two urns are set upon the floor of Zeus of gifts that he giveth, the one of ills, the other of blessings.[1] To whomsoever Zeus, that hurleth the thunderbolt, giveth a mingled lot, that man meeteth now with evil, now with good; but to whom-

ᾧ δέ κε τῶν λυγρῶν δώῃ, λωβητὸν ἔθηκε,
καί ἑ κακὴ βούβρωστις ἐπὶ χθόνα δῖαν ἐλαύνει,
φοιτᾷ δ' οὔτε θεοῖσι τετιμένος οὔτε βροτοῖσιν.
ὣς μὲν καὶ Πηλῆϊ θεοὶ δόσαν ἀγλαὰ δῶρα
ἐκ γενετῆς· πάντας γὰρ ἐπ' ἀνθρώπους ἐκέκαστο
ὄλβῳ τε πλούτῳ τε, ἄνασσε δὲ Μυρμιδόνεσσι,
καί οἱ θνητῷ ἐόντι θεὰν ποίησαν ἄκοιτιν.
ἀλλ' ἐπὶ καὶ τῷ θῆκε θεὸς κακόν, ὅττι οἱ οὔ τι
παίδων ἐν μεγάροισι γονὴ γένετο κρειόντων,
ἀλλ' ἕνα παῖδα τέκεν παναώριον· οὐδέ νυ τόν γε
γηράσκοντα κομίζω, ἐπεὶ μάλα τηλόθι πάτρης
ἧμαι ἐνὶ Τροίῃ, σέ τε κήδων ἠδὲ σὰ τέκνα.
καὶ σέ, γέρον, τὸ πρὶν μὲν ἀκούομεν ὄλβιον εἶναι·
ὅσσον Λέσβος ἄνω, Μάκαρος ἕδος, ἐντὸς ἐέργει
καὶ Φρυγίη καθύπερθε καὶ Ἑλλήσποντος ἀπείρων,
τῶν σε, γέρον, πλούτῳ τε καὶ υἱάσι φασὶ κεκάσθαι.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεί τοι πῆμα τόδ' ἤγαγον Οὐρανίωνες,
αἰεί τοι περὶ ἄστυ μάχαι τ' ἀνδροκτασίαι τε.
ἄνσχεο, μηδ' ἀλίαστον ὀδύρεο σὸν κατὰ θυμόν·
οὐ γάρ τι πρήξεις ἀκαχήμενος υἷος ἑοῖο,[1]
οὐδέ μιν ἀνστήσεις, πρὶν καὶ κακὸν ἄλλο πάθησθα."
Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα γέρων Πρίαμος θεοειδής·
"μή πώ μ' ἐς θρόνον ἵζε, διοτρεφές, ὄφρα κεν Ἕκτωρ
κεῖται ἐνὶ κλισίῃσιν ἀκηδής, ἀλλὰ τάχιστα
λῦσον, ἵν' ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἴδω· σὺ δὲ δέξαι ἄποινα
πολλά, τά τοι φέρομεν. σὺ δὲ τῶνδ' ἀπόναιο, καὶ ἔλθοις[2]

[1] ἑοῖο: ἑῆος.
[2] Lines 556 f. were rejected by Aristarchus.

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[1] This interpretation is given by the scholiast. More commonly *βούβρωστις* is assumed to mean "famine."

soever he giveth but of the baneful, him he maketh to be reviled of man, and direful madness[1] driveth him over the face of the sacred earth, and he wandereth honoured neither of gods nor mortals. Even so unto Peleus did the gods give glorious gifts from his birth; for he excelled all men in good estate and in wealth, and was king over the Myrmidons, and to him that was but a mortal the gods gave a goddess to be his wife. Howbeit even upon him the gods brought evil, in that there nowise sprang up in his halls offspring of princely sons, but he begat one only son, doomed to an untimely fate. Neither may I tend him as he groweth old, seeing that far, far from mine own country I abide in the land of Troy, vexing thee and thy children. And of thee, old sire, we hear that of old thou wast blest; how of all that toward the sea Lesbos, the seat of Macar,[2] encloseth, and Phrygia in the upland, and the boundless Hellespont, over all these folk, men say, thou, old sire, wast pre-eminent by reason of thy wealth and thy sons. Howbeit from the time when the heavenly gods brought upon thee this bane, ever around thy city are battles and slayings of men. Bear thou up, neither wail ever ceaselessly in thy heart; for naught wilt thou avail by grieving for thy son, neither wilt thou bring him back to life; ere that shalt thou suffer some other ill."

And the old man, godlike Priam, answered him: "Seat me not anywise upon a chair, O thou fostered of Zeus, so long as Hector lieth uncared-for amid the huts; nay, give him back with speed, that mine eyes may behold him; and do thou accept the ransom, the great ransom, that we bring. So mayest

[2] Macar was a legendary king of Lesbos.

σὴν ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν, ἐπεί με πρῶτον ἔασας
αὐτόν τε ζώειν καὶ ὁρᾶν φάος ἠελίοιο."[1]
  Τὸν δ' ἄρ' ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·
"μηκέτι νῦν μ' ἐρέθιζε, γέρον· νοέω δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς
Ἕκτορά τοι λῦσαι, Διόθεν δέ μοι ἄγγελος ἦλθε
μήτηρ, ἥ μ' ἔτεκεν, θυγάτηρ ἁλίοιο γέροντος.
καὶ δέ σε γιγνώσκω, Πρίαμε, φρεσίν, οὐδέ με λήθεις,
ὅττι θεῶν τίς σ' ἦγε θοὰς ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν.
οὐ γάρ κε τλαίη βροτὸς ἐλθέμεν, οὐδὲ μάλ' ἡβῶν,
ἐς στρατόν· οὐδὲ γὰρ ἂν φυλάκους λάθοι, οὐδέ κ' ὀχῆα
ῥεῖα μετοχλίσσειε θυράων ἡμετεράων.
τῶ νῦν μή μοι μᾶλλον ἐν ἄλγεσι θυμὸν ὀρίνῃς,
μή σε, γέρον, οὐδ' αὐτὸν ἐνὶ κλισίῃσιν ἐάσω
καὶ ἱκέτην περ ἐόντα, Διὸς δ' ἀλίτωμαι ἐφετμάς."
  Ὣς ἔφατ', ἔδδεισεν δ' ὁ γέρων καὶ ἐπείθετο μύθῳ.
Πηλεΐδης δ' οἴκοιο λέων ὣς ἆλτο θύραζε,
οὐκ οἶος, ἅμα τῷ γε δύω θεράποντες ἕποντο,
ἥρως Αὐτομέδων ἠδ' Ἄλκιμος, οὕς ῥα μάλιστα
τῖ' Ἀχιλεὺς ἑτάρων μετὰ Πάτροκλόν γε θανόντα,
οἳ τόθ' ὑπὸ ζυγόφιν λύον ἵππους ἡμιόνους τε,
ἐς δ' ἄγαγον κήρυκα καλήτορα τοῖο γέροντος,
κὰδ δ' ἐπὶ δίφρου εἷσαν· ἐϋσσώτρου[2] δ' ἀπ' ἀπήνης
ᾕρεον Ἑκτορέης κεφαλῆς ἀπερείσι' ἄποινα.
κὰδ δ' ἔλιπον δύο φάρε' ἐΰννητόν τε χιτῶνα,
ὄφρα νέκυν πυκάσας δοίη οἶκόνδε φέρεσθαι.

[1] Line 558 is omitted in many MSS.
[2] ἐϋσσώτρου: ἐϋξέστου.

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[1] Line 558, which was unknown to Aristarchus and is

thou have joy thereof, and come to thy native land, seeing that from the first thou hast spared me."[1]

Then with an angry glance from beneath his brows spake to him Achilles swift of foot: "Provoke me no more, old sir; I am minded even of myself to give Hector back to thee; for from Zeus there came to me a messenger, even the mother that bare me, daughter of the old man of the sea. And of thee, Priam, do I know in my heart—it nowise escapeth me—that some god led thee to the swift ships of the Achaeans. For no mortal man, were he never so young and strong, would dare to come amid the host; neither could he then escape the watch, nor easily thrust back the bar of our doors. Wherefore now stir my heart no more amid my sorrows, lest, old sire, I spare not even thee within the huts, my suppliant though thou art, and so sin against the behest of Zeus."

So spake he, and the old man was seized with fear, and hearkened to his word. But like a lion the son of Peleus sprang forth from the house—not alone, for with him went two squires as well, even the warrior Automedon and Alcimus, they that Achilles honoured above all his comrades, after the dead Patroclus. These then loosed from beneath the yoke the horses and mules, and led within the herald, the crier of the old king, and set him on a chair; and from the wain of goodly felloes they took the countless ransom for Hector's head. But they left there two robes and a fair-woven tunic, to the end that Achilles might enwrap the dead therein and so give him to be borne to his home. Then Achilles called forth the hand-

unnoticed by the scholia and by Eustathius, has been omitted in translating: "myself to live, and behold the light of the sun."

δμῳὰς δ᾽ ἐκκαλέσας λοῦσαι κέλετ᾽ ἀμφί τ᾽ ἀλεῖψαι,
νόσφιν ἀειράσας, ὡς μὴ Πρίαμος ἴδοι υἱόν,
μὴ ὁ μὲν ἀχνυμένῃ κραδίῃ χόλον οὐκ ἐρύσαιτο
παῖδα ἰδών, Ἀχιλῆϊ δ᾽ ὀρινθείη φίλον ἦτορ,
καί ἑ κατακτείνειε, Διὸς δ᾽ ἀλίτηται ἐφετμάς.
τὸν δ᾽ ἐπεὶ οὖν δμῳαὶ λοῦσαν καὶ χρῖσαν ἐλαίῳ,
ἀμφὶ δέ μιν φᾶρος καλὸν βάλον ἠδὲ χιτῶνα,
αὐτὸς τόν γ᾽ Ἀχιλεὺς λεχέων ἐπέθηκεν ἀείρας,
σὺν δ᾽ ἕταροι ἤειραν ἐϋξέστην ἐπ᾽ ἀπήνην.
ᾤμωξέν τ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἔπειτα, φίλον δ᾽ ὀνόμηνεν ἑταῖρον·
"μή μοι, Πάτροκλε, σκυδμαινέμεν, αἴ κε πύθηαι
εἰν Ἄϊδός περ ἐὼν ὅτι Ἕκτορα δῖον ἔλυσα
πατρὶ φίλῳ, ἐπεὶ οὔ μοι ἀεικέα δῶκεν ἄποινα.[1]
σοὶ δ᾽ αὖ ἐγὼ καὶ τῶνδ᾽ ἀποδάσσομαι ὅσσ᾽ ἐπέοικεν."
Ἦ ῥα, καὶ ἐς κλισίην πάλιν ἤϊε δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς,
ἕζετο δ᾽ ἐν κλισμῷ πολυδαιδάλῳ, ἔνθεν ἀνέστη,
τοίχου τοῦ ἑτέρου, ποτὶ δὲ Πρίαμον φάτο μῦθον·
"υἱὸς μὲν δή τοι λέλυται, γέρον, ὡς ἐκέλευες,
κεῖται δ᾽ ἐν λεχέεσσ᾽· ἅμα δ᾽ ἠοῖ φαινομένηφιν
ὄψεαι αὐτὸς ἄγων· νῦν δὲ μνησώμεθα δόρπου.
καὶ γάρ τ᾽ ἠΰκομος Νιόβη ἐμνήσατο σίτου,
τῇ περ δώδεκα παῖδες ἐνὶ μεγάροισιν ὄλοντο,
ἓξ μὲν θυγατέρες, ἓξ δ᾽ υἱέες ἡβώοντες.
τοὺς μὲν Ἀπόλλων πέφνεν ἀπ᾽ ἀργυρέοιο βιοῖο
χωόμενος Νιόβῃ, τὰς δ᾽ Ἄρτεμις ἰοχέαιρα,
οὕνεκ᾽ ἄρα Λητοῖ ἰσάσκετο καλλιπαρῄῳ·
φῆ δοιὼ τεκέειν, ἡ δ᾽ αὐτὴ γείνατο πολλούς·
τὼ δ᾽ ἄρα καὶ δοιώ περ ἐόντ᾽ ἀπὸ πάντας ὄλεσσαν.

[1] Lines 594 f. were rejected by Aristarchus.

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[1] This is the only mention of the Niobe legend in Homer. According to the tragedians there were seven sons and seven daughters.

maids and bade them wash and anoint him, bearing him to a place apart that Priam might not have sight of his son, lest in grief of heart he should not restrain his wrath, whenso he had sight of his son, and Achilles' own spirit be stirred to anger, and he slay him, and so sin against the behest of Zeus. So when the handmaids had washed the body and anointed it with oil, and had cast about it a fair cloak and a tunic, then Achilles himself lifted it and set it upon a bier, and his comrades with him lifted it upon the polished waggon. Then he uttered a groan, and called by name upon his dear comrade: "Be not thou wroth with me, Patroclus, if thou hearest even in the house of Hades that I have given back goodly Hector to his dear father, seeing that not unseemly is the ransom he hath given me. And unto thee shall I render even of this all that is thy due."

So spake goodly Achilles, and went back within the hut and on the richly-wrought chair wherefrom he had risen sate him down by the opposite wall, and he spake unto Priam, saying: "Thy son, old sire, is given back according to thy wish, and lieth upon a bier; and at break of day thou shalt thyself behold him, as thou bearest him hence; but for this present let us bethink us of supper. For even the fair-haired Niobe bethought her of meat, albeit twelve children perished in her halls, six daughters and six lusty sons.[1] The sons Apollo slew with shafts from his silver bow, being wroth against Niobe, and the daughters the archer Artemis, for that Niobe had matched her with fair-cheeked Leto, saying that the goddess had borne but twain, while herself was mother to many; wherefore they, for all they were but twain, destroyed them all. For nine days' space

οἱ μὲν ἄρ' ἐννῆμαρ κέατ' ἐν φόνῳ, οὐδέ τις ἦεν
κατθάψαι, λαοὺς δὲ λίθους ποίησε Κρονίων·
τοὺς δ' ἄρα τῇ δεκάτῃ θάψαν θεοὶ Οὐρανίωνες.
ἡ δ' ἄρα σίτου μνήσατ', ἐπεὶ κάμε δάκρυ χέουσα.
νῦν δέ που ἐν πέτρῃσιν, ἐν οὔρεσιν οἰοπόλοισιν,[1]
ἐν Σιπύλῳ, ὅθι φασὶ θεάων ἔμμεναι εὐνὰς
νυμφάων, αἵ τ' ἀμφ' Ἀχελώϊον ἐρρώσαντο,
ἔνθα λίθος περ ἐοῦσα θεῶν ἐκ κήδεα πέσσει.
ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ καὶ νῶϊ μεδώμεθα, δῖε γεραιέ,
σίτου· ἔπειτά κεν αὖτε φίλον παῖδα κλαίοισθα,
Ἴλιον εἰσαγαγών· πολυδάκρυτος δέ τοι ἔσται."
Ἦ, καὶ ἀναΐξας ὄϊν ἄργυφον ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεὺς
σφάξ'· ἕταροι δ' ἔδερόν τε καὶ ἄμφεπον εὖ κατὰ κόσμον,
μίστυλλόν τ' ἄρ' ἐπισταμένως πεῖράν τ' ὀβελοῖσιν,
ὤπτησάν τε περιφραδέως, ἐρύσαντό τε πάντα.
Αὐτομέδων δ' ἄρα σῖτον ἑλὼν ἐπένειμε τραπέζῃ
καλοῖς ἐν κανέοισιν· ἀτὰρ κρέα νεῖμεν Ἀχιλλεύς.
οἱ δ' ἐπ' ὀνείαθ' ἑτοῖμα προκείμενα χεῖρας ἴαλλον.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ πόσιος καὶ ἐδητύος ἐξ ἔρον ἕντο,
ἦ τοι Δαρδανίδης Πρίαμος θαύμαζ' Ἀχιλῆα,
ὅσσος ἔην οἷός τε· θεοῖσι γὰρ ἄντα ἐῴκει·
αὐτὰρ ὁ Δαρδανίδην Πρίαμον θαύμαζεν Ἀχιλλεύς,
εἰσορόων ὄψίν τ' ἀγαθὴν καὶ μῦθον ἀκούων.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ τάρπησαν ἐς ἀλλήλους ὁρόωντες,
τὸν πρότερος προσέειπε γέρων Πρίαμος θεοειδής·

[1] Lines 614-617 were rejected by Aristophanes and Aristarchus.

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[1] Presumably the people were in some way involved in Niobe's guilt, but the allusion is to some form of the legend otherwise unknown. We may note that a popular etymology connected λαός "folk" with λᾶας "stone."

they lay in their blood, nor was there any to bury them, for the son of Cronos turned the folk to stones;[1] howbeit on the tenth day the gods of heaven buried them; and Niobe bethought her of meat, for she was wearied with the shedding of tears. And now somewhere amid the rocks, on the lonely mountains, on Sipylus, where, men say, are the couching-places of goddesses, even of the nymphs that range swiftly in the dance about Achelous,[2] there, albeit a stone, she broodeth over her woes sent by the gods. But come, let us twain likewise, noble old sire, bethink us of meat; and thereafter shalt thou make lament over thy dear son, when thou hast borne him into Ilios; mourned shall he be of thee with many tears."

Therewith swift Achilles sprang up, and slew a white-fleeced sheep, and his comrades flayed it and made it ready well and duly, and sliced it cunningly and spitted the morsels, and roasted them carefully and drew all off the spits. And Automedon took bread and dealt it forth on the table in fair baskets, while Achilles dealt the meat. So they put forth their hands to the good cheer lying ready before them. But when they had put from them the desire of food and drink, then verily Priam, son of Dardanus, marvelled at Achilles, how tall he was and how comely; for he was like the gods to look upon. And at Priam, son of Dardanus, did Achilles marvel, beholding his goodly aspect and hearkening to his words. But when they had had their fill of gazing one upon the other, then the old man, godlike Priam, was first to

[2] That there should be a stream Achelous in Lydia need excite no surprise, though it is mentioned only here.

" λέξον νῦν με τάχιστα, διοτρεφές, ὄφρα καὶ ἤδη
ὕπνῳ ὕπο γλυκερῷ ταρπώμεθα κοιμηθέντες·
οὐ γάρ πω μύσαν ὄσσε ὑπὸ βλεφάροισιν ἐμοῖσιν
ἐξ οὗ σῇς ὑπὸ χερσὶν ἐμὸς πάϊς ὤλεσε θυμόν,
ἀλλ' αἰεὶ στενάχω καὶ κήδεα μυρία πέσσω,
αὐλῆς ἐν χόρτοισι κυλινδόμενος κατὰ κόπρον.
νῦν δὴ καὶ σίτου πασάμην καὶ αἴθοπα οἶνον
λαυκανίης καθέηκα· πάρος γε μὲν οὔ τι πεπάσμην."
Ἦ ῥ', Ἀχιλεὺς δ' ἑτάροισιν ἰδὲ δμῳῇσι κέλευσε
δέμνι' ὑπ' αἰθούσῃ θέμεναι καὶ ῥήγεα καλὰ
πορφύρε' ἐμβαλέειν, στορέσαι τ' ἐφύπερθε τάπητας,
χλαίνας τ' ἐνθέμεναι οὔλας καθύπερθεν ἕσασθαι.
αἱ δ' ἴσαν ἐκ μεγάροιο δάος μετὰ χερσὶν ἔχουσαι,
αἶψα δ' ἄρα στόρεσαν δοιὼ λέχε' ἐγκονέουσαι.
τὸν δ' ἐπικερτομέων προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·
" ἐκτὸς μὲν δὴ λέξο, γέρον φίλε, μή τις Ἀχαιῶν
ἐνθάδ' ἐπέλθῃσιν βουληφόρος, οἵ τέ μοι αἰεὶ
βουλὰς βουλεύουσι παρήμενοι, ἣ θέμις ἐστί·
τῶν εἴ τίς σε ἴδοιτο θοὴν διὰ νύκτα μέλαιναν,
αὐτίκ' ἂν ἐξείποι Ἀγαμέμνονι ποιμένι λαῶν,
καί κεν ἀνάβλησις λύσιος νεκροῖο γένηται.
ἀλλ' ἄγε μοι τόδε εἰπὲ καὶ ἀτρεκέως κατάλεξον,
ποσσῆμαρ μέμονας κτερεϊζέμεν Ἕκτορα δῖον,
ὄφρα τέως αὐτός τε μένω καὶ λαὸν ἐρύκω."
Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα γέρων Πρίαμος θεοειδής·
" εἰ μὲν δή μ' ἐθέλεις τελέσαι τάφον Ἕκτορι δίῳ,
ὧδέ κέ μοι ῥέζων, Ἀχιλεῦ, κεχαρισμένα θείης.

1 " The application is very obscure, but it is best taken as expressing Achilles' tone in speaking of Agamemnon, as though he bitterly assumed that his enemy would thwart him at every opportunity. There is no taunt in his words to Priam " (Leaf).

speak, saying: "Show me now my bed with speed, O thou nurtured of Zeus, that lulled at length by sweet sleep we may rest and take our joy; for never yet have mine eyes closed beneath mine eyelids since at thy hands my son lost his life, but ever do I wail and brood over my countless sorrows, grovelling in the filth in the closed spaces of the court. But now have I tasted of meat, and have let flaming wine pass down my throat; whereas till now had I tasted naught."

He spake, and Achilles bade his comrades and the handmaids set bedsteads beneath the portico, and to lay on them fair purple blankets, and to spread thereover coverlets, and on these to put fleecy cloaks for clothing. So the maids went forth from the hall with torches in their hands, and straightway spread two beds in busy haste. Then mockingly[1] spake unto Priam Achilles, swift of foot: "Without do thou lay thee down, dear old sire, lest there come hither one of the counsellors of the Achaeans, that ever sit by my side and take counsel, as is meet. If one of these were to have sight of thee through the swift black night, forthwith might he haply tell it to Agamemnon, shepherd of the host, and so should there arise delay in the giving back of the body. But come, tell me this, and declare it truly: for how many days' space thou art minded to make funeral for goodly Hector, to the end that for so long I may myself abide, and may keep back the host."

And the old man, godlike Priam, answered him: saying: "If thou indeed art willing that I accomplish for goodly Hector his burial, then in doing on this wise, O Achilles, wilt thou do according to my wish.

οἶσθα γὰρ ὡς κατὰ ἄστυ ἐέλμεθα, τηλόθι δ' ὕλη
ἀξέμεν ἐξ ὄρεος, μάλα δὲ Τρῶες δεδίασιν.
ἐννῆμαρ μέν κ' αὐτὸν ἐνὶ μεγάροις γοάοιμεν,
τῇ δεκάτῃ δέ κε θάπτοιμεν δαινῦτό τε λαός,
ἑνδεκάτῃ δέ κε τύμβον ἐπ' αὐτῷ ποιήσαιμεν,
τῇ δὲ δυωδεκάτῃ πολεμίξομεν, εἴ περ ἀνάγκη."
Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς·
"ἔσται τοι καὶ ταῦτα, γέρον Πρίαμ', ὡς σὺ κελεύεις·
σχήσω γὰρ πόλεμον τόσσον χρόνον ὅσσον ἄνωγας."
Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσας ἐπὶ καρπῷ χεῖρα γέροντος
ἔλλαβε δεξιτερήν, μή πως δείσει' ἐνὶ θυμῷ.
οἱ μὲν ἄρ' ἐν προδόμῳ δόμου αὐτόθι κοιμήσαντο,
κῆρυξ καὶ Πρίαμος, πυκινὰ φρεσὶ μήδε' ἔχοντες,
αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς εὗδε μυχῷ κλισίης ἐϋπήκτου·
τῷ δὲ Βρισηῒς παρελέξατο καλλιπάρῃος.
Ἄλλοι μέν ῥα θεοί τε καὶ ἀνέρες ἱπποκορυσταὶ
εὗδον παννύχιοι, μαλακῷ δεδμημένοι ὕπνῳ·
ἀλλ' οὐχ Ἑρμείαν ἐριούνιον ὕπνος ἔμαρπτεν,
ὁρμαίνοντ' ἀνὰ θυμὸν ὅπως Πρίαμον βασιλῆα
νηῶν ἐκπέμψειε λαθὼν ἱεροὺς πυλαωρούς.
στῆ δ' ἄρ' ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς καί μιν πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν·
"ὦ γέρον, οὔ νύ τι σοί γε μέλει κακόν, οἷον ἔθ' εὕδεις
ἀνδράσιν ἐν δηΐοισιν, ἐπεί σ' εἴασεν Ἀχιλλεύς.
καὶ νῦν μὲν φίλον υἱὸν ἐλύσαο, πολλὰ δ' ἔδωκας·
σεῖο δέ κε ζωοῦ καὶ τρὶς τόσα δοῖεν ἄποινα
παῖδες τοὶ μετόπισθε λελειμμένοι, αἴ κ' Ἀγαμέμνων
γνώῃ σ' Ἀτρεΐδης, γνώωσι δὲ πάντες Ἀχαιοί."
Ὣς ἔφατ', ἔδδεισεν δ' ὁ γέρων, κήρυκα δ' ἀνίστη.

Thou knowest how we are pent within the city, and far is it to fetch wood from the mountain, and the Trojans are sore afraid. For nine days' space will we wail for him in our halls, and on the tenth will we make his funeral, and the folk shall feast, and on the eleventh will we heap a barrow over him, and on the twelfth will we do battle, if so be we must."

Then spake to him in answer swift-footed, goodly Achilles: "Thus shall this also be, aged Priam, even as thou wouldest have it; for I will hold back the battle for such time as thou dost bid."

When he had thus spoken he clasped the old man's right hand by the wrist, lest his heart should any wise wax fearful. So they laid them to sleep there in the fore-hall of the house, the herald and Priam, with hearts of wisdom in their breasts; but Achilles slept in the innermost part of the well-builded hut, and by his side lay fair-cheeked Briseïs.

Now all the other gods and men, lords of chariots, slumbered the whole night through, overcome of soft sleep; but not upon the helper Hermes might sleep lay hold, as he pondered in mind how he should guide king Priam forth from the ships unmarked of the strong keepers of the gate. He took his stand above his head and spake to him, saying: "Old sire, no thought then hast thou of any evil, that thou still sleepest thus amid foemen, for that Achilles has spared thee. Now verily hast thou ransomed thy son, and a great price thou gavest. But for thine own life must the sons thou hast, they that be left behind, give ransom thrice so great, if so be Agamemnon, Atreus' son, have knowledge of thee, or the host of the Achaeans have knowledge."

So spake he, and the old man was seized with

τοῖσιν δ' Ἑρμείας ζεῦξ' ἵππους ἡμιόνους τε,
ῥίμφα δ' ἄρ' αὐτὸς ἔλαυνε κατὰ στρατόν, οὐδέ τις ἔγνω.
'Αλλ' ὅτε δὴ πόρον ἷξον ἐϋρρεῖος ποταμοῖο,
Ξάνθου δινήεντος, ὃν ἀθάνατος τέκετο Ζεύς,[1]
Ἑρμείας μὲν ἔπειτ' ἀπέβη πρὸς μακρὸν Ὄλυμπον,
'Ηὼς δὲ κροκόπεπλος ἐκίδνατο πᾶσαν ἐπ' αἶαν,
οἱ δ' ἐς ἄστυ ἔλων οἰμωγῇ τε στοναχῇ τε
ἵππους, ἡμίονοι δὲ νέκυν φέρον. οὐδέ τις ἄλλος
ἔγνω πρόσθ' ἀνδρῶν καλλιζώνων τε γυναικῶν,
ἀλλ' ἄρα Κασσάνδρη, ἰκέλη χρυσέῃ 'Αφροδίτῃ,
Πέργαμον εἰσαναβᾶσα φίλον πατέρ' εἰσενόησεν
ἑσταότ' ἐν δίφρῳ, κήρυκά τε ἀστυβοώτην·
τὸν δ' ἄρ' ἐφ' ἡμιόνων ἴδε κείμενον ἐν λεχέεσσι·
κώκυσέν τ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα γέγωνέ τε πᾶν κατὰ ἄστυ·
"ὄψεσθε, Τρῶες καὶ Τρῳάδες, Ἕκτορ' ἰόντες,
εἴ ποτε καὶ ζώοντι μάχης ἒκ νοστήσαντι
χαίρετ', ἐπεὶ μέγα χάρμα πόλει τ' ἦν παντί τε δήμῳ."
Ὣς ἔφατ', οὐδέ τις αὐτόθ' ἐνὶ πτόλεϊ λίπετ' ἀνὴρ
οὐδὲ γυνή· πάντας γὰρ ἀάσχετον ἵκετο πένθος·
ἀγχοῦ δὲ ξύμβληντο πυλάων νεκρὸν ἄγοντι.
πρῶται τόν γ' ἄλοχός τε φίλη καὶ πότνια μήτηρ
τιλλέσθην, ἐπ' ἄμαξαν ἐΰτροχον ἀΐξασαι,
ἁπτόμεναι κεφαλῆς· κλαίων δ' ἀμφίσταθ' ὅμιλος.
καί νύ κε δὴ πρόπαν ἦμαρ ἐς ἠέλιον καταδύντα
Ἕκτορα δάκρυ χέοντες ὀδύροντο πρὸ πυλάων,
εἰ μὴ ἄρ' ἐκ δίφροιο γέρων λαοῖσι μετηύδα·

[1] Line 693 (=xiv. 434, xxi. 2) is omitted in the best MSS.

fear, and made the herald to arise. And Hermes yoked for them the horses and mules, and himself lightly drave them through the camp, neither had any man knowledge thereof.

But when they were now come to the ford of the fair-flowing river, even eddying Xanthus, that immortal Zeus begat, then Hermes departed to high Olympus, and Dawn, the saffron-robed, was spreading over the face of all the earth. So they with moaning and wailing drave the horses to the city, and the mules bare the dead. Neither was any other ware of them, whether man or fair-girdled woman; but in truth Cassandra, peer of golden Aphrodite, having gone up upon Pergamus, marked her dear father as he stood in the car, and the herald, the city's crier; and she had sight of that other lying on the bier in the waggon drawn of the mules. Thereat she uttered a shrill cry, and called throughout all the town: "Come ye, men and women of Troy, and behold Hector, if ever while yet he lived ye had joy of his coming back from battle; since great joy was he to the city and to all the folk."

So spake she, nor was any man left there within the city, neither any woman, for upon all had come grief that might not be borne; and hard by the gates they met Priam, as he bare home the dead. First Hector's dear wife and queenly mother flung themselves upon the light-running waggon, and clasping his head the while, wailed and tore their hair; and the folk thronged about and wept. And now the whole day long until set of sun had they made lament for Hector with shedding of tears there without the gates, had not the old man spoken amid the folk

“εἴξατέ μοι οὐρεῦσι διελθέμεν· αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα
ἄσεσθε κλαυθμοῖο, ἐπὴν ἀγάγωμι δόμονδε.”
Ὣς ἔφαθ’, οἱ δὲ διέστησαν καὶ εἶξαν ἀπήνῃ.
οἱ δ’ ἐπεὶ εἰσάγαγον κλυτὰ δώματα, τὸν μὲν ἔπειτα
τρητοῖς ἐν λεχέεσσι θέσαν, παρὰ δ’ εἷσαν ἀοιδοὺς
θρήνων ἐξάρχους, οἵ τε στονόεσσαν ἀοιδὴν
οἱ μὲν ἄρ’ ἐθρήνεον, ἐπὶ δὲ στενάχοντο γυναῖκες.
τῇσιν δ’ Ἀνδρομάχη λευκώλενος ἦρχε γόοιο,
Ἕκτορος ἀνδροφόνοιο κάρη μετὰ χερσὶν ἔχουσα·
“ἆνερ, ἀπ’ αἰῶνος νέος[1] ὤλεο, κὰδ δέ με χήρην
λείπεις ἐν μεγάροισι· πάϊς δ’ ἔτι νήπιος αὔτως,
ὃν τέκομεν σύ τ’ ἐγώ τε δυσάμμοροι, οὐδέ μιν οἴω
ἥβην ἵξεσθαι· πρὶν γὰρ πόλις ἥδε κατ’ ἄκρης
πέρσεται· ἦ γὰρ ὄλωλας ἐπίσκοπος, ὅς τέ μιν αὐτὴν
ῥύσκευ, ἔχες δ’ ἀλόχους κεδνὰς καὶ νήπια τέκνα·
αἳ δή τοι τάχα νηυσὶν ὀχήσονται γλαφυρῇσι,
καὶ μὲν ἐγὼ μετὰ τῇσι· σὺ δ’ αὖ, τέκος, ἢ ἐμοὶ αὐτῇ
ἕψεαι, ἔνθα κεν ἔργα ἀεικέα ἐργάζοιο,
ἀθλεύων πρὸ ἄνακτος ἀμειλίχου, ἤ τις Ἀχαιῶν
ῥίψει χειρὸς ἑλὼν ἀπὸ πύργου, λυγρὸν ὄλεθρον,
χωόμενος, ᾧ δή που ἀδελφεὸν ἔκτανεν Ἕκτωρ
ἢ πατέρ’, ἠὲ καὶ υἱόν, ἐπεὶ μάλα πολλοὶ Ἀχαιῶν
Ἕκτορος ἐν παλάμῃσιν ὀδὰξ ἕλον ἄσπετον οὖδας.
οὐ γὰρ μείλιχος ἔσκε πατὴρ τεὸς ἐν δαῒ λυγρῇ·
τῶ καί μιν λαοὶ μὲν ὀδύρονται κατὰ ἄστυ,
ἄρρητον δὲ τοκεῦσι γόον καὶ πένθος ἔθηκας,

[1] νέος : νέον Zenodotus.

[1] We are to think of a group of professional mourners who

from out the car: "Make me way for the mules to pass through; thereafter shall ye take your fill of wailing, when I have brought him to the house."

So spake he, and they stood apart and made way for the waggon. But the others, when they had brought him to the glorious house, laid him on a corded bedstead, and by his side set singers, leaders of the dirge, who led the song of lamentation—they chanted the dirge, and thereat the women made lament.[1] And amid these white-armed Andromache led the wailing, holding in her arms the while the head of man-slaying Hector: "Husband, perished from out of life art thou, yet in thy youth, and leavest me a widow in thy halls; and thy son is still but a babe, the son born of thee and me in our haplessness; neither do I deem that he will come to manhood, for ere that shall this city be wasted utterly. For thou hast perished that didst watch thereover, thou that didst guard it, and keep safe its noble wives and little children. These, I ween, shall soon be riding upon the hollow ships, and I among them; and thou, my child, shalt follow with me to a place where thou shalt labour at unseemly tasks, toiling before the face of some ungentle master, or else some Achaean shall seize thee by the arm and hurl thee from the wall, a woeful death, being wroth for that Hector slew his brother haply, or his father, or his son, seeing that full many Achaeans at the hands of Hector have bitten the vast earth with their teeth; for nowise gentle was thy father in woeful war. Therefore the folk wail for him throughout the city, and grief unspeakable and

sing a formal dirge, while the woman accompany them with cries of grief.

Ἕκτορ· ἐμοὶ δὲ μάλιστα λελείψεται ἄλγεα λυγρά.
οὐ γάρ μοι θνῄσκων λεχέων ἐκ χεῖρας ὄρεξας,
οὐδέ τί μοι εἶπες πυκινὸν ἔπος, οὗ τέ κεν αἰεὶ
μεμνήμην νύκτας τε καὶ ἤματα δάκρυ χέουσα."
Ὣς ἔφατο κλαίουσ', ἐπὶ δὲ στενάχοντο γυναῖκες.
τῇσιν δ' αὖθ' Ἑκάβη ἁδινοῦ ἐξῆρχε γόοιο·
"Ἕκτορ, ἐμῷ θυμῷ πάντων πολὺ φίλτατε παίδων,
ἦ μέν μοι ζωός περ ἐὼν φίλος ἦσθα θεοῖσιν·
οἱ δ' ἄρα σεῦ κήδοντο καὶ ἐν θανάτοιό περ αἴσῃ.
ἄλλους μὲν γὰρ παῖδας ἐμοὺς πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεὺς
πέρνασχ', ὅν τιν' ἕλεσκε, πέρην ἁλὸς ἀτρυγέτοιο,
ἐς Σάμον ἔς τ' Ἴμβρον καὶ Λῆμνον ἀμιχθαλόεσσαν·
σεῦ δ' ἐπεὶ ἐξέλετο ψυχὴν ταναήκεϊ χαλκῷ,
πολλὰ ῥυστάζεσκεν ἑοῦ περὶ σῆμ' ἑτάροιο,
Πατρόκλου, τὸν ἔπεφνες· ἀνέστησεν δέ μιν οὐδ' ὧς.
νῦν δέ μοι ἑρσήεις καὶ πρόσφατος ἐν μεγάροισι
κεῖσαι, τῷ ἴκελος ὅν τ' ἀργυρότοξος Ἀπόλλων
οἷς ἀγανοῖσι βέλεσσιν ἐποιχόμενος κατέπεφνεν."
Ὣς ἔφατο κλαίουσα, γόον δ' ἀλίαστον ὄρινε.
τῇσι δ' ἔπειθ' Ἑλένη τριτάτη ἐξῆρχε γόοιο·
"Ἕκτορ, ἐμῷ θυμῷ δαέρων πολὺ φίλτατε πάντων,
ἦ μέν μοι πόσις ἐστὶν Ἀλέξανδρος θεοειδής,
ὅς μ' ἄγαγε Τροίηνδ'· ὡς πρὶν ὤφελλον ὀλέσθαι.
ἤδη γὰρ νῦν μοι τόδ' ἐεικοστὸν ἔτος ἐστὶν

sorrow hast thou brought upon thy parents, Hector; and for me beyond all others shall grievous woes be left. For at thy death thou didst neither stretch out thy hands to me from thy bed, nor speak to me any word of wisdom whereon I might have pondered night and day with shedding of tears."

So spake she wailing, and thereat the women made lament. And among them Hecabe in turn led the vehement wailing: "Hector, far dearest to my heart of all my children, lo, when thou livedst thou wast dear to the gods, and therefore have they had care of thee for all thou art in the doom of death. For of other sons of mine whomsoever he took would swift-footed Achilles sell beyond the unresting sea, unto Samos and Imbros and Lemnos, shrouded in smoke,[1] but, when from thee he had taken away thy life with the long-edged bronze, oft would he drag thee about the barrow of his comrade, Patroclus, whom thou didst slay; howbeit even so might he not raise him up. But now all dewy-fresh thou liest in my halls as wert thou newly slain, like as one whom Apollo of the silver bow assaileth with his gentle shafts and slayeth."

So spake she wailing, and roused unabating lament. And thereafter Helen was the third to lead the wailing: "Hector, far dearest to my heart of all my husband's brethren! In sooth my husband is godlike Alexander, that brought me to Troy-land—would I died ere then! For this is now the

[1] Lemnos was sacred to Hephaestus, and the "Lemnian fire" is often mentioned, although modern travellers have found no evidences of volcanic activity on the island; see Jebb's *Philoctetes* of Sophocles, pp. 242 ff.

ἐξ οὗ κεῖθεν ἔβην καὶ ἐμῆς ἀπελήλυθα πάτρης·
ἀλλ' οὔ πω σεῦ ἄκουσα κακὸν ἔπος οὐδ' ἀσύφηλον·
ἀλλ' εἴ τίς με καὶ ἄλλος ἐνὶ μεγάροισιν ἐνίπτοι
δαέρων ἢ γαλόων ἢ εἰνατέρων εὐπέπλων,
ἢ ἑκυρή—ἑκυρὸς δὲ πατὴρ ὣς ἤπιος αἰεί—,
ἀλλὰ σὺ τὸν ἐπέεσσι παραιφάμενος κατέρυκες,
σῇ τ' ἀγανοφροσύνῃ καὶ σοῖς ἀγανοῖς ἐπέεσσι.
τῶ σέ θ' ἅμα κλαίω καὶ ἔμ' ἄμμορον ἀχνυμένη κῆρ·
οὐ γάρ τίς μοι ἔτ' ἄλλος ἐνὶ Τροίῃ εὐρείῃ
ἤπιος οὐδὲ φίλος, πάντες δέ με πεφρίκασιν."
Ὣς ἔφατο κλαίουσ', ἐπὶ δ' ἔστενε δῆμος ἀπείρων.
λαοῖσιν δ' ὁ γέρων Πρίαμος μετὰ μῦθον ἔειπεν·
"ἄξετε νῦν, Τρῶες, ξύλα ἄστυδε, μηδέ τι θυμῷ
δείσητ' Ἀργείων πυκινὸν λόχον· ἦ γὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς
πέμπων μ' ὧδ' ἐπέτελλε μελαινάων ἀπὸ νηῶν,
μὴ πρὶν πημανέειν, πρὶν δωδεκάτη μόλῃ ἠώς."
Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ὑπ' ἀμάξῃσιν βόας ἡμιόνους τε
ζεύγνυσαν, αἶψα δ' ἔπειτα πρὸ ἄστεος ἠγερέθοντο.
ἐννῆμαρ μὲν τοί γε ἀγίνεον ἄσπετον ὕλην·
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ δεκάτη ἐφάνη φαεσίμβροτος ἠώς
καὶ τότ' ἄρ' ἐξέφερον θρασὺν Ἕκτορα δάκρυ χέοντες,
ἐν δὲ πυρῇ ὑπάτῃ νεκρὸν θέσαν, ἐν δ' ἔβαλον πῦρ.
Ἦμος δ' ἠριγένεια φάνη ῥοδοδάκτυλος Ἠώς,

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[1] This astonishing statement is perhaps to be explained by the legend that the Greeks shortly after Helen's abduction had made an abortive expedition against Troy, but had landed by mistake in Mysia. Thence they returned to Greece, and it was only after ten years that their forces were reassembled. This legend is elsewhere entirely unknown to Homer, but it harmonizes with the form of the story which gives Achilles a grown son, Neoptolemus (see xix. 327, with the note). The whole suggests, however, an elaborate

twentieth[1] year from the time when I went from thence and am gone from my native land, but never yet heard I evil or despiteful word from thee; nay, if so be any other spake reproachfully of me in the halls, a brother of thine or a sister, or brother's fair-robed wife, or thy mother—but thy father was ever gentle as he had been mine own—yet wouldst thou turn them with speech and restrain them by the gentleness of thy spirit and thy gentle words. Wherefore I wail alike for thee and for my hapless self with grief at heart; for no longer have I anyone beside in broad Troy that is gentle to me or kind; but all men shudder at me."

So spake she wailing, and thereat the countless throng made moan. But the old man Priam spake among the folk, saying: "Bring wood now, ye men of Troy, unto the city, neither have ye anywise fear at heart of a cunning ambush of the Argives; for verily Achilles laid upon me this word when he sent me forth from the black ships, that he would do us no hurt until the twelfth dawn be come."

So spake he, and they yoked oxen and mules to waggons, and speedily thereafter gathered together before the city. For nine days' space they brought in measureless store of wood, but when the tenth Dawn arose, giving light unto mortals, then bare they forth bold Hector, shedding tears the while, and on the topmost pyre they laid the dead man, and cast fire thereon.

But soon as early Dawn appeared, the rosy-

parallelism which arouses suspicion: nine years of preparation, the fleet sails in the tenth; nine years of siege, Troy falls in the tenth; nine years of wandering, Odysseus reaches home in the tenth.

τῆμος ἄρ' ἀμφὶ πυρὴν κλυτοῦ Ἕκτορος ἔγρετο λαός.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεί ῥ' ἤγερθεν ὁμηγερέες τ' ἐγένοντο,[1]
πρῶτον μὲν κατὰ πυρκαϊὴν σβέσαν αἴθοπι οἴνῳ
πᾶσαν, ὁπόσσον ἐπέσχε πυρὸς μένος· αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα
ὀστέα λευκὰ λέγοντο κασίγνητοί θ' ἕταροί τε
μυρόμενοι, θαλερὸν δὲ κατείβετο δάκρυ παρειῶν.
καὶ τά γε χρυσείην ἐς λάρνακα θῆκαν ἑλόντες,
πορφυρέοις πέπλοισι καλύψαντες μαλακοῖσιν·
αἶψα δ' ἄρ' ἐς κοίλην κάπετον θέσαν, αὐτὰρ ὕπερθε
πυκνοῖσιν λάεσσι κατεστόρεσαν μεγάλοισι·
ῥίμφα δὲ σῆμ' ἔχεαν, περὶ δὲ σκοποὶ ἥατο πάντῃ,
μὴ πρὶν ἐφορμηθεῖεν ἐϋκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοί.
χεύαντες δὲ τὸ σῆμα πάλιν κίον· αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα
εὖ συναγειρόμενοι δαίνυντ' ἐρικυδέα δαῖτα
δώμασιν ἐν Πριάμοιο, διοτρεφέος βασιλῆος.
Ὣς οἵ γ' ἀμφίεπον τάφον Ἕκτορος ἱπποδάμοιο.[2]

[1] Line 790 is omitted in many MSS.
[2] In place of 804 some ancient critics wrote,

ὣς οἵ γ' ἀμφίεπον τάφον Ἕκτορος, ἦλθε δ' Ἀμαζὼν
Ἄρηος θυγάτηρ μεγαλήτορος ἀνδροφόνοιο,

fingered, then gathered the folk about the pyre of glorious Hector. And when they were assembled and met together, first they quenched with flaming wine all the pyre, so far as the fire's might had come upon it, and thereafter his brethren and his comrades gathered the white bones, mourning, and big tears flowed ever down their cheeks. The bones they took and placed in a golden urn, covering them over with soft purple robes, and quickly laid the urn in a hollow grave, and covered it over with great close-set stones. Then with speed heaped they the mound, and round about were watchers set on every side, lest the well-greaved Achaeans should set upon them before the time. And when they had piled the barrow they went back, and gathering together duly feasted a glorious feast in the palace of Priam, the king fostered of Zeus.

On this wise held they funeral for horse-taming Hector.

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lines intended to make the *Iliad* fit into the Epic Cycle, where it was immediately followed by the *Aethiopis* of Arctinus.

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